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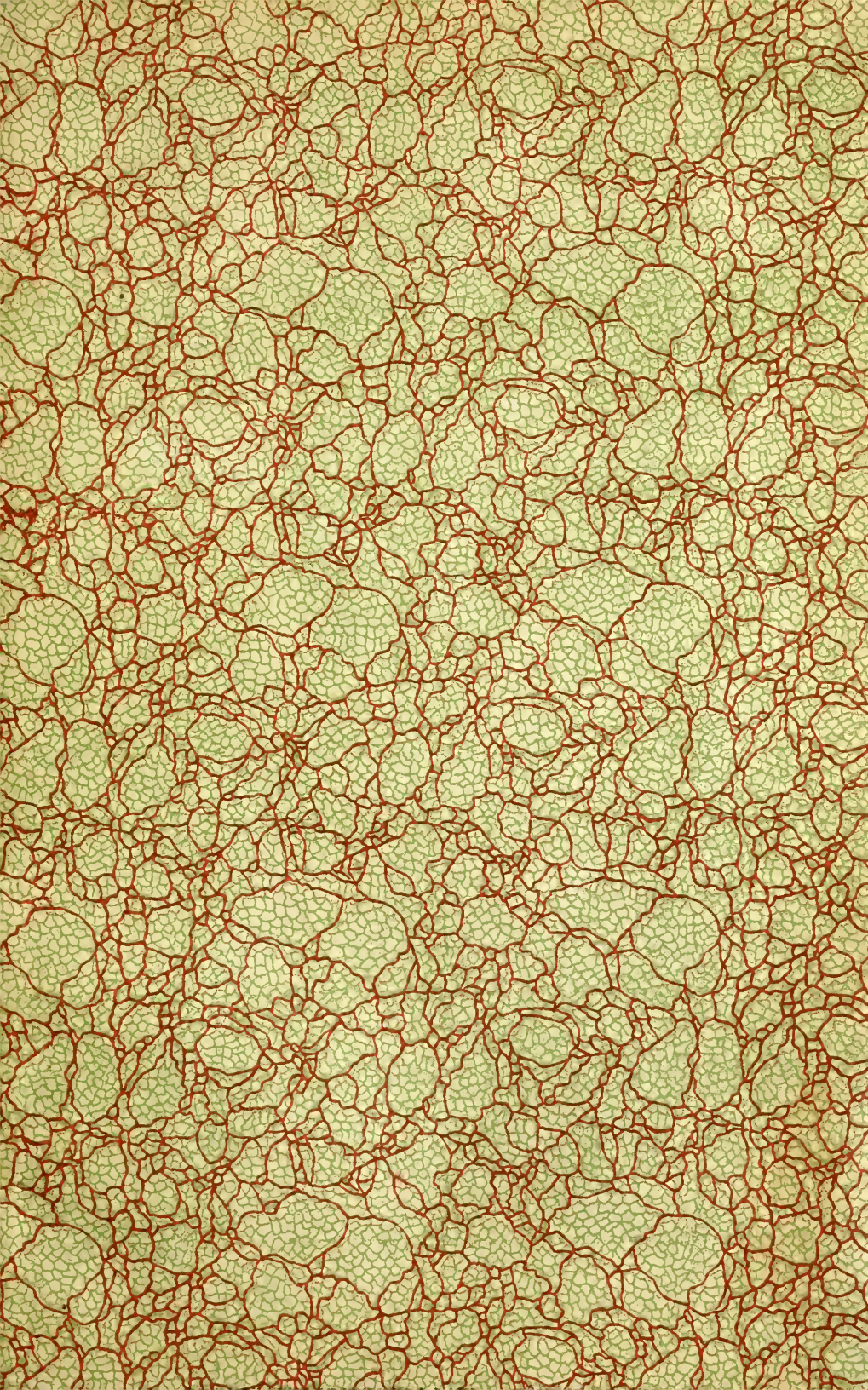
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## The Catholic Spirit of Joyce Kilmer



THE present age is one of critical rather than creative literature, yet there are some master minds in the realms of fiction and poetry. Of the poetry it has been asked why some of the best religious poems have come from the pens of Catholics. Such questioning has led me to examine the poetry of Joyce Kilmer, the "first man of letters killed under the American flag" in the Great War. To him in early manhood came the creative joy of an incomparable spiritual experience—the birth into the Body of the Church. Joyce Kilmer was an enthusiastic convert and his best poems—written after his conversion—are enriched with deep religious feeling, for it always must be that the vitality of Catholic faith will inspire the highest and best of religious poetry. In a letter to H. W. Cook he wrote, "If what I now-

adays write is considered poetry, then I became a poet in November, 1913. (The day he became a Catholic.) Again, to Father Daly, S. J., he declares: "I don't want in any way to make money out of my religion, to seem to be a 'professional Catholic.' I have no real message to Catholics, I have Catholicism's message to modern pagans."

But though he believed his message was for the modern pagan, he appeals with greater intensity to Catholic hearts, who better understand the spirit of Christian joy and hope that dominates even the saddest of his songs.

There are no emotions so noble, as those to which devout souls are admitted in communion with their Maker. When to those moods the true poetic gift is added the best that poetry can do reveals itself in words. To Joyce Kilmer was given the great gift and daily communion with His Maker and from them resulted his songs breathing hope and love.

Human life in its varied phases was the theme of most of his poems; yet he viewed life as on the threshold of an invisible world which threw a divine glow on incidents the most commonplace and gave them a divine quality.

The rapturous worship of the "grandeur of God" which Kilmer praised in Father Gerard Hopkins may be found in certain of his own poems—eloquently in "Memorial Day" in the lines:

"May we, their grateful children learn  
Their strength, who lie beneath this sod,  
Who went through fire and death to earn  
At last the accolade of God."

And in the "Rosary" in the lines

"When on their beads our Mother's children pray,  
Immortal music charms the grateful sky."

he pictures the effect of the sweetest of Catholic prayers.



Only a poet who kept the vision of faith before his eyes and love in his breast could sing the pathetic psalm of praise, so self prophetic, "In Memory of Rupert Brooke,"

"In alien earth across a troubled sea,  
His body lies that was so fair and young.  
His mouth is stopped with half his songs unsung;  
His arm is still, that struck to make men free,  
But let no cloud of lamentations be  
Where, on a warrior's grave a lyre is hung.  
We keep the echoes of his golden tongue,  
We keep the vision of his chivalry.

So Israel's joy, the loveliest of kings,  
Smote now his harp, and now the hostile horde.  
Today the starry roof of Heaven rings  
With psalms a soldier made to praise his Lord;  
And David rests beneath Eternal wings,  
Song on his lips, and in his hand a sword."

Here is a poem holy enough to be read on one's knees before the star-like light which points the tabernacle door:

"O blinding Light, O blinding Light!  
Burn through my heart with sweetest pain.  
O flaming Song, most loudly bright,  
Consume away my deadly stain!

O Whiteness, whiter than the fleece  
Of new-washed sheep on April sod!  
O Breath of Life, O Prince of Peace,  
O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God."

None but a Catholic heart can feel the awful sweetness of these lines.

The Catholic truth that out of death must come life, out of sorrow, joy, he invests with a poetic dignity in "Poets."

"They shall not live who have not tasted death.  
They only sing who are struck dumb by God."

In one of his recent poems, "Prayer of a Soldier in France," he walks step by step with His Lord, the weary way of the cross and finds comfort in his suffering. This poem is alive with the spirit with which the Church would have her children bear their sufferings.

"My shoulders ache beneath my pack  
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)

I march with feet that burn and smart  
(Tread, Holy feet, upon my heart.)

Men shout at me who may not speak  
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear  
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(Then shall my fickle soul forget  
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb  
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come)

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me  
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again  
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

The last four lines tell us how the war affected Kilmer and contain the key to his warrior's heart.

Some think "Poets" may indeed be Kilmer's finest utterance, others select "Trees," and still others the "Rosary."



To Katherine Bregy Kilmer wrote "I am greatly pleased when people like "Trees," "Stars," and "Pennies," when they see that "Folly" is a religious poem, when they praise the stanza fourth from the end of "Delicatessen."

"Trees" is exquisite in its simplicity and was at once reprinted in newspapers throughout the United States and translated into other languages. What philosophy we find in the lines:

"Poems are made by fools like me  
But only God can make a tree."

But it is the philosophy of a humble Catholic heart.

How true are these lines from "Pennies," in which the poet portrays the Fatherhood of our loving God.

"So unto men  
Doth God, depriving that He may bestow.  
Fame, health, and money go,  
But that they may, new found be newly sweet."

Kilmer had learned to walk familiarly with the saints of God when he wrote "Folly." In it he sang a song that needed courage to be flaunted to an "efficient" and sophisticated generation. In it he repeats the truth that from the viewpoint of the world our Catholic saints are fools.

"What distant mountains thrill and glow  
Beneath our Lady Folly's tread?  
Why has she left us, wise in woe  
Shrewd, practical, uncomforted?

Many a knight and gentle maid,  
Whose glory shines from years gone by,  
Through ignorance was unafraid  
And as a fool knew how to die.

Saint Folly rode beside Jehanne  
And broke the ranks of Hell with her,  
And Folly's smile shone brightly on  
Christ's plaything, Brother Juniper.

Our minds are troubled and defiled  
By study in a weary school,  
O for the folly of the child!  
The ready courage of the fool!  
Lord, crush our knowledge utterly  
And make us humble, simple men;  
And cleansed of wisdom, let us see  
Our Lady Folly's face again."

But it was not with the saints alone that he walked familiarly, he was the loving son of our Blessed Lady and to her he offered his work to be given to her Divine Son.

In a letter to his wife Kilmer says, "I can honestly offer "Trees" and "Main Street" to our Lady and ask her to present them to her Son."

How beautifully he had made the commonplace street a fit offering to the Divine, may be judged from the following stanza:

"God be thanked for the Milky Way that runs across the sky,  
That's the path that my feet would tread whenever I have to  
die.

Some folks call it a Silver Sword, and some a Pearly Crown,  
But the only thing I think it is, is Main Street, Heaventown."

What love and mutual understanding existed between husband and wife. Referring to some of her poems which she sent to him he said, "No they didn't bring you before me—you are always before me in heart and brain—but it's dangerous to write this—it draws so tight the cords that bind me to you that they cut painfully into my flesh. Well, we are to be



together sometime, inevitably and soon in terms of eternity. How unhappy must lovers be who have not the gracious gift of faith."

I quote at length a beautiful letter in which Kilmer gives expression to his requirements of a Catholic writer. His writings answer the test.

"Speaking of publishers please be very careful that there is nothing in the book you and Margaret wrote to offend, in the slightest degree. I would go so far as to say that if the spirit of the book is not obviously and definitely Catholic—readily so recognized by Catholic readers—it would grieve me to see it published with your name attached—grieve me deeply. I don't want anyone to say of you, 'There is nothing about that novel to show she is a Catholic.' I don't think Catholic writers should spend their time writing tracts and Sunday-school books, but I think that the Faith should illuminate everything they write, grave or gay. The Faith is radiantly apparent in your last poems. It is in Tom Daly's clowning as it is in his loftier moods. Of course anyone would rather write like Francis Thompson than like Swinburne. But I can honestly say that I'd rather write like John Ayscough than William Makepiece Thackeray—ininitely greater artist though Thackeray be. You see, the Catholic Faith is such a thing that I'd rather write moderately well about it than magnificently well about anything else. It is more important, more beautiful, more necessary than anything else in life. You and I have seen miracles—let us never cease to celebrate them. You know that this is not the first fever of a convert's enthusiasm—it is the permanent conviction of a man who prayed daily for months for the Faith that grace was given him. The Faith has done wonderful things for you, but I think since I have been in France it has done more for me. It has carried me through experiences that I could not otherwise have endured. Therefore—let me put my most earnest request—be zealous in using your exquisite talent in His service of whom, I am glad to have said, Apollo was a shadow."

"Please see that Kenton learns to serve Mass, won't you?" is an appeal which recurs in his letters. "Sorry to keep teasing you about this, but you never write anything about it." And again in one of his very last letters "is Kenton serving Mass yet? Please have him do so." Kilmer was daily drawing nearer and nearer to God. He ended a letter to Father F. Garesché, S. J., with the words "pray for me, my dear Father, that I may love God more and that I may be unceasingly conscious of Him—that is the greatest desire I have."

These lines are a prelude to "The Peacemaker" written on June 14, "We are peacemakers, we soldiers of the 169th, we are risking our lives to bring back peace to the simple, generous, gay, pious people of France, whom anyone—knowing them as I have come to know them in the last six months—must pity and love."

Upon his will he binds a radiant chain,  
For Freedom's sake he is no longer free  
It is his task, the slave of Liberty,  
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.  
That pain may cease, he yields his flesh to pain.  
To banish war, he must a warrior be.  
He dwells in Night, eternal Dawn to see,  
And gladly dies, abundant life to gain.  
What matters Death, if Freedom be not dead?  
No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be furled.  
Who fights for Freedom, goes with joyful tread  
To meet the fires of Hell against him hurled,  
And has for captain Him whose thorn-wreathed head  
Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world."

"The Thorn" is a tribute to the warrior St. Michael who has nobly answered his devotee's prayer.

"St. Michael is the thorn on the rosebush of God.  
The Ivory Tower is fair to see  
And may her walls encompass me!

But when the Devil comes with the thunder of his might  
St. Michael, show me how to fight."

The battle cry that rang in Kilmer's ears is found in the last stanza of his poem "Stars," written in the white heat of poetic thought and afire with love of the God of battle.

"Christ's Troop, Mary's Guard, God's own men,  
Draw your swords and strike at Hell and strike again.  
Every steel-born spark that flies where God's battle are  
Flashes past the face of God, and is a star."

Death in battle is for a poet an accolade—it enobles him, gives him a high significance. At once his songs assume a richer color from the beauty of his devotion and the people in whose service he died cherish them dearly. Thus Kilmer dying gallantly in the Great War achieved undying fame. The following sonnet appeared after his death in the *New York Times*:

"He loved the songs of nature and art;  
He heard enchanting voices everywhere,  
The sight of trees against the sunlit air,  
And fields of flowers filled with joy his heart.  
He knew the romance of the busy mart,  
The Magic of Manhattan's throbbing life,  
And sensed the glory of the poor man's strife,  
And humbly walked with Jesus Christ apart.

All kindly things were brother to his soul;  
Evil he scorned and hated every wrong;  
Gentle—another's wounds oft wounded him.  
But when his country called the freedmen's roll  
Forwith he laid aside some wondrous song,  
And joined in Flanders God's own Cherubim."

Kilmer's poem, "Rouge Bouquet," which was first recited at his own funeral is remarkably characteristic. The tragedy



which inspired it was the explosion of a German shell, just outside the entrance to the dugout belonging to his own regiment, which killed the occupants and sealed them in their graves. The last stanza admirably portrays the stanch Catholic soul of this brave soldier. When the refrain which calls for the sounding of taps on a bugle was read everyone present burst into tears.

“There is on earth no worthier grave  
To hold the bodies of the brave  
Than this place of pain and pride  
Where they nobly fought and died.  
Never fear but in the skies  
Saints and angels stand  
Smiling with their holy eyes  
On this new-come band.  
St. Michael’s sword darts through the air  
And touches the aureole on his hair  
As he sees them standing here,  
His stalwart sons;  
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill  
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still  
The Gael’s blood runs.  
And up to Heaven’s doorway floats,  
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,  
A delicate cloud of buglenotes  
That softly say:  
“Farewell!  
“Farewell!  
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!  
Your souls shall be where the heroes are  
And your memory shine like the morning-star.  
Brave and dear,  
Shield us here,  
Farewell!”  
Farewell!”

S. M. C.

## Octave

**W**HERE winds the river through the  
    *smiling vale*  
    *The elm's tall grace is etched in somber*  
        *hue,*  
    *The water flags repose, their radiant*  
        *blue*  
*Fades when it meets the sky serene and*  
    *pale.*

*No cloud with billowy whiteness hides the*  
    *sun,*  
    *The soft winds set the lush, young*  
        *grass asway,*  
    *The robin's voice is heard and fades*  
        *away.*  
*A lark is singing where the waters run.*

J. M. CULLEN.

# Compensation



SAMUEL TUCKER sat before the oriel overlooking the busy street, as lorn as the wayside pool that watches, with wistful longing, the river's everlasting rush to the sea.

Some months before, during the harsh symphony at the Argonne, he had, in a reckless mood of opportunism, prayed for deafness; and, explain it as you may, his ears were verily sealed up.

To Samuel, deafness was oblivion. Life was a good enough thing, when your Youth could swagger with magnificent conceit, and boast that It and Love and Romance and Spring were fresher than divine dreams; but Youth, without its grace and its light, was as dull as death.

A friend of his—Howard Vane, a pale, nervous young man who wrote pale, incomprehensible poetry for several cult-magazines—was a hot disputant. He made long visits, attempting to persuade Samuel to practise the science of Optimism, one of the themes on which his abominable muse, with a shrill treble incoherence, was always piping. Samuel's rooms were littered with his cryptic verse: odes, that even violated the spacious canons of *vers libre*; and sonnets, without enough sense to make nonsense. They were mostly lines like:

Give me ears of stone,  
That I may hear  
Conscience  
Say to my Soul:  
"Wherefore, mate,  
Heedst thou me not?"  
. . . . . And Soul:  
"Thou shrew!  
I cannot bide Thee."  
Give me ears of stone!



I care not for the birds—  
For in my Soul  
There is. . . . a song.

Though Samuel would read them with a desperate effort to appear charmed, they bored him terribly.

"What a mean thing Life is!" he would ponder grimly.  
"What a poor, ironical, disappointing thing!"

Certainly, he thought, no intelligent man could be optimistic under misfortune. Optimism was an inane consent to the pitiless gods that had chastised you. What ridiculous fools men were! Howard Vane, with his passionate preachments of hope and long-suffering, was only a poor, deluded apologist for the caprices of man's misrulers. Sorrow, if you will allow it, teaches the only truth: that behind the plot of Life there is no pity; and man, of all Nature, has been cursed with an intellect to interpret his feeling, and understand the tragedy of his existence.

\* \* \* \* \*

His worst moods of despondency came upon him, when he sat before the window, looking out upon the passing folk. At first, it used to irk him considerably, the matter-of-fact carelessness with which people bore their health; but later on, after he had made a thorough study of the queer animal called man, and developed a sufficiently sound psychology to attempt an interpretation of it, he felt differently; this, he thought, was a mere phase of the strategy Nature used in her pitiless policy of discrimination. Poor man was irresponsible, except him to whom the great spiritual vision was given, in a moment when Jupiter was getting facetious in his cups, that sees the stark soul of Tragedy—men, in blind earnest with their destinies, playing an unwitting farce for the amusement of the gods.

These thoughts depressed Samuel; he wondered, since they made him so uneasy after they left him, if they were sins. Undoubtedly they were, a Christian casuist would say; but,

thought Samuel a bit humorously, Christian casuists are not called upon to solve moral dilemmas anymore. He recognized, with a bit of pride, that his progressive thinking would entitle him to a sort of esoteric distinction. What if conscience rebuked him? he could say that there was truth in his judgments.

"I learned the folly of it all in the War," he said within himself, "when hidden kings sent me, and most of the world besides, to destroy one Imperialism that their own might be strengthened. Just a few rule the world; the rest of us are all slaves. We pity the old tyrannies and despotisms, while an absolutism of terrific effectiveness gripes ourselves. The only difference is that where there was once the splendour of royal ermine, there is now the modest Prince Albert coat and spats."

He was in the same state of mind as Sophocles was when he wrote *Antigone*, and as Shakespeare was when he wrote *Hamlet*. "Dreadful is the mysterious power of fate"—how consummately the master-genius of these great dramatists represented the wilful cruelty of the gods.

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One morning in the glad Spring, Samuel sat watching the people pass beneath his window, with a fresh heart. The faint odour of budding lilacs was in his nostrils, and the flavour of young, green trees.

Suddenly he sat up in his chair, wonder-stricken. Below he saw what seemed to him a vision, a girl of fairy beauty, like some fair Enid of Old Romance; and his youth, vivid again, daring as of old, was glorious in his eyes.

She looked up at him startled, flushed delicately, and smiled.

When she had gone, he let himself weakly down into his chair and took a great, deep breath. His nerves were tingling painfully and his mind was chaotic. But it was delicious; "the goddess Aphrodite was working her unconquerable will"; Love had come to make him mad.

He waited days for her to come again, and when, after

a week's anxious vigil, she made no fresh appearance, the fearful apprehension seized him that he would see her no more. As though he had been assured this was to be so, he began to reconcile himself to his loss.

It was another bitter trick of the gods: not content with having made him deaf, they must make him bear more woes. But, deuce take it!—he was deaf; he had not thought of that before; how foolish it is for a deaf man to love! Beauty such as hers would shrink from his stricken youth as from a foul thing.

But pride flouted this thought with a snarl. Pride is the most puissant prince in all Egodom.

"What difference does it make, after all," he reasoned with admirable unreasonableness. "If she has a noble heart, as I am sure she has, my deafness will not matter."\*

A burning indignation got hold of him towards the hard-hearted portion of mankind that deprecated a man with an infirmity. In the natural order of things, his next mood would have been a sentimental burst of self-sympathy.

But she was passing again. He got to his feet and stood close to the window, looking out at her with adoration. Again, she looked up and smiled, and passed on.

A sudden daring resolution arose in him. He got his hat and cane, and left the house, taking the direction in which she had gone. She was just a short distance ahead of him, and if he had taken a few rapid strides, might have caught up with her at once. But he lagged; some cowardly voice inside of him was urging him to turn about and flee. He had a dreadful fear that he was going to humiliate himself—the most demoralizing spectre in human nature.

But after he had followed her several blocks, Samuel overcame all resistance to his original resolution, and with a sudden burst of courage, he fell into a brisk stride, and soon overtook her.

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\*I am indebted to Robert Chambers for this bit of lover's psychology.

"I beg your pardon," he began, tremulously, raising his hat. She spun around, frightened at first, and faced him. Recognition came immediately; her face was lovely with a flush of rose.

"I feel that I know you," Samuel went on, not so unsteadily. "I hope that you will not think me rude for addressing you like this."

He could see her lips parting; he wanted to know what it was she was saying. He took from his pocket a pad of paper which he carried about for such emergencies, and a pencil, and extended them to her.

"My hearing was affected in the war," he explained, as though he were confessing to some shameful misdemeanour.

Her eyes grew big with an expression he could not interpret; and raising a little hand, she moved the fingers upon it with bewildering rapidity, evidently intending to convey some message by their movements. Samuel blushed to the roots of his hair; could she be ridiculing him, he thought. She saw that he was mystified, and took the pencil and pad from him. He watched her write with whole-souled suspense, and at last, when she had finished scribbling, almost feared to take the paper from her. But, as the sententious Horgil hath it in his *Maxims*, things that must be must move on to their fulfillment; and Samuel bent his eyes down and scanned the note:

"God bless you, brave soldier-bóy, for your noble heart. Don't be dejected over your deafness, for every misfortune has some good at bottom. I was very happy, and yet I am dumb."

Dumb! He raised his eyes quickly and looked at her. How was it that he had ever seen beauty in "her".

"Good-day!" he said briefly, raising his hat; and swinging about, he hurried home.

What greater fool is there than he who says in his heart: "There is no wise God."

W. D. POWERS.



## Autumn

**S**HADOWS and light—  
A sandy path to climb and trees  
around,  
An age-old basswood, dead,  
Supports a creeping ivy, green with  
life.  
The acorns drop among the rustling  
leaves,  
And chipmunks scamper through the  
oaks.  
A squirrel is hurrying to fill the  
winter's hoard;  
And all things reach toward heaven  
And the light.

J. M. CULLEN.

## A Review of Two Lincolns



HERE have recently been presented to the American public, two dramas: both endeavoring to portray a great man—Abraham Lincoln. The author of one, strange to say, is an Englishman, John Drinkwater, whose presentation of Lincoln has attained the height of popularity in London, Washington and New York. We regret that the other drama by Thomas Dixon is accepted with less enthusiasm, and that an American audience is so susceptible to the charms of an English playwright.

It was in Washington that Mr. Drinkwater's play made its first appearance in America. There in the nation's capital, in a period of tense political situations, and before the expectant gaze of senators and congressmen, the curtain rose upon the life of Lincoln.

The darkened theatre is hushed, as Lincoln personified by Frank McGlynn, walks into the old fashioned sitting room of his home at Springfield, and somewhat too graciously meets the Republican committee from Chicago. They formally state their mission, and Lincoln, after mature deliberation, accepts the nomination for President. The conference closed, and the master statesman stands before the map of his country in solemn reflection. Their, correspondent with the tradition of his trust in Divine intervention, the curtain descends, leaving him in an attitude of supplication.

Scene two of the play is laid in Seward's apartment. A lapse of twelve months has not dealt any too gently with the President; he has aged from care and solicitude for his countrymen. Jennings and White have come to Seward from the South in the hope that he might persuade the President to evacuate Fort Sumter. The vacillating Seward is influenced, and is on the brink of resigning, when Lincoln's kindly manner and flawless logic smote him. The President refuses

to abandon the Fort, and, in opposition to his cabinet orders that supplies be sent at once to the starving stronghold.

Somehow, as the curtain falls upon this second episode, we Americans instinctively realize that there is no actor or playwright who can portray the characteristics of the Lincoln that we have learned to know from tradition, from our histories, from the researches of Ida M. Tarbell, from Irving Bacheller and various others.

In the third act, the scene is laid in the President's home. Mrs. Lincoln proves to be a genial hostess to two strongly contrasted guests. Mrs. Goliath Blow, the wife of a profiteering army contractor is insistent in her antagonism to the South. The President evinces deep emotion and dismisses her with the following words: "You, who have sacrificed nothing, babble about destroying the South while other people conquer it. I accepted this war with a sick heart, and I've a heart that is near to breaking every day. I accepted it in the name of humanity, and just and merciful dealing and the hope of love and charity on earth. And you come to me talking of revenge, and destruction, and malice, and enduring hate. These gentle people are mistaken, but they are mistaken cleanly and in a great name. It is you who dishonor the cause for which we stand; it is you who would make it a mean and little thing. Good-afternoon." Mrs. Lincoln's other guest, Mrs. Otherly, begs the President to discontinue the war, and informs him of her son's death in battle. The great man takes her hands in his and mutely sorrows with the bereaved mother. After some moments had passed, he said: "Madam, there are times when no man can speak. I—I grieve with you."

The incident in the cabinet room is the scene of the fourth act. The news of McClellan's victory at Antietam has just arrived and Lincoln, contrary to the wishes of the majority of the cabinet signs his emancipation proclamation: "that all persons held as slaves. . . . shall be then, thenceforward and forever free."

Act five, undoubtedly the most dramatic incident of the play is Grant's headquarters near Appomattox. There is no sense of the melodrama. It is night as the President comes to await the news from Meade who has surrounded Lee's force. And there in the flickering shadows of a single candle the great man pardons the boy who was waiting to be shot for sleeping while on duty. Then he stretches his wearied form against two camp chairs and Grant, with rough reverence throws over him his own army cape. The dawn trickles through the window panes, and Meade arrives with the surrender of Lee. Later, the heroic figure of Lee enters, and gratefully accepts the simple terms of Grant. "You are most magnanimous!" The climax of the drama occurs when Grant graciously refuses the sword of Lee: "It has but one rightful place."

The final act which might have been profitably omitted, is laid outside the President's box at Ford's Opera House. We hear the lines of the players, also the enthusiastic applause of the audience after the President's speech. Edwin Booth stealthily strides towards the box where Lincoln and his guests are seated. There is a shot—a scream—then silence. Then Secretary Stanton emerged from the presence of his dead chief and exclaims: "Now he belongs to the ages."

Oh for another Lincoln! Oh for a contemporary master—man such as the great political leader of the Civil War, the hero of 1861! It was evident even in his early years, that the crude pioneer of Illinois was skilled in the science of government. In the old days when he courted the fair Ann Rutledge in primitive New Salem, he read, and re-read and pondered on the "Life of Washington," the "History of the United States," and the "Statues of Indiana."

Ralph Adams Cram writes: "The soul of sane man demands leadership, and in spite of academic aphorisms on Equality, a dim consciousness survives of the fundamental truth that without strong leadership democracy is a menace;



without strong leadership culture and even civilization will pass away."

Mr. Dixon, it seems to me has drawn a living Lincoln: one that is by no means perfect, but it is not remote nor untraditional.

The author's triumph is mutually shared by Mr. Howard Hall whose role of Lincoln is more than satisfying. His natural bluntness and uncouth manners; his tall noble stature, his general unkempt appearance combine with his accomplished acting to make "A Man of the People," a classic. Mr. Dixon unlike the English playwright has added graphic touches of humor, pathos and climax to truth and has evolved a drama that is far superior to that of his rival.

The play abounds in stirring scenes. There is an incident of 1864 when the Republican committee demands Lincoln to withdraw his name from the presidential contest. There are glimpses of the President's stormy interviews with McClellan and Stanton. The interest of the audience is especially aroused when a young officer attempts to shoot the President. The climax of the drama is the critical hour when the President listens anxiously over a telegraphic instrument until Sherman wires that he has taken Atlanta. There is a pathetic situation when the little Quaker maiden effectually pleads the pardon of her brother, and Lincoln's happiness is evident on the careworn face as he signs the paper that means a life. And then there is a southern girl who begs the President to allow her to pass through the lines to visit her wounded father in Richmond.

There are numberless such incidents which depict the lovable character of a man whose name is sacred to the Union which he preserved. His gentleness, his boundless mercy and faith in men, his subtle humor, his stringent firmness to those sapient ideals which he believed right; these are some of his qualities, which Mr. Dixon has presented to us on the stage. And the author of "The Birth of a Nation" has not written a series of trite incidents. Unlike Mr. Drinkwater, he has

not attempted to draw Lincoln with scrupulous exactness, but has reproduced the President with artistic embellishments of romance and a practical omission of superfluous politics.

Who is there that can gratify our mental portraits of him who "will live in a nation's heart, and the world's esteem from age to age?" What Englishman can realize that Lincoln was more to America than Cromwell was to Britain? "Let us be thankful if we can make a niche big enough for him among the world's heroes without worrying ourselves about the proportion it may bear to other niches; and there let him remain forever, lonely, as in his strong lifetime, impressive, mysterious, unmeasured and unsolved.":

GEORGE RAGOR PIGOTT.

## *Indian Summer*

*THE gentle breeze caresses me, as I  
Through naked woods, in autumn's pensive mood,  
Soft tread  
On Summer's children, fallen dead:  
Gay raiment faded now, some dripping blood,  
They lie  
So still, a stricken multitude.  
The stark trees stare, unseeing, at the sky:  
Heedless of the wind's caress,  
Unmoved by the sun's warmth and light.  
They welcome night  
That hides their desolateness.  
Ah, rather had they died  
Than droop so bare, stripped now of all their pride.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The stealing shadows creep from the red West,  
The breeze lulls to a whispering breath,  
Then lifts a moment, and the leaves  
Swirl in a little dance of death.*

LAWRENCE J. BRADY.

# How to Save Seventy-five Cents



OMEONE has said that we can not fully understand and appreciate youth until we ourselves have passed through that trying delicious period, and experienced the joys and sorrows that attend it. Having just slid safely into my twenties, I feel fairly competent to look back and depict youth at sixteen.

\* \* \*

Claude Samuels was quite honorable; not that he gave this attribute much consideration; no boy of sixteen does. He just acted honorably and never thought one way or the other about it. Notice, I modify the word "honorable" by "quite,—this being all-important; for there was little honor connected with what is immediately to follow.

There sat Claude, hunched up at a telephone table, receiver to ear, smiling complacently, intent on every word transmitted. He was "listening in" on the party line for ten minutes; listening to two girls hold a confab on fall hats and kindred feminine subjects. Did Dot like that new shade, half scarlet, half orange, on Mae's hat? Wasn't it cute, etc., etc. One of the girls had a pleasing lisp and intensified it by playing with her words like a Booth Tarkington heroine. Claude enjoyed her, wondering who she might be.

Claude's half-opened mouth closed with a jolt that shook his head, and Dot and Louise must have been equally startled as the receiver was replaced loudly on the hook. He had suddenly turned to find his mother standing beside the table, peering menacingly down at him, stern, surprised. She was a prude, Mrs. Samuels; a woman who preferred to say "limb" instead of "leg."

"Can't get my number," mumbled Claude in explanation, trying to regain equanimity and to dispel a warm, uncomfortable blush. "Poor service we are"——



"Poor service!" interrupted Mrs. Samuels, "not at all. You were listening to our new neighbor's daughter, I suppose. She has been using the 'phone all morning. I was introduced to her last week, and ever since she addressed me as 'Mrs. Thamuels.' Such a pronounced lisp," she concluded disdainfully.

A slight reprimand followed, easily endured because he did not heed it. He had gained the desired information without inquiry. So she was the next door neighbor, was she? Did that fact make matters more complicated or less? More, he thought. Too close to avoid parental observation. He recalled that he had seen her descend her porch stairs the previous morning, ostensibly on her way to school, clothed in a lavender dress of voile (but Claude did not know it was voile, of course). She must be a school maid, because she carried no books under her arm. And as she slowly made her way down, she tipped each step languidly with the top of her cordovan oxford, and gazed to either side of the banister, swaying ever so slightly.

To Claude, she was like one of our high-grade perfumes,—"IRRESISTIBLE!" He tried to devise some means to meet her. She must be nineteen though, rather old. Stupid fellow! he did not yet know that in these days of the puffed coiffure and the Phoenix hose one can not differentiate between a girl of fifteen and a girl of twenty. The one fifteen looks so much like twenty, and the one twenty resembles a lass of fifteen. So compromisingly, we will estimate her age as seventeen—right in the midst of the "caramel and novel" period.

The unpleasantries attaching to a newly-born acquaintance-ship were passed. Claude and Dot had met at school, and a mutual interest commenced. Scarcely a week had elapsed when a little pale lavender letter appeared among the bills and advertisements in the Samuels mail box addressed to Claude, Jr. It announced in stiff, formal English a party to be given by Dot. Would Claude attend? At the bottom were appended

the baffling initials R. S. V. P., which Mrs. Samuels readily deciphered.

The awakening realization that he was entering upon *Life* caused a thrill in Claude. The joy of living possessed him. New, queer sensations permeated and exhilarated his being. He was a nervous youth, accustomed to strange emotions, but never before had his boyhood experienced feelings of this kind. How novel! How delicious! Like one's first taste of—sugar!

The night before the party, as he prepared to retire, he furtively borrowed his father's narrow brown tie, evidently believing in preparedness. Yes, after class tomorrow he would get a haircut.

Slumber did not come till he had tossed restively for over an hour. His brain whirled; and the one thought that whirled with it was, would he make a good impression in his first appearance?

It was four A. M. Night had not yet abdicated in favor of dawn; all was dark and still. Suddenly the covers on Claude's bed sprang back, emitting Claude, who leaped up wild-eyed, covered with perspiration. From all the articles on his dresser he chose one—a long, sharp scissors, and proceeded to recklessly clip off long strands of his dark wavy hair. One—two—three—four—five times! The sixth time he nipped his finger and this caused him to awaken with a start. He looked at himself in the mirror directly before him. He understood—a nightmare! He saw the locks of hair hanging on his shoulder, spreading on the floor. He understood!

"Damn," he repeated. "Damn."

That morning, without further lamentation, he replaced the brown tie on his father's rack.

PHILLIP H. KEMPER.

## *Do You Remember*

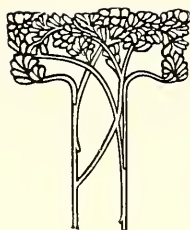
*SWEETHEART, those eyes that smile at me,  
That hair of nut-brown hue,  
Recall to me our childhood days.  
Do you remember, too?*

*Glossy brown hair whose silken coils,  
Hide each dainty ear,  
Glossy brown hair I used to pull,  
Do you remember, dear?*

*Into my heart those long-lashed eyes,  
Their age-old message hurl,  
Eyes that cried 'cause I teased so much,  
Do you remember, girl?*

*Do you remember, when you were eight,  
And I was nearly ten,  
That you promised you'd marry no one but me?  
Will you promise, love, again?*

JAMES J. TAYLOR.



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## Ireland A Nation

WE are all Americans, or at least we claim to be, and deeply rooted in all our hearts should be a love and respect for the freedom and liberty of all subject people. Perhaps many have forgotten this love or respect which belongs to all their fellow men, for on many sides we hear Americans say that only certain subject peoples should be given freedom while others should be held in subjection. In this respect many are especially bitter to that little nation across the sea, Ireland.

Some even attempt to deny that she is a nation but they are mistaken in every respect, for she is as truly a nation as we are. She has all the God given rights to be a nation and



the fact that she is held in suppression by a military force cannot deprive her of this inborn individuality.

Many say that Americans have no right to even voice their opinions on this question for it is purely an issue in the domestic affairs for England. What a misshapen conception must such have of the aims for which we entered the World War! Was the aim of our war for the liberation of one small nation from the cruel clutches of a militaristic empire or for the freedom and self-determining rights of all small nations. We confined our aims to no one nation in particular, but applied them to all subject peoples under the sun, and in this we must include Ireland.

If we say that Ireland has no right to the self-determination for which we fought, then we fought in vain and the boys who struggled and died did so for an hallucination and not a reality. If Ireland has no place in our considerations for freedom then we gained nothing in the struggle for civilization. We merit nothing but condemnation for aiding monarchies to hold small nations in subjection. We fought with England as an ally and she professed to have the same aims in the war that we had, but what was her true stand? On the continent of Europe she professed to be an honorable member of civilization helping to free small nations. At home she maintained an army of over two hundred and fifty thousand men to hold the Irish nation in subjection. Well could these two hundred and fifty thousand men have been used on the battlefields of France and Belgium in the interests of civilization instead of being used to defeat the aims of humanity.

Can we justly call a nation which holds another under military oppression a leader of civilization or freedom? Well is the stand of England set forth in the following brief summary of one phase of the foreign situation.

England is posing before civilization as a leader of freedom. Lloyd George unafraid of Bolshevism, takes kindly to a flirtation with the Soviets, and seems indifferent to revealed

aspirations of Red leaders of Russia to initiate a campaign of blood and fire all over Europe for the destruction of society as it now exists.

While England's policy treats the would-be destroyers on terms of equality, it fails to listen to the laments of Ireland, and pretends not to know there is such a thing as Irish nationality.

This has always been the stand of England in all her dealings with the Irish people. She refuses to give to Ireland, who even now possesses a thoroughly organized and efficient government, the right to work out her own political salvation.

There are those who claim Ireland is in a better condition now than she would be if free. How ill informed they really must be of the true conditions as they prevail on that little island. There was no more cruel work done in Belgium and France than is perpetrated on the Irish people. All over the island terror reigns as a result of the murder, robbery and crime committed by the bands of Black and Tans, under the sanction of our leader of freedom—England. Throughout the island throng these bands of slayers armed to the teeth and controlled only in a farcical manner. Tanks and armed lorries patrol the streets and country highways, so that no place is free from the militaristic power of oppression. Even hotels are converted by these Black and Tans into veritable forts. The windows being blocked with sandbags and the entrances barred with barbed wire entanglements. Could any people be in a worse condition than being forced to live under conditions such as these?

Again there are others who claim the Irish struggle to be nothing more than rebellion. What is rebellion? It is the uprising of a people against lawful authority. Can those who claim these struggles rebellion prove in any manner that the authority of England in Ireland is Lawful? These struggles are not rebellion, but true and just revolution. The case is analogous to our own American Revolution when we threw off the same tyrannical oppression.

Today Ireland presents a united front in her demand for freedom. There is no division of creed, politics or class. Her people are patiently suffering the cruel indignities and crimes of their military oppressors. May God grant that the deliverance is not far off, for no nation on the face of the earth has suffered so much to attain it's just rights.

JAMES H. MAHONEY.

## The College Club

**I**N a short time the new college club room will open. The faculty have gone to a great deal of trouble and expense in fitting up a place where the students can congregate in their spare time, but if every one does his share in carrying out the purpose of the club, their effort will have been rewarded.

More than anything else, it is essential that we form what might be called an "atmosphere" of friendliness from the very first day. Everyone ought to be everyone else's friend, and act the part. If each one forms a resolution to make everyone else feel at ease, those exclusive groups will not be formed that make for bad feeling in any social body. We are all brothers, sons of the same Alma Mater, and we ought to act in a spirit of fraternity.

It is possible to make this club the greatest thing that was ever launched at Loyola. In such a social environment, each of the students will learn to know all the others better than ever before. Friendships should be formed that in after life will continue and grow strong enough to withstand any buffet of adversity.

Let's go into the dark corners where the bashful brothers hide, and coax them into the light. Many a fellow longs to make friends, but is afraid of being rebuffed. We don't want anybody to be lonely; we're not going to let anyone be lonely. We'll show the retreating student that we want to be his

friend as much as he wants to be ours, and we'll prove to him that he "belongs." He's worth the effort.

With such a feeling of amity, a club will be formed that can DO things. Each one, in contributing his efforts toward the good of all, will find that he has become part of a community whose activities will be cherished memories in after years.

Again, the success of the club rests on the conduct of each one of us. We don't want a combination of cliques, each looking toward its own special interests, nor a group of fellows, some enjoying the benefits of the club to the fullest extent, and the others disgruntled and dissatisfied because everyone seems to snub them. We want a big, friendly, brotherly organization—"One for all, and all for one!" Are we going to have it? We'll say we ARE!!! J. J. T.

## School Spirit vs. Class Spirit

**I**T is only natural that a strong bond should develop between the members of a class, but it must be remembered that there is also need of union with the other classes. There should be no conflict, no condition of one class arrayed against another. Each class should unite with every other one and work with them toward the best interests of the college. We should forget that we are Seniors or Freshman, Pre-Medics or Engineers; we should consider ourselves only as members of the student body, all bound by the same duty to promote the interests of that body in every way possible, to aid one another as much as we can, and to foster that enthusiasm for every activity, that interest in everything that concerns our fellows, that "pep" in supporting our college—that is known as "school-spirit." J. J. T.

## “He Flunked Me”

**T**WICE each year, after the semester exams, the favorite question, “How d’ja come out?”, is answered by a few weaker brothers with, “He flunked me.”

“He” probably coaxed this student along, overlooking his various defections and trying to apply a plaster of knowledge to his unwilling head. The unlucky youth’s evenings were probably spent among the bright lights in the pursuit of pleasure, and it is problematical if he ever opened his book except to find out the answer to a question when he thought he was next to be called on.

But with a sublime disregard for facts, he classes the “prof” as a personal enemy,—as one whose sole desire is to keep him from getting credit in the subject. He flatters himself that he did as well as So-and-So, and he “got by,” but he’s “got a drag.” He believes, to hear him talk, that merit doesn’t count, and that the only way to pass in any subject is to get on the “soft side” of the “prof.” He overlooks the fact that he doesn’t know anything about the subject, and that in five months he probably didn’t spend an hour in studying it, and that everyone knows this to be true.

Some day it is to be hoped that a hero will arise after falling beneath the fatal “70,” and to the question “How d’ja come out?” will answer, “I flunked.”

J. J. T.



# Alumni Notes

**F**RANCIS IGNATZ, '18, formerly of North Chicago, has been ordained to the Priesthood and appointed assistant rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, Marquette, Michigan.

\* \* \*

Despite the high cost of building material a new dentist's shingle belonging to Mr. Dempski, we should say Dr. Dempski, Arts and Sciences, '18, has been hung out at the intersection of West Chicago Avenue and Wood Street.

\* \* \*

Lambert K. Hayes, '16, sometime editor of the L. U. MAGAZINE, is among those who have been recently admitted to the bar in the State of Illinois. "Lamb" expects very shortly to begin practice "on his own."

\* \* \*

John Schultz, '18, is the proprietor of a drug store in the same building in which Dr. Dempski has his dental offices.

\* \* \*

Announcement is made of the marriage of Raymond Flavin, '18, to Miss Florence Marie Hahn which took place at St. Ignatius Church, Rogers Park, September 18th.

\* \* \*

Among the graduates of the Loyola Medical School in June was Stanley Plucinski who is now serving his internship at St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

\* \* \*

The Alumni Association is alive. It proves that it is alive by growing. The attendance at last year's functions increased

with a persistent steadiness that almost brought tears to the eyes of the Old Guard, the little Remnant of the Tribes who were always faithful. There was not time before the last issue of the MAGAZINE to tell about the final dinner of the year. It was given at the City Club, a new place for us. It fell upon a demm'd moist, miserable night, a night of malevolent rain and gusty winds that ruffled a man's disposition all up. Yet the largest attendance of the year, some hundred and thirty stalwarts, wrapped their mufflers around their necks, and came anyhow! And they all seemed to be glad they had come.

We had an election that night, a gentle, peaceful election. No violent campaigning, no rough stuff, or climbing of family trees, or crude inquiries about the funds. Some one got up and read the Regular Ticket. Some more got up and Moved and Seconded. And it was all over—just like that! The great political parties might each learn a nice little lesson from the Alumni Association: if we do say it ourselves. The new officers are:

President—Augustine J. Bowe.

Vice-President—Malachy Foley.

Recording Secretary—J. Sherwin Murphy.

Corresponding Secretary—John Sackley.

Treasurer—William J. Bowe.

Historian—Louis Sayre.

Honorary Vice-Presidents—Anthony Schager, 70's; Joseph Connell, 80's; Joseph H. Finn, 90's; John K. Moore, 00's; L. Fred Happel, 10's.

Executive Committee—Payton J. Tuohy, John W. Davis, Joseph F. Elward, Charles E. Byrne, Lambert K. Hayes, Leo J. McGivena, Edward J. Duffy.

There will be a dinner in the near future, before Thanksgiving Day. Information will be sent out duly regarding time and place, as soon as some of the officers recover sufficiently from the mad whirl of election-time (*not* Alumni election) to get their minds down to these details. At this dinner it is

hoped to make announcement concerning a very interesting and progressive change in our organization. Keep your ear to the ground, Alumni!

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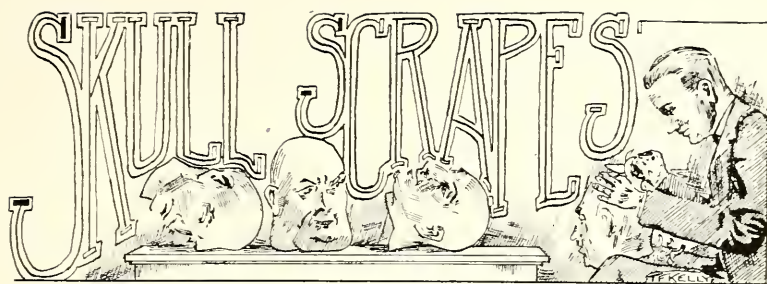
E. M. KEELEY

Since our last issue another of the Alumni has been called to his reward.

Eugene M. Keeley, 4954 Ellis avenue, secretary and treasurer of the Keeley Brewing Company, died after an illness of several months.

Mr. Keeley was well known in financial circles and among brewing interests. He was a member of the Chicago Athletic Association, South Shore Country Club, Beverly Country Club, Edgewater Beach Yacht Club, Chicago Sharpshooters' Association, and of De La Salle Council, Knights of Columbus. He is survived by his widow, Ann Hudson Keeley; his brother, Thomas F. Keeley, president of the Keeley Brewing Company Mrs. W. A. Lydon, and Mrs. P. J. Lawler, sisters.

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**T**HIS nonsense is written for the wise and the foolish, for the wise to read and the foolish to write. Nevertheless we will gladly print any foolish sayings of the wise or in fact anything that savors of the humorous. Class pictures, however, will not be accepted. If you don't like this column you can get a nickel back on your subscription. You may have to scratch your head to see these jokes, but remember we had to scrape our skull to get 'em.

An interesting feature of the column is that we conduct an exchange department with all the "snappy" magazines.

Passing from the sublime to the ridiculous we offer for your approval the following super-poem by Edward P. King, Poet Laureate, of the incongruous in life:

DIABLE N'EST CE PAS?

Did you ever stop to think, how fast your roll will shrink  
As you try to make it last from day to day?  
How it flitters here and there, and still you don't know where,  
And you nearly starve, while waiting your next pay.

Why the town's in such a state that if you stay out late  
You will likely get a tap across the dome  
With a gun under your nose, they will take away your clothes  
And you have to don a barrel to get home.

If you go to buy some coal, they again will nick your roll.  
You carry home the whole load in your blouse.  
If you say this load won't do, they'll say, "Well, who are you?"  
So to keep warm you will have to burn your house.

Go into the butcher shops, say, "One dollar's worth of chops,"  
And the butcher nearly faints upon the floor.  
With a quite offended look, he'll say, "Go smell the hook;  
If you take two smells, I'll have to charge you more."

If you bet upon a game, the events are just the same,  
For the players will be framed against you too.  
And you'll sit and watch and sigh, when some player muffs a  
fly;  
They will get your "yen" no matter what you do.

When you're feeling kind of dry and you slyly wink your eye,  
And the barkeep sets you up a merry gulp,  
And though it hits the "spot," when he says six bits a shot,  
You would like to beat his head into a pulp.

So if these events keep up, I will buy a little cup,  
And a little piece of board of any kind,  
And I'll make a little sign and inscribe this little line,  
"Have pity on me, stranger, I am blind."

No doubt all the college men were agreeably surprised  
when it was announced that only four hours of night study  
were required of the college students.

#### THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THE COLLEGE

Loyola University is situated at Roosevelt Road and Blue Island Avenue. The former used to be Twelfth Street, but when Roosevelt died they named it after him. They didn't dare do it while he was alive. Blue Island Avenue was named after that famous town because so many of the college stu-



dents were born there. We might also mention that the Foreign Legion of S. A. T. C. fame originated in Blue Island.

The students have often wondered why this beautiful situation was chosen by the College Faculty for the University grounds. Mr. H——, the handsome photographer, says it is in order that the students may get the classical atmosphere from the Romans and Greeks in the neighborhood of the college.

The Handsome Photographer was the great philosopher of Twelfth Street before the college was built. He tells us that he used to take pictures of all the beautiful ladies of Chicago, but Mrs. Photographer made him give up the job because it was hard on his eyes. Then he started to take the class pictures of the college students, but he says it's just as hard on his eyes, only in a different way. "Pain mitout pleasure," to use his own words.

Our Photographer is very proud of his studio; the artistic effect having been worked out by a salesman for Vane and Caivert's paints. But be that as it may, all we can say is that he has ruined many a good class picture.

#### BIG BILL'S FRUIT SALE

The Mayor stood on the upper deck,  
Offering peaches by the peck;  
The people shouted they would not buy  
Because the price was far too high.

#### HEARD ON THE APPIAN WAY

He—"Let's hug and kiss and tell jokes."  
She—"O, let's not jest now."

A recent resolution passed by a New Jersey medical fraternity, which asked for a modification of the Volstead act, saying that the home brew, made from manufactured preparations, is far more injurious than "hooch," leads one to sus-

pect whether or not the "docs" are a little peeved at the cut into the prescription business.

It was suggested we head the following "With Apologies to Walt Mason," but after giving it the once over we feel the apologies are due to the reader:

#### MY HALSTED EIHGT

Some people come to school in state, riding up in cars sedate, in Franklins, Paiges, Fords and Packards; while others come in Cole sedans, blowing horns and waving hands at all the ladies passing.

But I for one have no such means and every morn into my jeans I must dig for carfare. But in my mind I have no guile, no thought to make the fair ones smile upon my school-bound carcass.

But still I come to school in state, riding in my Halsted Eight. A well-known car, this Busby 'lectric. And though some love the smell of gas I know of one that does surpass, I sing the far-famed stockyards.

I never have a punctured tire, no motor cops to rouse my ire, I'm never pinched for speeding. So often when I 'rive here late I blame it on the Halsted Eight. A good excuse, though sometimes failing; and thus you see I do not curse, for fate for me is not so worse——

That is when you compare it with those who have to walk or those who must park their bicycles in the bicycle room.

YE McNALLYS.

#### LE MAITRE SANS MERCI

O what can ail thee, solemn youth,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The boys have slunk into their rooms,  
And no bells ring.

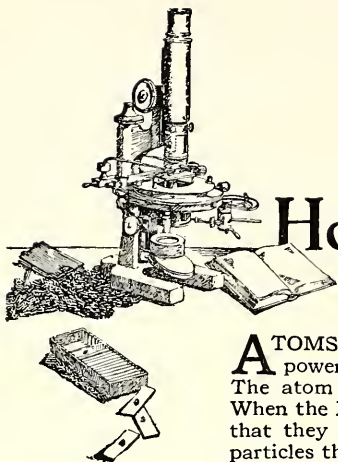
I saw a gathering in the park,  
While on my noon hour ramble.  
The day was warm, my wallet full:  
    I stopped to gamble.

Next morn I faced my teacher dear,  
And say, he was no faery child;  
His hair was long, his step was light,  
    And his eyes were wild.

Alas! I had no alibi,  
To offer to his stern demand.  
And sure in accents strange he said,  
    "Beat it! You're canned!"

So this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the youths have slunk into their rooms,  
    And no bells ring.

B. F. DEE.



# How Large is an Atom?

**A**TOMS are so infinitesimal that to be seen under the most powerful microscope one hundred million must be grouped. The atom used to be the smallest indivisible unit of matter. When the X-Rays and radium were discovered physicists found that they were dealing with smaller things than atoms—with particles they call “electrons.”

Atoms are built up of electrons, just as the solar system is built up of sun and planets. Magnify the hydrogen atom, says Sir Oliver Lodge, to the size of a cathedral, and an electron, in comparison, will be no bigger than a bird-shot.

Not much substantial progress can be made in chemical and electrical industries unless the action of electrons is studied. For that reason the chemists and physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the very constitution of matter as they are with the development of new inventions. They use the X-Ray tube as if it were a machine-gun; for by its means electrons are shot at targets in new ways so as to reveal more about the structure of matter.

As the result of such experiments, the X-Ray tube has been greatly improved and the vacuum tube, now so indispensable in radio communication, has been developed into a kind of trigger device for guiding electrons by radio waves.

Years may thus be spent in what seems to be merely a purely “theoretical” investigation. Yet nothing is so practical as a good theory. The whole structure of modern mechanical engineering is reared on Newton’s laws of gravitation and motion—theories stated in the form of immutable propositions.

In the past the theories that resulted from purely scientific research usually came from the university laboratories, whereupon the industries applied them. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company conceive it as part of their task to explore the unknown in the same spirit, even though there may be no immediate commercial goal in view. Sooner or later the world profits by such research in pure science. Wireless communication, for example, was accomplished largely as the result of Herz’s brilliant series of purely scientific experiments demonstrating the existence of wireless waves.

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# University Chronicle

## SOPHOMORE LAW

WHEREAS—God in His infinite wisdom and mercy to withdraw from this earthly sphere, Mr. John Horan, an upright Catholic gentleman and father, and

WHEREAS—Our comrade and classmate Charles D. Horan had been sorely bereft in the loss of an admirable and estimable father, therefore be it

RESOLVED—That we his associates and friends express our sympathy and regret in this his grief, and be it

RESOLVED—That we have a solemn Requiem High Mass sung for the repose of the soul of the deceased, and be it further

RESOLVED—That this expression of our sympathy be presented to Mr. Charles D. Horan and that a copy of the same be inserted in the LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

S. J. WALSH,  
*Sophomore Law.*

**A**FTER a rather slow start the liveliest class of aspiring young lawyers in dear old "Lieola" are finally assembled. With Omar in hand Jim O'Toole, our energetic president of last year, called the first meeting to order. Everything was discussed from debates to the color of Crunden's tie, and when the meeting was adjourned the following were our officers:

President—Frank Brodnicki.  
Vice-President—Robert Donovan.  
Treasurer—Clarence Snyder.  
Secretary—Sinon Walsh.

Committees were also appointed for various purposes, but the writer has long ago forgotten the aim and personnel of the august bodies, so he can say nothing more about them.

Before using any more space it is imperative that mention be made in the "world's greatest," L. U. M. of Dinty O'Hare's



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withdrawal from law school. We miss his genial smile, his sprouting mustache and his touching ways. He is engaged in the very lucrative pastime of selling bonds and school should not be allowed to interfere with pleasure.

To digress, a favorite expression of one of our alumni, as the evenings roll by Hanzlik is becoming more and more entangled in the intricacies of Common Law Pleading. To use his own words—"I am knocking about too much."

The advantage to the class of this branch is that you speak on your feet. Oh! Yes indeed—you speak all right; but, in the words of the immortal Goldberg—"It don't mean anything."

### FRESHMAN LAW

Warning! These are class notes! Pass on to the "Skull Scrapes" or else close the Mag.

This last admonition is, of course, unnecessary for as soon as you saw the second notice you automatically did as directed by the last. Therefore you are not reading this chatter. Therefore it is wasted. All of which shows the workings of a logical and trained mind.

But for the benefit of those who are still with us we propose the riddle: Why is a class note, or Why are the class notes? Those who are not members of the class which is noted—not famous or notorious but the one the notes are about—are ipso facto (by that very fact,—for the benefit of the seniors) disinterested. They abhor class notes worse than they do the advertisements or philosophy. The alleged humor contained in class notes is of such a personal nature that one must know the maligned individual in order to appreciate it. To those who do not it appears puerile and, as Father Pernin would chirp, bromidic.

However, the members of the class are supposed to be interested in their own class notes. In fact members have been known to read them. They do so for the purpose of criticising and sneering at the author, who invariably calls himself "ye scribe." They guffaw at the quips about the other fellow and feel peeved that they themselves were not given some sort of notice.

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In order to do the thing properly we should print the roster of the class so as to include everybody. Furthermore, to be strictly conventional, we should mention the professor two or three times by name, in a manner calculated to please him. Moreover we should have begun this misuse of print paper with considerable blatant boasting about what a big class we comprise and how we are going to set the world afire.

But—

We long to be unique, we yearn to be different, we disdain precedent. So we shall not mention anybody's name, thus antagonizing everybody right at the beginning instead of gradually. In fact we shall not even sign our own name because we really do not crave the title "ye scribe" nor do we feel proud of this, our maiden effort at class notes.

### SOPHOMORE PRE-MEDICS

**S**OPHOMORE PREMEDIC boasts of all last year's members and of a few welcome additions. Again the class was the first to organize, holding its first meeting and electing officers the first week of school. The officers elected were:

President—Edward P. King.

Vice-President—Dan J. Duggan.

Secretary—Leo J. Niccola.

Treasurer—H. E. Quinn.

The social activities of the year began with a banquet held on the 23rd of October. All entered into these plans and arrangements with hearty co-operation because the affairs of Freshman year were so successful.

The class has an interesting program of work and recreation ahead for the year.

LEO J. NICCOLA.

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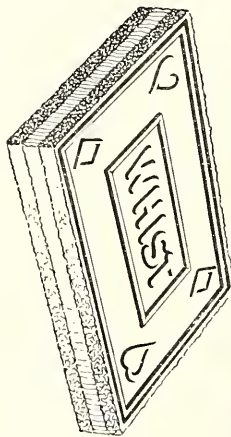
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When the	Mixed the profane
College smoker	With the classical
Was over	By refereeing all the bouts
Every one would have	And then giving
Said	A vocal solo.
"Hot dog"!	The high school orchestra proved
If	A pleasant surprise
It hadn't been	Who said
Friday night.	Cope Harvey was good?
But more appropriate	Rummy
Expressions	And Joliet
Of glee	Were applauded so much
Were frequent,	That Joliet
Because	Nearly fell
It was certainly	From the balcony
A humdinger.	(A stepladder).
Ask any one	Listen, Arts,
Who was there.	The Medics showed
The stunts,	SOME pep,
Bouts, and music,	Didn't they?
Drew applause that	They
Made the roof	Certainly have
"Shimmy".	The right idea.
Whitelow	We'll have to
Threw Tirol	Get better acquainted
After some wrestling	With
That made a bum	That lively bunch
Out of Earl Caddock	Of
And	Real boosters
Perry's bout with Bloedman	We're as sorry
Was nearly as peaceful	As you
As	That you weren't there
Two strange bulldogs	But
Gnawing the same	We'll take a bet
Bone.	Of
LaFebre stepped	A barbed wire tooth-brush
Three fast rounds with	Against a seat
Petrone	In Cox's cabinet,
And,	That you'll be
O'Malley	At the next one.

J. T.

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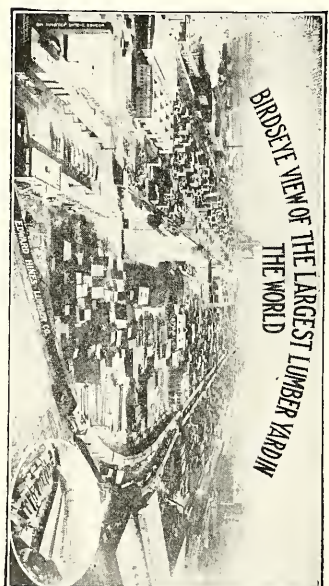
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## JUNIOR MEDICS

**T**-TEN-SHUN!

Pep! Pep! Pep, pep, pep!

They tell us this is the Fall Quarter. We can tell better three months hence.

O'Malley & Mullen say, "We'll have a Glee Club or bust." O'Brien adds, "Probably both."

Louie Gikoffski states that an infant shows proper muscular development when it can "hold its spine so its head won't wobble." Wonder if he was thinking of the last half minute of the second round with Whitlow.

In addition to the regular Junior Course, Whitlow, Huford and Meyens are taking special courses in Research in the Physiology Department. This is not so much a news article as it is a warning to Stewart, Hamell, Carlson and the rest of the boys.

Wanted: To Know—

Where is the Junior of yester year  
Who hung his cap on the crown of his ear;  
Wore long trousers up to his knees,  
And rattled a dime and a bunch of keys?

Not that we care, we merely wish to continue dodging him.

A few weeks ago, we met a prospective Medic who was stunned by the requirements to "get in." Now that he's in he is half paralyzed by the list of requirements to "get out."

## SOPHOMORE MEDICS

**T**HE last regular class meeting was held June 5th. The class officers for the ensuing year were elected.

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Vice-President—L. L. Vitovec.  
Secretary—J. V. Russell.  
Treasurer—J. Grundy.  
Class Representative—R. E. Cummings.  
Editor—W. A. Malone.

There has been a very promising quartet organized, led by Mr. Ingrau, and including Cummings, Warren and Russel.

The Sophomore Class this year is represented by the same boys who last year so intelligently and honorably upheld the scholarship necessary for a "Class A School." They represent the first of the "New Loyola."

#### HEARD IN THE CLASSROOM

Five minutes after one and no professor:  
Malone—Aw! Let's go home, fellows.

Bob Cummings claims that Dr. Ivy gives the boys plenty of food for thought in his lectures.

P. S.—I know a lot more that agree with Bob. How about it, J. Russel?

Last year we were entertained by cadavers. This year we have dogs, cats, frogs, etc. Oh, yes, we have a very pleasant life of it.

We are very proud to state that a Michael John Warren, a member of our class, represents the Medical Department of Loyola University on the magazine staff. Michael John is an A. B. and A. M.

Two members of the class are getting very independent. Grundy with his blue pencil and Vitovec with his knife. To see the way Vite pets up that knife you would think he didn't steal it from McNulty.

There is a report out that Russel is going to be a veterinary. I guess it is because he has had such success with his deceribrated pigeon.



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## SCHOOL OF SOCIOLOGY

The School of Sociology opened full swing on October 4th. Nearly all of the courses have increased registrations and nearly 1,100 students are enrolled which does not include the 762 students in the summer school. Eliminating duplications the total registration for 1920-1921 will run close to 1,700 students. The faculty is much the same with the exception of two new faces, Dr. Davis and Professor Nelson, the former giving Social Psychiatry and the latter Public Speaking.

The School was well advertised in Boston during the latter part of August, when our Dean gave a Teachers' Institute to all the teachers of the parochial schools of that archdiocese. Father Siedenburg's topic was "Modern Social Problems," and towards the end of his course, the sisters of thirty various orders numbered more than one thousand. Cardinal O'Connell, who was present at one of the lectures, said that never before were there so many sisters representing so many orders present on one occasion. Father Siedenburg on the same trip lectured in Toronto and Montreal.

Father Pernin is giving a course in Shakespeare to club women at the School each Monday from 10:00 to 11:30. They are now reading "Romeo and Juliet" and the increasing number at each class shows that those that hear him are not only pleased but anxious to share their pleasure with their friends. Father Pernin is also giving his favorite "Short Story" course on Friday evening from 6:30 to 8:30. This course was offered in response to many requests from people engaged in the daytime. Another night class that is popular is the course in Community Social Service offered at the same hour on Friday evening. Father Siedenburg is giving the lectures, and needless to say many new registrants are seeking admission. Father Kane, we are glad to say, is again with us giving Social Ethics and Social Psychology. He just returned from Kansas City where he gave a lecture.

At a recent meeting of the National Catholic Welfare Council, in Washington, Father Siedenburg was re-elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Social Action Department.

Reports from the students are again very favorable. Miss De La Frances Connolly, who took charge of the opening of

*We moved the Field  
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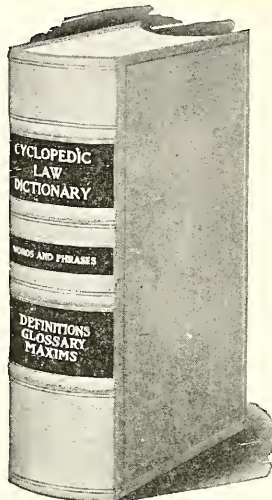
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the Knights of Columbus Settlement in Grand Rapids, Michigan, visited the school and reports that the work there now in full progress and doing most effective work. Miss Lily A. Caverly is now on the staff of the Children's Home and Aid Society and is much pleased with her work. Mr. William J. Deeney, one of our former students, is now the Field Director of the Northern District of Wisconsin for the American Red Cross.

October 14th, Father Siedenburg read a paper before the general meeting of the Wisconsin State Conference of Charities. The subject was "Training for Social Work."

Three of our students have entered the religious life since the last writing. Miss Frances O'Brien and Miss Clara Cunningham have entered the B. V. M's at Mt. Carmel and Miss Loretto Ogden has entered the Poor Clares at Rockford.

BERNADINE MURRAY.

## SENIOR MEDICS

THE "LOYOLA" COMES TO PORT

..

THE epochal event of the "Class A" rating, recently bestowed on Loyola University School of Medicine, was fittingly celebrated at the City Club of Chicago. No stone was left unturned by the committees on arrangements to make this affair a success, and their efforts were amply rewarded by the generous response in attendance by faculty and student body.

An inviting menu greeted the guests upon their arrival in the beautifully decorated banquet hall. Further, a talented orchestra, rendering numbers from Beethoven to Berlin, made the ordinarily welcome task of mastication a celestial activity.

Subsequent to the banquet was a novelty arranged program. In an allegorical manner, the Medical School was represented as a ship, the faculty as the crew, and the student

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body as the fuel. The officials of the school were designated as captain, mates, mechanics, etc., in true nautical manner. In the course of the evening, the speakers displayed such facility in the vocabulary of the sea, that some of the less sophisticated under-classmen were rendered seasick by the atmosphere created.

Dr. T. T. Walsh, as an "old tar," graphically described the history of the good ship "Loyola" from the date of its launching in 1879, to its arrival in port in the Fall of 1917.

The "second mate," Dr. L. D. Moorhead, reviewed the "log" of the ship from the year 1917 to the present date. He dwelt particularly on the perilous and almost impossible journey from the "Port of Class B" to the long sought and serene shelter of the "Harbor of Class A." This period, as you will recall, embraced the Great War, and hence the troubles and vicissitudes encountered were manifold. In the first place the ship was not seaworthy and hence a thorough renovation was necessary. In addition, the crew, as a whole, was not of the proper caliber. As the date of sailing, Oct. 1, 1917, was only a few weeks distant, it was only by the superhuman efforts of the captain and the first and second mates that an efficient personnel was secured before that date. Chief Mechanic R. M. Strong was obtained for the Department of Anatomy; Dr. Wilson for Pathology; Drs. Matthews and Ivy for the Department of Physiology, and so on, until practically a new crew manned the "Loyola" when she began her journey to the "Harbor of Class A." During the memorable voyage, Drs. Mix and Moorhead were eventually given full command of the Departments of Medicine and Surgery. Under the guidance of this competent crew the reconstructed Loyola reached her long sought destination in April, 1920.

Mr. Veseen, a "bos'n," gave his impressions of the old ship.

The crew was humorously described by R. K. O'Brien. His quips on Chief Chemist Calhoun and Surgeons Ivy and Matthews were particularly appreciated by the ordinary seaman. Also his reference to the pretty nurses in the ship's infirmary met with approval. However, this young gentleman failed to mention the beautiful "yeomanettes," whose weapons are pen, pencil and typewriter, and whose duties in the ship's office play no small part in the lives of the ordinary seaman. Methinks, O'Brien, thereby, passed up a golden opportunity.

# Loyola University

Chicago, Illinois

3000 STUDENTS

160 PROFESSORS

Conducted by the Jesuits

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The oratorical treat of the evening was Seaman P. K. McNulty's discourse on "Fuel." In a very interesting manner he told of the exacting composition required of the fuel, its careful analysis before acceptance; and finally the magnificent results obtained therefrom. Seaman McNulty claimed that the amount of the fire of loyalty and enthusiasm possessed by the fuel of the good ship "Loyola" approached 100 per cent, and that it contained no cinders of discord or ill-feeling.

Rev. P. J. Mahan, first mate, reiterated Seaman McNulty's statement on the quality of the ship's fuel, and stated further that with her magnificent crew and with such fuel, the "Loyola" would weather the most storm-tossed and exacting sea of the Medical World.

The "New Ship" was elaborately portrayed by Chief Mechanic R. M. Strong a "four-decker," possessing the equipment necessary not only for ordinary voyages, but also to enable it to invade the "mystic waters of Research."

Fr. J. B. Furay, S. J., captain, outlined the future course of the "Loyola." Regarding the "four-decker" described by Mechanic Strong, he stated that the project would not materialize until the present ship had encompassed the Shoals of "Impecunia."

Before closing, just a few words of appreciation for the inmates of the "brig" who entertained with several vocal numbers. These versatile exponents of harmony displayed great talent and it is to be regreted that the evening was too short to allow them to fully demonstrate their ability. Still when the "Loyola" puts in for another night of frolic, it is hoped that the officer in charge will give the "brigadiers" ample time and space.

J. M. WARREN.

## FRESHMAN MEDICS

**A**T a meeting held October 18, 1920, in the upper amphitheatre, the Freshman Class of '20 elected their officers under the supervision of Dr. Job. The following officers were elected.

President—A. H. Jacoby.  
Vice-President—M. W. Hedgecock.  
Secretary—Miss A. Pohl.  
Treasurer—Jean McCormick.  
Class Representative—M. O. Wilkins.  
Editor—P. Deutsch.  
Sergeant-at-Arms—Ansel Tulupan.

Spirited contests involving the casting of several ballots took place in the election of President, Secretary and Class Representative, as much spirit was shown in the class proceedings in the future as at the aforesaid meeting. The Freshman Class of this year can look forward to the achieving of great things.

#### PERSONALS

Don't read the MAG over the other fellow's shoulder.

Our worthy sergeant-at-arms, Ansel Tulupan, the only officer who stood alone in the regard of the class for any office, certainly will make as imposing spectacle with his great size and formidable appearance. Go to it, Ansel, we stand solidly behind you.

A very peculiar contest took place for the office of Class Editor. Ability on the side of one was arrayed against the shorter name of the present editor. The name won out.

Just a tip to Joe Boland—In the future please don't hand any jobs connected with hard work to a certain obliging young fellow.

Certain members of this Class advise Poborsky to study his lessons and get his dope down right before he goes into any class—Get the right function—Poborsky.

At the last minute before going to press we bumped into Partipilo telling the world Loyola Medic is the best little school in the universe. We're all right behind you, Party, old boy.

Send in your contributions to the personal section—Everybody welcome.

P. DEUTCH.

# Think What It Would Mean To You

A PERPETUAL SCHOLARSHIP IS THE MOST MAGNIFICENT  
MONUMENT—THE GREATEST MEMORIAL A MAN OR  
WOMAN CAN LEAVE FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.



IF you were a boy ambitious for a college education (but lacking the means to pay for it)—how happy you would be were some generous-hearted man or woman to come to you and say, "Son, I know what an education means to you. I want you to have all of its advantages and I am willing to pay the expenses of giving it to you, so that you may be prepared for opportunity and realize the greatest success in life."

Your delight at such an unexpected gift could only be exceeded by the supreme satisfaction and happiness afforded the donor. For a greater reward can come to no man than the knowledge that his generosity has given a worthy boy the means of gaining an education and all of the blessings that it affords.

There are hundreds of fine boys—without means—who would eagerly welcome the chance to fit themselves for places of eminence in the world by a course of study at Loyola University. Unless someone takes a personal interest in them, they will not have the opportunity.

*By endowing a perpetual scholarship you can give a great number of boys a valuable Christian education, which will*



*make them successful men of high character and ideals and enable them to help other boys in a similar manner.*

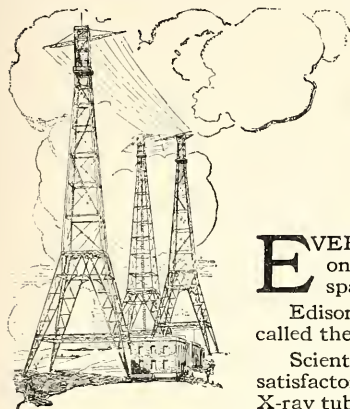
\$2500 will endow one scholarship *in perpetuity*; \$500 will endow two scholarships. This would mean that through your generosity at least one student could enter Loyola University every four years (tuition free) for all time. He would be your boy. He would recognize you as his sponsor, for the scholarship would bear your name. You would take a great personal interest in his scholastic success and his achievements. Everlasting gratitude to you would be an ample reward.

A man can pay no greater tribute to anyone than to say, "What success I have won I owe to the generous benefactor, who helped me to get an education."

Why not be such a benefactor? For generations to come your name will be remembered by countless boys to whom your generosity will bring education and success.

Full details regarding the Loyola perpetual scholarship plan furnished on request.

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1076 Roosevelt Road, West,  
Chicago, Illinois.



# How is a Wireless Message Received?

**E**VERY incandescent lamp has a filament. Mount a metal plate on a wire in the lamp near the filament. A current leaps the space between the filament and the plate when the filament glows.

Edison first observed this phenomenon in 1883. Hence it was called the "Edison effect."

Scientists long studied the "effect" but they could not explain it satisfactorily. Now, after years of experimenting with Crookes tubes, X-ray tubes and radium, it is known that the current that leaps across is a stream of "electrons"—exceedingly minute particles negatively charged with electricity.

These electrons play an important part in wireless communication. When a wire grid is interposed between the filament and the plate and charged positively, the plate is aided in drawing electrons across; but when the grid is charged negatively it drives back the electrons. A very small charge applied to the grid, as small as that received from a feeble wireless wave, is enough to vary the electron stream.

So the grid in the tube enables a faint wireless impulse to control the very much greater amount of energy in the flow of electrons, and so radio signals too weak to be perceived by other means become perceptible by the effects that they produce. Just as the movement of a throttle controls a great locomotive in motion, so a wireless wave, by means of the grid, affects the powerful electron stream.

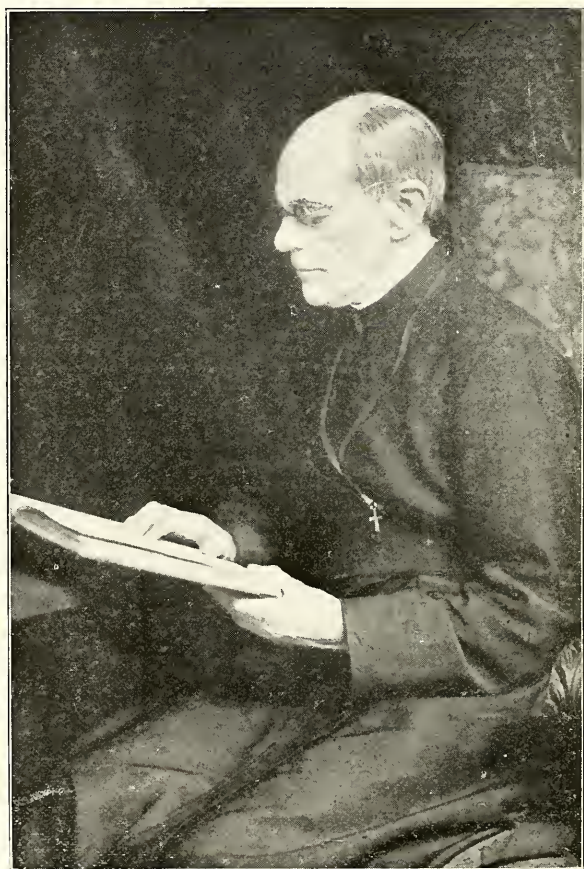
All this followed from studying the mysterious "Edison effect"—a purely scientific discovery.

No one can foresee what results will follow from research in pure science. Sooner or later the world must benefit practically from the discovery of new facts.

For this reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are concerned as much with investigations in pure science as they are with the improvement of industrial processes and products. They, too, have studied the "Edison effect" scientifically. The result has been a new form of electron tube, known as the "pliotron", a type of X-ray tube free from the vagaries of the old tube; and the "kenetron", which is called by electrical engineers a "rectifier" because it has the property of changing an alternating into a direct current.

All these improvements followed because the Research Laboratories try to discover the "how" of things. Pure science always justifies itself.

**General Electric**  
General Office **Company** Schenectady, N. Y.



# Loyola University Magazine

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## Geoffrey Chaucer From A Catholic Viewpoint



VERY meagre was the native literary inheritance of Chaucer, compared with whose productions all that precedes is barbarism, as Craik tells us in his "Literature and Learning in England," (Vol. 2, p. 10). Our Teutonic ancestors living on the borders of the North Sea began our literature with songs and stories of their times. The English nation was founded in the latter part of the fifth century, when Britain was conquered by three Teutonic tribes, Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, the first being led probably in 449 by Hengist and Horsa. Their earnest, somber, somewhat religious poetry is characteristically that of sea-rovers and hardy warriors, capable of profound and noble emotions. Their poetry had a kind of martial rhythm produced by an abrupt break in the middle of each line and having accent and alliteration. The five striking

characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon themes are: love of freedom, responsiveness to nature especially in her sterner moods, strong religious convictions and a belief in Wyrd (Fate), reverence for women, and devotion to glory as the ruling motive in every warrior's life. The Teutons at first used poetry as the most suitable vehicle for expressing their feelings, as the Greeks and Romans had previously done, this poetry being kept fresh in the minds of the people by the singers. The kings and nobles when feasting after some victorious battle were entertained by the songs of the "scop" and "gleemen" accompanied with the harp. War, the sea and death were the ordinary themes of these "scops" and "gleemen."

Of a thoroughly Catholic tone, the first true English poem native to our soil is the work of Caedman, a monk of Northumbria, written about 670. Jutting out into the sea in the small, land-locked harbor of Whitby rose the wild, dark, wind-swept cliff on which stood the monastery of St. Hilda, looking out over the German Ocean beating furiously beneath a suitable birthplace for the poetry of a powerful maritime nation, that notwithstanding its apostasy from the Church, yet is Catholic at heart and is veering daily more and more back to the harbor of truth. Although Caedman's is a religious poem it retains the fierce warlike element in the struggle of the rebel angels. What Caedman did for early Anglo-Saxon poetry, Layaman, a priest of Worcestershire did for it after the Norman conquest. It is pleasant to think that the beginning of English prose was with St. Bede, born about 673 in Northumbria, the home of English literature. All his extant writings are in Latin, many monasteries and libraries containing our earliest literature being destroyed in 867 when Northumbria was conquered by the Danes. Alfred the Great, since he translated into English St. Bede's works, is really the true father of English prose and Winchester its birthplace. The oldest historical record known to any European nation in its own tongue is the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in prose revised and enlarged by Alfred the Great



(848-901) covering a period of more than two centuries beginning with the story of Caesar's conquest. Caedman, Aldhelm, Cynewulf, Bede, Alcuin, and nearly all the other Anglo-Saxon writers were either monks by profession or taught in the monasteries, so that the most powerful stimulus upon literature supplying both the writers and the themes were the monasteries, Saxon literature being the offspring of monastic scholarship. Although an insular race and situated in a peculiar site, the English-speaking world has brought forth the most masterly productions in every branch of learning and province of genius despite the fact that five centuries ago she was destitute of a national literature. A traditional store of fables, heroic panegyrics, satirical songs, legendary ballads, inherited by Chaucer from his predecessors formed the material for the loom of this mighty weaver of rhyme, which produced a marvelous fabric bewitching the world since his time. To the student of English literature Chaucer's writings are the earliest of any literary interest, the works of previous authors being of interest chiefly to the philologist. Chaucer by the vigor of his genius handled the crude material of the Anglo-Saxon language, refashioned and refined it and breathed the breath of life into it.

The history of the childhood and youth of our mother tongue has proved a fascinating study for scholars of all times. The primitive inhabitants of England were the Britons, of Celtic origin, whose language resembled modern Welsh. Although the Romans conquered England about the beginning of the Christian era and held portions of the island for four hundred years, the vast majority of the Celtic population were uninfluenced by Roman civilization. The piratical Saxons, Jutes and Angles from the banks of the Elbe, Weser and Rhine, by swarming into Briton in the fifth century, drove the natives into the west and north. Subsequently they called themselves Anglo-Saxons and their speech came to be known as Old English, its use extending from about 450 to 1200.

In 1066 the Saxon king Harold was overthrown in the battle of Hastings by William of Normandy, whose ancestors,

originally Scandinavians, had about one hundred and fifty years previous settled in Normandy and there acquired the French language. Both the conquering Normans and the conquered Anglo-Saxons continued to use their own distinct language for more than one hundred years until finally the French was absorbed into the Anglo-Saxon forming the Middle English used from about 1200 to 1500. This Middle English was the Anglo-Saxon modified by the addition of many Latin and French words and by the loss of many inflections. All things without life were put in the neuter gender and some Teutonic practices, such as the termination of the infinitive in "en" was dropped. This was the form and character of English in Chaucer's time.

Modern English (1500—) begins about Shakespeare's time when it assumed a form which we of to-day can understand without any special study. Three-eighths of it is taken from Celtic, Latin, French, Danish, Greek with even a few elements of Arabic and Persian, but five-eighths and the most important part, the grammar, its scientific basis, are Saxon, consequently its framework, bone and sinew is the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Possessing Teutonic strength and Roman suppleness and freedom of expression, none of the living languages can vie with it.

Although Chaucer lived at a time when chivalry still had power over the minds of the people, yet besides delighting in flowery meads, grassy hillsides and Canterbury pilgriming, the vast majority of the people had to contend with wars, plagues, insurrections, much misery and discontent. There was a deeply felt protest against the oppression of the people by the class of nobles. Owing to the French wars the people were in misery, heavy taxation fell on them and severe laws prevented them from bettering themselves. The Black Death plague ravaged England in 1349, '64, '69. Great social, political and religious agitation developed great literary work. To the author of "Piers the Plowman" we must go for the disagreeable side of life in the fourteenth century. This work commonly supposed to be that of William Langland, a theo-

logical student but never a fully ordained priest, is written in rude English dialect in alliterative English verse in the old English manner so that even a plow-boy could understand it. On a pleasant May morning amid rural scenery beside a brook the poet dreams he sees a vision of the world, like a drama passing before him. The actors are mostly personified abstractions, such as Conscience, Lady Meed or Bribery, Reason, Truth, Gluttony, Hunger, the Seven Deadly Sins. The poem is full of humor, satire and descriptions of common life. Piers at first is a simple plow-man, who offers to lead men to truth, but is finally identified with the Savior. Typical Anglo-Saxon earnestness characterizes the poem, hatred is manifested towards hypocrisy in the clergy and sadness is displayed for the contradiction between the real and ideal, thus helping to lay the foundation for the so-called reformation. Langland's verse giving valuable pictures of the life of the common people was read chiefly by those among the lower classes desiring social and church reform.

The social unrest of the times is reflected in the writings of Wycliffe, the pioneer of English rebellion against the authority of the Church, who by numerous addresses and tracts aimed first at the reformation of morals but finally tried to reform the doctrines of the Church, causing him to be branded as the "morning star of the reformation in England." The monasteries originally poor, had become rich and zeal for their maintainance had somewhat subsided. The wealth and luxury of the country increasing, trade, conquest and colonization had an irresistible attraction for the English people, which gave to those inclined towards literature wider interests and a broader horizon and caused the appearance of a national literature.

Very different from the "Vision of Piers the Plowman" and the theological disputes of anarchistic Wycliffe, portraying the life of the down-trodden, hard-working, oppressed peasants, were the writings of Chaucer and Gower, displaying the cheerful, festive life of the wealthy and courtly classes,

furnishing recreation and amusement for the refined and cultivated.

While Chaucer wrote in England, Froissart, whom Hallam calls the "Livy of France" wrote his "Chronicles" containing a brilliant historical picture of wars, military achievements, social customs, tournaments and everything forming a part of the life of the nobility in the fourteenth century and is one of the most reliable accounts extant of the political events of the Middle Ages. Froissart met Chaucer and Boccaccio at Milan and visited England.

In Germany the national poetry was to be found in the homes of the working people rather than at court. The gay and chivalrous lyrics of the Minnesänger were superseded by the homely didactic strains of the Meistersänger with whom poetry was a regular profession and trade guilds, societies and schools were formed with laws and charters. The wandering minstrel mingling with all classes of society reflected all their sympathies.

Classical Italian was created by Dante, but stability, purity and elegance were given to it by Petrarch, who, although he did not invent the sonnet, yet polished it and made it fashionable all over Europe in his own and two succeeding ages. Boccaccio, a friend of Petrarch, had, with him much influence in reviving the classics. The Decameron, the model of Italian prose, has never been surpassed in Italian literature for spirited narrative, skillful expression and eloquence of style.

In Spain the ballad narrative and spontaneous lyric allured the attention of the people. Don Juan Manuel has left us a Spanish ballad written before 1364 and Sanchez referred several fragments to the fourteenth century.

Born of the tradesman class about 1340, and unlike most of his predecessors in poetry in being a layman, but remarkably educated, Chaucer is one of our finest gentlemen. The chief events of his life are tinged with uncertainty. Both his father and grandfather were London vintners. Early in

life having won the friendship of distinguished persons, he was a page of Edward III, who in 1367 rewarded him with an annuity equivalent at the present time to about £200. Later, being sent abroad as envoy, his great success won him many proofs of royal favor. Regal patronage was continued under Richard II, who sent him to various parts of the kingdom on important commissions. After the deposition of Richard II in 1399, Henry IV confirmed all his predecessor's donations to Chaucer, this king being a nephew of the wife of Chaucer. More actively engaged in public affairs than any celebrated poet since his time, merry of eye, satirical without unkindness, and of a sunny disposition Chaucer remained for a long time a favorite in polite circles. In 1374 he was comptroller of the Wool Customs, in 1382 of the Petty Customs and in 1386 member of Parliament for Kent. Owing to political difficulties arising from giving support to a certain candidate for the London mayoralty who was afterwards imprisoned, Chaucer spent some years in France and Denmark where many of his works were written. Untrustworthy agents having appropriated his income, he was obliged to return to London where, in order to obtain pardon and freedom from imprisonment, he disclosed the plans of his former associates. Although this drew on him obloquy, yet he was again received into royal favor. In literary retirement at Woodstock and finally at Donnington, he sought repose from the turmoil and intrigue of public life. Here were written the Canterbury Tales, his latest and most remarkable work, thus showing that his imagination did not decline with the vigor of his human frame. For many men of genius there has been really no old age.

His son Lewis died young and Thomas was speaker in the House of Commons in the time of Henry IV and ambassador to France and Burgundy. 'Thomas' only child, Alice, married the Duke of Suffolk. Her grandson, i. e. the great-great-grandson of Chaucer, the Earl of Lincoln had he not died in 1847, probably would have been the king because Richard III declared him to be the rightful heir to the throne



if the Prince of Wales died without issue. The "Father of English Poetry" died in 1400. He was the first poet interred in Westminster Abbey, where a monument to his memory was erected a century and a half later by Brigham.

That Chaucer did not sympathize with Wycliffe is evidenced by his intimate friendship with the prince who withdrew from Wycliffe his patronage, and by his close friendship with Strode, an Oxford Dominican and a strong Anti-Lollard. In Chaucer's "Poor Parson of the Town" we realize that he had a high idea of the priestly character, but he represents characters such as they were on account of his love of justice, for certainly there were abuses in the Catholic Church in England in Chaucer's time. Luxury and riches had charmed the hearts of many of the laity and religious more than zeal for the crucified Savior, causing some to allow levity, simony and hypocrisy to creep into holy actions. Keen and bitter satire is directed against the Summoner, who sold pigs' bones as relics of the saints and a Friar who knew the taverns better than the poor. Great rivalry existed at that time between the military and religious orders. Chaucer, belonging to the military order, may have been unduly severe and critical of the religious orders. Like all novelists, he tended to exaggerate his characters in order to make them more vivid and interesting. Then it was fashionable for worldly wits to indulge in dry humor and sneer at the human weaknesses of the monks, yet he does not seem to be critical or find fault with the faith or morality as taught by the clergy.

That Chaucer was a sincerely devout Catholic without the pride or bitterness of Wycliffe and a loyal son of Holy Church is very evident. Although he freely criticized the human side of the religious, which at that time merited much criticism yet he always upheld the Catholic ideal which made possible the glory of the Middle Ages; a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin shines out in many places in his works showing him to have been a deeply religious man, and when dying, he regretted the writing of certain lines his contrite tears could not efface. "Woe is me!" he exclaimed in that

solemn hour, "woe is me! that I cannot recall those things which I have written; but, alas! they are now continued from man to man and I cannot do what I desire."

Having gone on several diplomatic missions for the king he was brought into contact with the great minds of his day and with men and women of every rank in life, and, being naturally gifted with a practical, keen and logical intellect, he was enabled to do what had never been done before his time—delineate living persons. From the *Divina Commedia* of Dante he learned the power and range of poetry; from Petrarch's sonnets he learned what is meant by "form" in poetry; from Boccaccio, the maker of Italian prose, he learned how to tell a story exquisitely. Yet, although Chaucer owes something to foreign teachers, no one who has ever read his "*Canterbury Tales*" will doubt his right to be considered a great original poet and that he became to others what no one had been to him—a standard. Undoubtedly his name is the greatest in our literature until Shakespeare's time, since he performed the herculean task of placing his nation's literature in the foremost rank after having lifted it out of its barbarous isolation and subserviency. From the many English dialects that existed before his time, he succeeded in elevating into preeminence the Midland dialect of great flexibility and power and making it the language of England. Setting aside all philological considerations, if Chaucer were a prose writer, he would be intelligible to all by simply using a glossary of such words as have gone out of use and modernizing the spelling and inflections of those which are common, for the language of Chaucer is essentially the same as our own except in the use of obsolete words and in the retention or the partial retention of certain inflections. But since he was a poet using rhythm, metre and rime, modernizing his quaint archaic diction would destroy all that constitutes the outward form of poetry. Being a man of general culture and familiar with the poetry of Italy and France, naturally he chose the metrical riming style of verse, using iambic pentameter with rhyming couplets, which was imitated by Dryden and Pope. The Chaucerian

stanza, a modification of the Italian eight line stanza, consists of seven iambic pentameter lines, having three rhymes as follows: First and third lines; second, fourth and fifth lines; sixth and seventh lines. The Chaucerian stanza was used by Shakespeare in "Rape of Lucrece" and by Milton in "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity."

Chivalrous love, expounded either directly or indirectly is the inspiring element in all his works from the "Court of Love" down to the "Canterbury Tales," combined with vivacity of movement, honor, delight in nature, green leaves, sunshine, sweet air and bird-singing by the murmuring brook or breezy hillside. So well does he portray men and women of the fourteenth century that they seem to live and move before us and tell stories nicely adapted to the character of their narratives. Unusually clear-cut and vivid are his descriptions, as:

"I saw her daunce so comely,  
Carol and sing so swetely  
Laugh and play so womanly  
And look so debonairly  
So goodly speke and so freendly  
That certes I trowe that evermore  
Was sene so blisful a tresore."

*The Boke of the Duchesse.*

Especiall characteristic is his kindly sympathetic humor mingled with Saxon seriousness.

"Infinite has been the sorwes and the teres  
Of olde folk and folk of tendre years."

He had breath and kindliness in his view of human life and accurately portrayed each type of character without distortion, his unsparing satire being more of a kindly ridicule than of a nature to excite hatred, indignation or disgust. Under the cloak of humor he teaches many serious philosophical truths and is earnest in the denunciation of oppression. Eagerly interested in the natural phenomena around him, having great sensibility to the beauties of nature, the May-time, the daisy, green leaves and bird-singing, making his

poetry have the freshness and joyousness of spring, he was the first to make the love of nature a distinct element in poetry. In a graceful, polished, and terse style, full of light banter usually found in genial natures, he pictures to us life in "Merrie England in the olden days."

Among the literary men who influenced Chaucer were Ralph Strode of Merton College, an illustrious poet, theologian and philosopher and John Gower, whose close friendship and mutual admiration must have greatly encouraged Chaucer. To these two friends he dedicated "Troilus and Cresseide." Lydgate and Occleve were his disciples and admirers. Occleve gives us the best authentic portrait of the great poet and pathetically bewails his master's death in the oft quoted lines:

"O mayster dere and fadir reverent  
My mayster Chaucer, floure of eloquence."

Dr. Johnson calls him "the first of our versifiers who wrote poetically."

Mrs. Hawee's says: "He is simply our great story-teller in verse." William Caxton says: "In all his works he excelleth in mine opinion, all other writers in our English, for he writeth not in void words, but all his matter is full of high and quick sentence, to whom ought to be given laud and praise for his nable making and writing." Sir Philip Sydney says: "I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that misty time could see so clearly or that we, in this clear age walk so stumblingly after him."

Edmund Spencer in his "Faery Queen" says:

"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,  
On Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be filed."

Tyrwhit, says: "Chaucer in his serious pieces often follows his author with the servility of a mere translator; whereas in the comic he is generally satisfied with borrowing a slight hint of his subject which he varies, enlarges and embellishes at pleasure and gives the whole the air and color of an original."

R. H. Horne calls Chaucer "the Homer of English poetry."

An exact chronology of Chaucer's works is impossible. His major poems are:

- The Canterbury Tales (incomplete).
- The Romaunt of the Rose (of doubtful authenticity and incomplete).
- Troilus and Cresseide.
- The Court of Love (of doubtful authenticity).
- The Complaynte to Pitie.
- Annelyda and Arcyte (incomplete).
- The Parliament of Foules.
- The Complaynte of the Black Knight (of doubtful authenticity).
- Chaucer's A. B.C.
- The Boke of the Duchesse.
- The House of Fame.
- Chaucer's Dreame (of doubtful authenticity).
- The Flower and Leaf (of doubtful authenticity).
- The Legend of Good Women (incomplete).
- The Complaynte of Mars and Venus.
- The Cuckow and the Nightingale (of doubtful authenticity).

His minor poems are:

- L'Envoy de Chaucer a' Buckton.
- Balade sent to King Richard.
- Good Counseil of Chaucer.
- Balade of the Village.
- L'Envoy de Chaucer a' Scogan.
- Chaucer to His Emptie Purse.
- A Ballade.
- Teaching What is Gentilness.
- Chaucer's Words Unto His Own Scrivener.
- Proverbs by Chaucer.
- Virelai.

His prose works are:

- The Testament of Love (of doubtful authenticity).
- A Treatise on the Astrolabe.
- A Translation of "Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiae."



Of these Chaucer tells us the story of "Queen Annelida and False Arcite," is drawn from *Stace* and *Corinne*; "Romaunt of the Rose" is a translation of the French "*Roman de la Rose*"; *Troilus and Cresseide*, "a poetical essay," is drawn chiefly from *Boccaccio*, and contains passages of much pathos and beauty; "The Assembly of Foules" is founded on the *Somnium Scipionis* of *Cicero*; "House of Fame" is supposed to be a Provençal lay; "Boke of the Duchess," the "A, B, C," and the "Compleynte to Pitie" are direct imitations of French models.

The most durable monument to Chaucer's genius on which his fame chiefly rests is "The Canterbury Tales," composed when advanced in age. The tales reflect the minds of the characters and describe the whole of English society in the fourteenth century more vividly than a laborious history. The Prologue is the most valuable and original portion of the Tales which however Chaucer did not live to complete. The Tales (except those of *Melibeus* and the *Persone* which are in prose) are written in iambic pentameter. The general plan of the Canterbury Tales is of a company of twenty-nine pilgrims from various departments of middle life, mostly strangers to each other, who in April went their way to the shrine of *St. Thomas a' Becket*, assembling at *Tabard Inn* in *Southwark*. Each agrees to tell one tale in going and one in returning and he who should tell the best tale was to be treated by the others with a supper at the inn. This entirely national work is the best example of English story-telling we possess. In variety of characters, delicacy of discrimination and dramatic conception, Chaucer is considered to have improved upon his model, the "*Decameron*" of *Boccaccio*, who pictures five elegant nobles and ladies who retired to a beautiful villa on the banks of the *Arno* to escape infection of a terrible plague then devastating *Florence* in 1348. They spent their time in feasting and revelry regardless of the sufferings of their poorer fellow-citizens. In dramatic conception Chaucer's plan is superior. There is no organic connection between the narrative of the plague and the stories

chiefly of love and adventure in the "Decameron," while in the "Canterbury Tales" the "framework forms one of the most valuable organic elements in the whole work. Chaucer's "Tales" owe their richness and enduring character to the fact that the chief idea therein expounded is chivalrous love, which as the presiding genius and inspiring spirit had been flowering and bearing fruit in the minds of the people for two centuries originating the songs and perfecting them with native ingenuity. Chaucer had the truly Catholic spirit of disregarding distinctions of caste. His pilgrims associate on equal terms yet by the spirit of their behavior he draws a very clear line of separation between them and makes elaborate apologies for introducing into his verse anything inconsistent with the sentiments of chivalry. Not wishing to be responsible for the churlish tale of the miller, the poet, with apologetic skill says:

"Every gentle wight I pray,  
For Goddes loves deemeth not that I say  
Of evil intent; but for I must rehearse  
Their tales all, be they better or worse,  
Or elles falsen some of my matter."

Studiously guarding against offending the chivalrous mind, Chaucer always remembered that he wrote for a courtly audience, contriving that the "gentles" associated with the "churls" without loss of dignity. No disrespect is shown the "gentles," i. e. the Knight, Squire, Monk, Prioress and second Nun; there is no vulgarity in the tales of the men, the Lawyer, Doctor, Clerk and no disparaging remarks are made of them. The Reeve, Miller, Friar, Summoner, Wife of Bath, are from the lower class of society and tell vulgar tales.

First of all we have the ideal knight without "fear and without reproach," the only faultless character in the Tales.

"And though that he was worthy, he was wise,  
And of his porte as meke as is a mayde,"

Chivalrous, honorable, brave, noble, modest as most accomplished character having bought experience with hard blows

in his travels all over the world. His son, a young "squyer" courteous, accomplished, gay, romantic, was followed by a single attendant, an honest and trusty "yeoman" from among the tenantry of his father.

"Embrouded was he, as it were made  
Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede,  
Singing he was, or floyting alle the day."

We are told of the manly, sturdy yeoman:

"Wel coulde he dresse his takel yemanly  
A not-hed hadde he, with a brown visage."

In proportion to the whole number of pilgrims the number of clerical persons is naturally large comprising both secular clergy and the members of religious orders against whom he uses sharp sarcasm. In Chaucer's day the members of the religious communities were drawn mostly from the higher classes of society and many seem to have been quite lax in religious discipline while the secular clergy remarkable for deep, earnest piety and great learning were mostly from the humbler classes. Dainty Prioress, Madame Eglantine, with her delicate table manners, nice and pretty ways is ceremonious and vain.

"But for to speken of hire conscience,  
She was so charitable and so pitous,  
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mouse  
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde."

The monk, proud of his horsemanship and his hounds, fond of good living and rich attire, is brawny and self indulgent.

"He was not pale as forpined gost:  
A fat swan loved he best of any rest."

The corrupt and hypocritical friar combines the trade of peddling with that of begging.

"A Frere there was, a wanton and a merry."  
"He was the best beggar in all his house."

The "Clerk of Oxenford," an abstemious, poverty-stricken but earnest, high-principled scholar, living apart from the world, spending his little money on books, grave and thoughtful in speech is the most learned character in the group.

"As lene was his hors as is a rake,  
Souning in moral vertue was his speche  
And gladly woulde he lerne and gladly teche."

The clerk is said to be Chaucer himself.

The "Sergeant of Lowe," wise, dignified and cunning, is a favorable picture of the shrewd and successful pleader.

"Nowhere so besy a man as he ther n'-as,  
And yet he seemed besier than he was."

With him was a wealthy, hospitable "Frankleyn" or country gentleman, who had sat in Parliament as knight of his shire.

"It snewed in his house of mete and drinke  
Of alle deintees that men could of thinke."

The temperate cynical "Doctor of Physik," gorgeously attired to win respect and not wanting in worldly wisdom, was deeply versed in astrology, magic and all useless lore although,

"His studie was but litel on the Bible."

Among the travellers of the middle class we find a shrewd businesslike "Merchant" who can talk scarcely of anything else but his business, yet is cautious not to say too much. The thrifty, well-to-do Burgesses, the Habledasher, Carpenter, Webbe, Dyer, Tapister, whose dress bespeak their wealth are fond of good living and bring with them a professional cook who

"Could e roste and sethe and broile and frie."

Ever mindful for his employer's interests was the gentle upright "Manciple." The calculating, prudent, unscrupulous

"Reeve" or Baliff served his master well but was overbearing towards his inferiors.

"Well coulde he kepe a garner and a binne  
Ther was no auditour coulde on him winne  
Wel wiste he by the draught and by the rain  
The yielding of his seed and of his grain."

The brave hardy "Shipman" certainly was a good fellow.

"Of nice conscience toke he no kepe," for with adversaries  
If that he fought and had the upper hand,  
By water he sent them home to every land."

A well-to-do cloth worker from the west of England trading on her own account, the "wif of Bathe," a low, course, loquacious character is the only secular woman among the pilgrims and presents a dark picture of the morality of the woman of her class.

"Bold was hire face and fayre and rede of hew."  
"In felawship wel coulde she laughe and carpe."

Of the vulgar, brutal "Millere" we learn that:

"Wel coulde he stelen corne and tollen thries."

Harry Bailey, proprietor of the Tabard, who shrewdly proposed that the travellers return to the inn after the pilgrimage, is frank and honest.

"Bold of his speche and wise and wel ytaught,  
And of manhood him lacked righte naught."

The most hypocritical "Pardonere":

"Saide, he hadde a gobbet of the seyl  
Thatte seint Petre had when that he went  
Upon the sea, till Jesus Crist him hent."

The finest character in the entire company is the good-



Samaritan like parish priest who carefully looked after his flock.

"Cristes lore and his apostles twelve,  
He taughte, but first he followed it him-selve."

His humble, upright brother the "Plowman",

"Lived in pees and parfite charitee."

"Though poor in this worlds goods, he was liberal to the needy and 'Rich of holy thought and wek.'"

The chief tales related are: the Knight's chivalrous story of Palamon and Arcite and their love for the fair Emelye, the pathetic story of the faithful wife Griselda, which the gentle clerk of Oxford told; the Nun's priests' tale of Chanticleer; a wild, half-oriental tale of love, chivalry and enchantment by the Squire; the beautiful and pathetic story of Constance by the "Man of Lowe"; the charming legend of "litel Hew of Lincoln," martyred by a Jew for singing, "Alma Redemptoris Mater," told by Madame Eglantine.

There are some contradictions in the "Tales": Line twenty-four says the number of pilgrims was twenty-nine but actual count gives thirty-two and the introduction of the Canon's Yeoman on the journey makes thirty-three. Lines 792 and 794 say that two tales shall be told while going to Canterbury and two when returning. Later, in the Prologue to the Parson's Tale (line 17, 327) we read:

"Now lacketh us no tales more than one, the Parson's Tale being that one." This is a contradiction since the Haberdasher, Carpenter, Weaver, Dyer, Tapestry Worker, Plowman, Host tell no tales. Probably Chaucer changed his mind and considered one tale told when going and one returning sufficient. Only twenty-four were told, hence the plan was never completed.

The tales of the "Friar," "Sompnour," "Sire Thopas" and the Canon's Yeoman are probably Chaucer's. The tales of the "Man of Lowe," "Wife of Bathe," "Doctor," "Manciple," are probably taken from Gower. The tales of the "Reeve," Clerk,

Merchant, Franklin, Shipman are found in the "Decameron." The tale of the "Knight" is an abridgment of Boccaccio's "Teseide." Most of the remaining tales are from the French.

Throughout the fifteenth century and the early part of the Sixteenth century the influence of Chaucer was felt in the works of the English and Scotch poets. Among his professed followers were Occleve, Lydgate and James I of Scotland who used the Chaucerian stanza in their poetry. John Lydgate, a good versifier and humorist, wrote masquerades and May entertainments for the London sheriffs, miracle plays for Corpus Christi and amusing ballads. Occleve's poetry is worthless, except his famous lament for his teacher, Chaucer, which secured for him a place in literature.

The best among Chaucer's followers is James I of Scotland, on account of whose frequent use of the Chaucerian stanza, it became known as the "Rime Royal." "The King's Quhair," containing fourteen hundred lines, distinguished for beauty of expression, vivid imagery and poetic sentiment is the best poem written between the time of Chaucer and Spencer. "The Testament of Cresseide," a sort of sequel to Chaucer's "Troilus" is a beautiful work of Robert Henryson (d. 1508). The poem, "The Palace of Honor," is imitation of Chaucer and prologues to a translation of Vergil exhibiting a few Chaucerisms were the work of Gavin Douglas. "The Daunce of the Seven Deadly Sins," by William Dunbar (died about 1520), whom Craik calls the "Chaucer of Scotland," is remarkable for power of imagination, humor and passion. Dunbar is considered the greatest of the early Scottish school of Chaucer. Nearly all the great poets who have written in English have paid the tribute of imitation to Chaucer, among them being Spencer, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. Some of the modern slang-loving young people are pleased to know they can attribute some of their favorite expressions to the "Morning Star of song without making any bones about it."

Nowadays, since the non-Catholic professors of secular universities freely confess that to appreciate thoroughly the

great classic masterpieces of art or literature one must be a Catholic, let us hope that by the revival of the study of our "first great English classic," although human weakness led him to write some unworthy lines for which he had death-bed remorse, that many sincere and intelligent searchers after truth may be led to investigate more thoroughly into the real practices of our glorious Mother Church by the genuinely Catholic setting of his story of the pilgrimage to England's national shrine and by his tender and loyal devotion to our Blessed Lady of whom he says

"Glorious mayde and moder! whiche that never  
Were better nor in erthe nor in see,  
But ful of sweetnesse and of mersye ever  
Help, that my fader be not wroth with me!  
Spake then, for I ne dar nat him yse;  
So have I doon in erthe allas the while!  
That certes, but that thow my socour be,  
To synke eterne he wol my goost exile."

S. M. J.

## *Chicago*

***I** SEE the lights of the city  
Brighten the sky from afar,  
And I hear its sullen rumble,  
Like surf on a sounding bar.  
I glimpse its river aflowing  
Away from the smoke-girt lake,  
And I feel the keen wind blowing  
With frost and snow in its wake.*

EDMOND FORTMAN.

# The Debt

*Characters—*

MYLES MACDARA.

NORA MACDARA, his mother.

SERGEANT BACON AND SOLDIERS.

*The kitchen of an Irish cottage. At the back-center is a door, and at the right a fireplace, before which is an old-fashioned spinning-wheel. There is a small table in the center-front, with a few chairs about it. A woman of about sixty, Nora MacDara, sits beside the fire, spinning wool. The door opens suddenly and Myles, her son, a young man, who gives the impression of great physical strength, enters out of breath, as if he had been running.*



NORA—Myles, what is it! You've been running?

MYLES—I must hide now, Mother, from the soldiers. It is little Michael has seen them, with their long guns, walking quickly this way from the hills.

NORA (*rising with great fear on her face*)—You must go, Myles!

MYLES—Then there will be others, maybe, in the hills to take me. No, Mother, I must bide here. . . . Often and often here by the fireplace, I would say: "The soldiers will come for me some day" and I said in my thoughts "I must find me a place to hide from them"; and I did. I climbed to the rafters, and saw 'twas there a man could hide, and laugh in the heart of him, being glad he could not be found.

NORA—O, my boy! It is sick I am for you. 'Tis you, with the heart in you all fire and the great strength in the body I gave you, must be wounding the policeman at Boherclough.

MYLES—Aye, 'twas only because he was laying the stick on little lame Barry, Mother. Sure, 'twas not I could see the beast like to kill a mere lad. The anger came on me like thunder on the sea. It was not hurt him much I meant, only



the blows of my fists broke the skull itself, God pity me! But sure, 'tis the soldiers will be coming, and me not hid.

*(He kisses his mother and climbs out of sight amidst the rafters. Nora takes her place at the spinning-wheel, using her apron to wipe away the tears from her eyes. There is the noise of heavy footsteps outside, and in a moment the door breaks open and Sergeant Bacon, a smart, cynical-seeming man of about thirty enters, followed by Soldier A and Soldier B. Through the open door you can catch sight of several other soldiers.)*

SERGEANT BACON — *(Peering quickly about the room)* — This is the place all right, but the man seems to be missing. *(Looks hard at Nora a moment and then steps over to where she sits)*. Look up here, you! Where is he? *(Nora sits stolidly looking into the fire, swaying a bit back and forth)*. Come now, gammer, you're not as stupid as you look. Tell us where he is. *(Nora does not speak)*. You're dumb, eh? Surprising thing, you Irish cattle are always dumb except when you're saying your filthy prayers, or calling your pigs. *(He picks up a piece of bogwood that is lying in the ingle-nook)*. I'll make you talk! Listen here, old hag, if you don't tell me where to find the man we're after, I'm going to kill you with this. *(He raises his arm, when there is a sudden noise overhead, and in a moment Myles drops down from the rafters. Nora cries out. Sergeant Bacon draws his revolver from its holster)*. Well, I'm demmed! This is quite an unexpected pleasure.

MYLES *(Stands between his mother and the Sergeant, facing the latter)*—Sure, it isn't kill her you mean, is it? My little mother!

NORA *(She falls to keening)*—O, my boy, my boy!

SERGEANT BACON *(He is looking intently at Myles, with an expression of surprise in his face)*—Come here, you!

MYLES *(Takes a step toward the Sergeant, but stops in amazement)*—'Tis you, Bacon! *(Steps quickly forward with hand outstretched towards the Sergeant)*. Mother, 'tis the man

I was with in the wood of France when I got my wound. (*Nora does not heed, in the terrible agony of her sorrow*).

SERGEANT (*With little warmth; he is embarrassed*)—Well, well, MacDara, what a mess this is! (*Takes Myles' hand slowly*). So you're the man that beat the policeman.

MYLES (*Is thinking of other matters: he is so full of things he wants to say, that he doesn't grasp what the other says*). Sure, 'tis dead I thought you'd be, when I got you from the wood, with the breast of you torn with wounds. 'This a good language you must speak to God for that you're here now.

SERGEANT BACON (*Plainly embarrassed*)—Yes, yes, I was fortunate, very fortunate. It was jolly good of you. (*He says this last with an effort*).

MYLES (*Turning around to his mother*)—Mother! (*He notices for the first time she has not become aware of what he thinks his good fortune. He steps over to her. Bacon beckons to Soldier A*).

SOLDIER A (*Advancing*)—Yes, sir.

SERGEANT BACON—Dammit, I'm in a pickle. This fellow followed the devil when he came along to take my soul a couple of years ago: I was almost dead from a shrapnel wound, and he pulled me out of hell. (*Tugs his mustache savagely*). This particular Irishman: by gad, it's rotten! Demme if I don't wish I didn't belong to a race that's so demn ticklish about honour. (*Turns around and looks at mother and son. Nora is keening still: the shock has made her hysterical and she cannot comprehend what Myles is saying to her. The Sergeant's face suddenly lights up. He goes over to Soldier A and whispers to him*).

MYLES—Mother, I tell you he's a sort of friend of mine. I did him a good turn once.

NORA—Oh, but 'tis the hard hearts they have, Myles.

MYLES—But may be he'd say the good word for me to the judge. He knows I'm not a troublesome man.

BACON (*To Soldier A*)—Threaten the old hag. Do you understand?

SOLDIER A—But I'm a bit afeard of him. He's that quick!

BACON—Leave to me. I'll take care of him. Do as I bid you.

NORA—Sure, God's will be done anyhow, Myles.

SERGEANT BACON (*To Myles*)—Well, MacDara, I must be on my way. I am looking for the man that attacked Constable O'Flaherty—demn near killed him with his fists.

MYLES (*Starting up*)—Why, —

SERGEANT BACON (*Hastily*)—I've just about reached the conclusion the fellow's hiding in the hills. (*To Soldiers A and B*). Let's begone, men.

MYLES (*Understanding*)—Sure, 'tis a real man you are, Bacon.

SERGEANT (*Nervously*)—O, not at all, MacDara. Shake hands. (*Myles walks over to him, while Soldier B leaves the cottage. Soldier A glides around to where Nora sits, keening*).

SOLDIER A—Shut up, you croon! (*Bacon acts as if he did not hear. He has his back to the fireplace. MacDara swings suddenly around. Soldier A picks up the stick of wood that Bacon had dropped*)—If you don't shut up, I'll brain you. (*He raises the stick. Myles rushes over and catches his arm. They tussle awhile and then Myles throws the soldier to the ground and bends over him. Sergeant Bacon draws his pistol and shoots Myles. Myles drops dead. Soldier A slowly gets up. Nora rises, stiff with horror*).

SERGEANT BACON—Well done, man! Did he hurt you?

SOLDIER A(*doubtfully*)—N-no, sir,

SERGEANT BACON—That was a clever way out. Now my conscience won't bother me. (*Bacon and Soldier go out. Nora falls on her knees beside the dead body, and lifts her clasped hands to heaven*).

NORA—O, God!

CURTAIN

W. DOUGLAS POWERS.

## *After A Dream*

**L**AST night, ah love, I dreamed of thee  
That thou wert mine again.  
Thy fair young face I seemed to see,  
    Pressed close to mine as when  
We stood dear one, beside the shore.

The same pale mystic moon hung low;  
    Oh heart of mine I love you so!  
Why are you gone when I must stay  
    And live my life from day to day,  
After my dream?

J. M. CULLEN.

# Books



S I was rambling through some tattered volumes of Shakespeare in an antique Book Mart, an elderly, Ciceronic appearing gentleman, interrupted my dramatic reverie with a verbal outbreak in his soliloquizing, directly expressive of his opprobrium of current fiction. He was gingerly holding a copy of "The Restless Sex," while he contemptuously gazed at a nearby placard: "Popular Fiction." Passing him on my way out, I observed he was vigorously denouncing a book which over seven millions had read, and seemingly enjoyed. Then it occurred to me that this singular character had expressed a sentiment which re-echoes in every corner of the reading world.

Books are the sweethearts of man. They are loved with a reverence that is sacred. Their influence rivals that of monarchs. They give happiness to a sorrowing world, peace to one in conflict, consolation to one in grief, rescue to one in distress, life to a fluttering heart. Their messages sway nations and mould the minds of men. Yet oftentimes the great vessel of the world's literature is rocked in a sea of books whose pages are shredded by sordid pens.

But is the world void of genius today? Is there no shadow of Shakespeare, nor a reflection of Stevenson, nor a trace of Dickens in contemporary composition? Will Thackeray, Scott, and Macaulay not live again? Was poetic creative ability given only to Dante, Milton, Tennyson and Goethe?

Surely one can imbibe intellectual benefits from the critical treasures of Brander Mathews and Cardinal Newman. Who cannot find pleasure and instruction in the essays of Walter Pater, Agnes Repplier, and George Saintsbury? Is there not a suggestion of Macaulay in the abundant wit and genius of Hellaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton? In fiction, we must



concede the honor to times gone by. O. Henry has immortalized the short story; Marion Crawford has gilded the novel with his versatile pen, and Tarkington has studded the fictitious element in literature with the pearl of talent and ingenuity, but Dickens, Thackeray and Scott have enriched the world with works that are imperishable. They have made books lovable things, and given to the pages of old literature a certain attraction that is universal.

In a "Bookman" of 1919, Richard La Gallienne tells of a disguised fairy, who accompanied him of an evening, just before twilight to the unfrequented attic of an old English Manor. Forgetful of cobwebby hangings, latticed by the lapse of years, and undisturbed by rude intrusion they wended their way to where rested unmolested—two antiquated, rusty trunks. With the aid of a single candle and a tiny gold ray stealing through the battered dusty pane of a latticed west window, they saw books,—books of various sizes, irreverently scattered in wild confusion. Treasured volumes whose pages contained lore from the pen of sage and satirist, reposed in musty solitude—unread. Most unflattering to authors is this doleful misuse of their literary productions, especially when the world is so in need of education and research. But verily to the unintelligent reader, whom Pope calls, "the bookful blockhead, ignorantly read," it were better the dear old books remain concealed forever in their rusted encasements. Among the collections of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Newman, and various others, there was a rare volume of Chaucer, "the morning star of song." It contained his "La Prière de Notre Dame," in Old English. Historians assert that "during the reign of Henry VIII and his successor, when the old religion of England was persecuted, when monasteries were suppressed, entire libraries, procured by the incessant toil of the monks for many centuries, were utterly destroyed, because they were standing witnesses of the Catholic faith in England; not even the libraries of the two great universities were spared."

Down through the centuries, books have been a "sort of

dumb teachers." It was Homer and Cicero who taught the ancients; Venerable Bede, Geoffrey of Monmouth and Roger Bacon were mute tutors in the early ages in our own tongue. Chaucer who enlightened the gloom of the fifteenth century. Spencer, Shakespeare and Macaulay were the unseen builders of education — men who realized the truth of Milton's statement: "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured upon purpose to a life beyond life." And now, in the twentieth century is this chain of golden influence broken? Surely we can entrust the lore of the world to Francis Thompson, Chesterton, Belloc, Newman, Conrad, Benson and Maurice Francis Egan.

The exigency of to-day is stainless literature — books that will mould righteous nations, form virtuous characters, fashion noble ideals, and draw the outline of justice and charity on the canvas of the universe. And this pressing need shall find response in those whose pens are inked with something greater than genius. Let us hope that "the unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprize is not gone but at least vaguely dominant in this most turbulent of centuries.

GEORGE R. PIGOTT.

## Auburn

**T**HE ardent sun  
Has bent its gleaming rays  
From ingot gold —  
Bright burnished gold  
That 'ticed the vanished Inca's cunning skill —  
And sped them through your hair,  
Proud Titian!

J. M. CULLEN.

# Why Syllogize ?



MOODS are as many and as various as the leaves on the trees. There are verbal moods, syllogistic moods, happy and grumpy moods and countless others comprising for their foreword every adjective in Webster. Just which mood I am in I could not tell without a thorough investigation. And being in any thing but an active mood I suppose I am, passively speaking, in a mood which transcends all genera and species. At least a certain professor calls it transcendental when it falls into such a class.

Transcendental means, according to the etymological definition, climbing over. At that rate I could not be in a transcendental mood for I haven't even energy enough to crawl under.

But I have never looked upon the advice of a loving father or industrious teacher in quite the same light as I do at present and the only reason ascribable is my mood. I must preface my remarks on loving fathers and industrious teachers by saying that I can neither account for my present mood nor am I responsible for it. It is necessary to say these things. Though I am a voter, I still must look to loving father for sustenance. It would be rash therefore to step on his toes, (metaphorically speaking). I am sure the aforementioned has corns. This last is not in reference to stepping on his toes but for the benefit of such corn-salve salesmen as may read these lines. Someone at least shall benefit by them.

I repeat it is necessary for me to say that I am not responsible for my mood. Industrious teachers have ever been my affliction and will be for some time. Living in a glass house, I mustn't peg bricks.

But I have told of my irresponsibility. So now I can proceed with an unshackled mind. Particulars will best illustrate my deductions. And such conclusions as I may draw

I hope (if hoping does any good) are in conformity with the ethics of the institution.

As the saying goes, "Ask dad, he knows." And I did.

He was sitting in the parlor in his smoking jacket, slippers, spectacles, with his newspaper and that impossible but indispensable rope between his teeth blowing out smoke which compares in sweetness with limburger (I can recall nothing worse— $H_2S$  excepted). The room was otherwise devoid of occupants so I thought everything opportune for the attack. This conclusion I had arrived at as a result of years of study under the guidance of industrious professors.

The purpose of the attack was to separate loving father from a few green backs the expending which is a necessary evil attached to every good time. The dollar is indeed a mighty habiliment but a stranger to one in my occupation. As a result I am inclined to be socialistic—at least in the family circle. My method would be to pool the family income and have the individuals of the said family draw upon the pool, or fish in the pool whenever he is in need of funds. Strange and very sad to say loving father is not of the same mind.

I digress. But I did not on the evening of the attack. On the contrary I stuck very much to the point at issue. I put the question. I disagreed with his answer. I argued. I had been taught the rules of argument, the best forms of argument and their application by industrious professors. I drove home syllogisms, paralogisms, epichirimes, sorites and every confounded form and shape of argument without avail.

I would not be so bold as to lay the fault upon the industrious professor. I leave that to your judgment. Possibly loving pater not having delved so deeply into the philosophical as the industrious professor and he who was putting his intellectual acquirements to the practical test, possibly, I say, pater did not appreciate the value of the force of the arguments.

But stop—I feel my foot on pater's toes. There is disaster in such clumsiness. Pater has ever shown wisdom and judg-



ment in the business world. He has acquired money, the Lord knows where, but the fact remains he has it. So doubtless there is something intrinsically wrong with the rules of argument.

I have studied the case as a practical matter, the dilemma is unavoidable. Either the rules of argument above are wrong, and loving father is an unjust judge, unversed in the various forceful forms of argument; or our industrious professors have been misinformed and have misinformed us as to the strength of the different kinds of pleading.

The case, I said, I have studied coolly and the following conclusions have been reached. The various forms of argument — listed according to their cogency, force and persuading power are given below:

The lead pipe or blackjack.  
Sawed-off shot guns and the like.  
Pen knives (3-inch blade and up).  
Hard knuckles and rolling pins.  
Bad looks and ill kept clothes.  
Feather dusters and debates.  
Enthymemes, syllogisms, etc.

Students who have undergone the same ordeals as the writer will agree on cool consideration of the facts and surrounding circumstances that these are listed properly. They, too, will agree that the saying, "the pen is mightier than the sword" is a prevarication unfounded, impracticable, at variance with fact, deceitful and offensive to all good men.

V. J. SHERIDAN.

# Getting the First Contract



HAVE you ever attempted to get a contract? If you have not, your life has been tame and empty. Approaching a prospective customer induces a feeling that is not just like *mal de mer*, neither is it exactly the same as dropping from the 18th floor in an express elevator yet each of these is akin to it. Entering a gleaming glass-and-nickel hospital room to be operated on is as close to it as anything else, but in this case the process is reversed: the prospect is the patient and you are the one to do the operating.

As much depends on your approach to the quarry as does on an anti-prohibitionist's approach to a head waiter. You must not proceed too quickly; neither should you act in an over-friendly manner, and thus startle the game. But advance as if you were certain of success. Do not attempt to disguise your mission by telling a joke you heard at the club last night; come immediately to the point. The "lead" is not interested in humor until after 5 P. M. He wants to know your business.

As you step into his office the prospect looks very forbidding. His brow is furrowed and his lips pursed into an expression of disapproval. The thought comes to you that perhaps this man is an avowed enemy of salesmen; that this is no place to sell your goods; that you will most likely meet a curt refusal; and that you were never intended to be a salesman, anyhow. These reflections pop into your mind, not one by one, but as thick and fast as the I. O. U's, come after an hour of poker with the roof the limit. It is fortunate that your customer (as you hope you may soon call him) does not notice your perturbation, for he would assuredly imagine that you had been stricken with a severe attack of cramps. Swinging around in his swivel-chair, he says:

"Well, sir?"

These simple words are fraught with menace. They seem to convey the idea that your visit is in vain, that you are an intruder and are wasting valuable time. You are amazed at your own effrontery.

You realize that now is the moment you have planned and waited for. You curse your cowardice and command your throbbing heart to be still. You manage to stutter a few words. They are not the words that you have carefully prepared while twiddling your thumbs in the anteroom. They are scarcely comprehensible as they bubble from your trembling lips. As you pause, a burden seems to fall from your shoulders and you sit back in your chair with a relieved sigh.

The prospect raises his head and glances at you sharply, as though he suspected you of some deep design against his bank-account. Your appearance probably reassures him, for he assumes a thoughtful expression. Finally he speaks.

"Well, you know, business isn't very brisk just now, and we're retrenching wherever we can. Let's see, what is the best price you can make us?"

You tell him, and he tilts back his chair, and gazes long and thoughtfully at the beautiful calender-girl on the wall. You believed that an order such as you desire would be a mere bagatelle to him, but apparently it is a matter requiring serious deliberation. You notice that your hand is not quite steady. Probably you are not getting enough sleep. You wonder why the calender-girl is so interesting. Finally he speaks.

"Well, fill out a contract. Tell your manager to start deliveries as soon as possible."

The world suddenly assumes a rosy hue. Stammering you promise him that you will do as he wishes, and thank him for the order.

He waves away your thanks with a gracious hand. "That's all right, that's all right," he assures you. Then he returns to his contemplation of the calender-girl. You steal safely out, leaving him thus engrossed. You fling yourself aboard

a passing street-car with the abandon of an acrobat. When you reach the office and hand the manager the signed contract you try hard to prevent your voice from trembling. The manager smiles. He started as a salesman also.

That evening as you sit on Her veranda, you tell of your success. You mention the subject casually, as though landing a contract were an every-day affair. As you gently swing the hammock back and forth, she says: "Oh, isn't that wonderful!" And you—continue to swing the hammock.

J. J. T.



# Loyola University Magazine



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## Help Wanted—Experienced

**N**EARLY every college man who is studying or intends to study for a profession has rather hazy ideas as to why that profession is the one he is best fitted for. In fact one might almost say that the real reason nine out of ten prefer medicine to law, or dentistry, or engineering is the belief that great financial success awaits them in that favored profession. Ask one what determined his choice and he'll probably cite examples of the wonderful rewards that await the professional man, such as "I know a lawyer who cleaned up ten thousand dollars last year on a personal injury case" or "Civil engineers on the Pacific Coast demand a minimum fee of fifty dollars a day and expenses," or maybe he'll only say, "Oh, there's lots of jack in it."



To us it would seem that just here arises a golden opportunity for professional men to raise the standards of their various professions, and at the same time to help aspirants to determine whether or not they are fitted for the vocation they wish to follow and to guide their efforts to the best advantage. Many prospective professional men know little of the practical side of law, medicine, or engineering, and perhaps just a talk about the duties and requirements of a profession, given before a group of students who had the desire to follow that calling would serve to show some how they might prepare themselves for successful careers, and to awaken others to the realization that they would do better elsewhere.

And what is to prevent a doctor from acting as adviser to a couple of medical students or a lawyer to one or two young men who are studying law? One could easily find a few in any town that boasts a university. As to the practicality of this plan, we cite its success under harder conditions in "big brother" organizations, in which prosperous bankers successfully advise West Side ragamuffins. A doctor and a medical student certainly would have more in common.

In particular, since charity isn't the only thing that begins at home, we wish to call the attention of our alumni to the fact that there are many of the younger generation at Loyola who would welcome a little advice from one "who has been there and who knows." Often a guiding hand at the right moment will convert mediocrity into brilliant success.

J. J. T.

## The Movies

Producers and scenario writers tell us very confidentially that the photoplay is not looked upon with doubt and suspicion as a breeder of auto bandits and immorality, but that it is coming more and more into its own every year; in fact that

it will eventually be as distinct an art as painting or sculpture or music. By way of comment not criticism we would say that some of the many studios would do well to accept two or three scripts rather than one a year out of the many thousands submitted and not spoil the plots of perfectly good novels by adapting them to the movies. So far we have seen one photoplay, adapted from a novel, which was worthy of its genesis and not only equalled it but even surpassed it, and is to our mind the finest of all produced photoplays, "The Birth of a Nation," adapted from Thomas Dixon's "The Clansman." But then every producer hasn't the genius of Griffith. . . . Another of Dixon's novels, "Comrades," which has a very gripping plot and a beautiful love theme, when adapted by a producer resulted in "Bolshevism on Trial," a very mediocre photoplay. The plot was slightly changed and several dramatic incidents which would have made excellent material for the photoplay were very skillfully avoided. . . . "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," featuring Jack Pickford, spoiled a great many people's ideas of a wonderfully romantic novel. The story of Chadwick Buford's life is by far the best work Fox did, though his "Erskine Dale" is having a big run at present. . . . Another photoplay which would disgust anyone who was familiar with the original story was the "Last of the Mohicans," produced by Maurice Tourner, whose productions as a rule are by no means mediocre. Most moderns are inclined to look upon Cooper and his Indians as excellent reading for the younger generation but not for them. Yet it is our belief that the "Last of the Mohicans" is as wonderful a piece of art in its own way as the much-admired "Hamlet." As a tragedy it will take its stand with the best. Unreal as are Cooper's Indians they are surpassed in unreality by those of the Tourner production.

However this criticism of the movies is not all adverse. Justin Huntley McCarthy's novel, "If I Were King," made an excellent play and a no less excellent photoplay. However

the fact that William Farnum had everything to do with this production explains its merit. He was ably assisted by Fritz Leiber who played the part of the cringing Louis XI. "If I Were King" contains an abundance of thrilling dramatic material which will explain its popularity.

WALTER C. WEST.

# Alumni

## INFORMAL ALUMNI DINNER

**D**ESPITE a rather limited attendance due to the delay in getting notices to the members, the informal Alumni dinner at the City Club Thursday evening, December 2nd, was a notable success. The general enthusiasm and loyalty displayed by the "old boys" marked a new high tide in Alumni affairs. The usual apathy and let-George-do-it attitude was conspicuously absent.

Instead there seemed to be a real enthusiasm, a whole-hearted interest in establishing the Alumni as an active organization which should take its proper place as a leader in University affairs. The lack of willing co-operation which has seriously handicapped the officers and boosters of the Alumni Association from time immemorial was replaced by an apparent desire to get behind the various activities planned and do some honest-to-goodness boosting.

The many practical ideas and suggestions which were voiced during the evening received warm and unanimous approval. Graduates who had not attended an Alumni meeting in years expressed sincere approbation of the new enthusiasm and promised loyal support to the Association's future activities.

At the conclusion of a very enjoyable supper, Mr. Augustine J. Bowe, President of the Association, who presided as the dispenser of "we have with us tonight," introduced as first speaker of the evening Reverend William Murphy, founder of the widely-known and flourishing Stayms Club, who delivered an unusually interesting talk on the process of Americanization.

Father Murphy's discussion was followed by a short talk

given by Reverend Father John B. Furay, S. J., President of Loyola University, who dealt with the present and future work of the college. Father Furay told of the many changes which have been made in the curriculum of the college within the past few years and announced that Loyola was now one of five Illinois colleges which are rated "Class A" institutions by the University of Illinois.

Father William Kane, S. J., Alumni Moderator, was then called on to speak of the future plans of the Association. He expressed the belief that the best way to keep the Alumni on an active basis was to encourage individual class spirit. To bring the various classes together and maintain a closer fellowship. Father Kane suggested that a committee be appointed from the different generations of members to select class secretaries whose duties it would be to compile lists of class members and to notify the various individuals through letters or phone calls when dinners, business meetings and assemblies were to be held.

At the request of Mr. Bowe, Father Kane appointed Messrs. Joseph Finn, Charles E. Byrne, Thomas Walsh, Leo McGivena and John Sackley as a committee to meet and select class secretaries.

Variety was added to the program of the evening by two impromptu musical numbers. "Joe" Bigane and "Phil" Chouinard favored the assemblage with two or three songs apiece. Mr. Charles E. Byrne accompanied them at the piano.

Business matters were resumed with a suggestion from the chairman, Mr. Bowe, that a banquet or dinner on a more elaborate scale be held during January. Mr. Malachy Foley was asked to give his opinion on the possibility and advisability of holding such an affair at that time. Mr. Foley suggested as the date, January 27th, after which the Chairman named Messrs. Foley, Beam and Hayes as members of the committee to make general arrangements.

Father Kane was requested to confer with the regent of the Medical school to arrange for participation on the part of the Medical alumni.

The personnel named for the five committees was the following:

*Committee on Speakers*—Payton J. Tuohy, Chairman, John Pierre Roche, Clarence Cavanaugh.

*Committee on Music*—Dr. J. Killeen, Chairman, Edward Walsh, Elmer Dunne.

*Committee for Law School*—Raymond Cavanaugh, Chairman, J. Trainor, L. Flaherty, Larry Walsh.

*Committee on Reception*—Stephen Minter, Chairman. (Aids to be selected later).

*Committee on Publicity*—John Pierre Roche, W. Davis.

Additional committees were selected to arrange for speakers, publicity, music, reception and law school representation.

---

Among the members of the Alumni Association present at the dinner were:

HARRY P. BEAM, 3347 S. Western Blvd., Phone McKinley 3072.  
JOSEPH F. BIGANE, 3529 S. Hoyne Ave., Phone Lafayette 69.  
WILLIAM J. BOWE, 127 N. Dearborn St., Phone Central 1588.  
JAMES R. BREMNER, 551 Stratford Pl., Phone Graceland 1968.  
WM. H. BROWN, 2134 W. Ohio St., Phone Seeley 3020.  
J. FRANCIS BULGER, 1830 W. 22nd St., Phone Canal 3020.  
CHARLES E. BYRNE, 3264 Washington Blvd., Phone Kedzie 5201.  
J. E. CAGNEY, 6975 Ridge Ave., Phone Rogers Park 2881.  
HARRY L. CAVANAUGH, JR., 1326 Arthur Ave., Phone R. P. 359.  
R. A. CAVANAGH, 7249 Coles Ave., Phone South Shore 4054.  
FELIX G. CHOUINARD, 3256 Jackson Blvd., Phone Kedzie 7853.  
THOMAS P. COLLINS, 3934 N. Paulina St., Phone Graceland 10419.  
EDWARD B. COUGHLIN, 2958 Walnut St., Phone Garfield 4846.  
MARK CRIBBEN, 2720 W. 16th St., Phone Rockwell 1985.  
F. R. CURDA, 5929 Augusta St., Phone Austin 5954.



J. W. DAVIS, 1209 Astor St., Phone Superior 3149.  
JOHN B. DEVINE, 6812 S. Racine Ave., Phone Englewood 1127.  
T. E. DUNN, 2133 Clifton Park Ave., Phone Rockwell 5982.  
JOSEPH F. ELWARD, 5642 Michigan Phone Normal 3639.  
LAWRENCE J. FENLON, 832 N. St. Louis Ave., Phone Bel. 4819.  
JOSEPH H. FINN, 5214 Lakewood Ave., Phone Edgewater 467.  
WM. J. FLAHERTY, 1309-69 Washington St., Phone Boulevard 1836.  
JOHN J. FOLEY, 2044 W. Roosevelt Rd., Phone West 1845.  
M. MALACHY FOLEY, 2044 Roosevelt Rd., Phone West 1845.  
LAMBERT K. HAYES, 3226 Jackson Blvd., Phone Garfield 2114.  
CHAS. D. HORAN, 3333 Washington Blvd.  
WALTER F. KECKEISEN, 4255 Colorado Ave., Phone Kedzie 5444.  
J. E. KEHOE, 743 Oakwood Blvd., Phone Oak. 4955.  
JOHN J. KILLEEN, 104 S. Michigan Ave., Phone Central 2415.  
D. A. LAUGHLIN, 624 Independence Blvd., Phone Garfield 7004.  
STEPHEN MINITER, 1151 North Shore, Phone Rogers Park 4211.  
J. K. MOORE, 6731 Indiana Ave., Phone Englewood 1173.  
SHERWIN MURPHY, 4821 Dorchester Ave., Phone Drexel 7093.  
BENJAMIN T. McCANNA, 105 S. Mayfield Ave., Phone Col. 1926.  
JAS. V. McCONNELL, 5834 Washington Blvd., Phone Columbus 789.  
BERNARD McDEVITT, 29 S. Parkside Ave., Phone Austin 8353.  
J. D. McDEVITT, 29 S. Parkside Ave., Austin 8353.  
LEO E. McGIVENA, 6136 Eberhart Ave., Bus. Phone Central 100.  
ALOYSIUS J. McLAUGHLIN, 2545 Seminary Ave., Phone Rav. 156.  
WALTER T. QUIGLEY, 1247 Arthur Ave., Phone Rogers Park 4020.  
JOHN P. ROCHE, 556 Arlington Pl., Phone Diverscy 2740.  
JAS. E. RODDY, 4119 Arthington St., Phone Garfield 8072.  
JOHN B. SACKLEY, 5415 Wayne Ave., Phone Sunnyside 5703.  
ERNEST W. THIELE, 512 W. 60th Pl., Phone 7535.  
EMMET TRAINOR, 1011 Railway Exchange, Phone Harrison 4900.  
EDWARD WALSH, 3032 N. Halsted St., Phone Wellington 3613.  
LAWRENCE J. WALSH, 901 Monadnock Block, Phone Austin 7963.  
THOS. WALSH, 3412 Monroe St., Phone Kedzie 2915.

## Notes

### CLASS OF '18 MEETS IN REUNION

For the second time within twelve months the Loyola Arts and Science Class of 1918 staged a class reunion. The scene of action was "Toots" Weisenburger's home at 7138 Bennett Avenue and the date, Saturday, November 20th. Out of a possible attendance of twenty, fifteen members of the

class were on hand. This was in spite of the heavy matrimonial casualty list recently incurred by '18.

Ray Lundy of Englewood and Gene Zahringer of Kenwood were among the many others who came early and stayed late. Joe Heinzen, from far-away Wilmette shared the honors at the piano with the versatile Albert Widemann while the musical "Toots" contributed the assistance of his drums and traps.

After thoroughly fighting the war over and reviewing the directory of "Way-Back-Whens" to the days of Mr. Tallmage's and Father Dineen's classes, the Eighteeners adjourned to the dining room for a "hot-dog" supper.

The roll of those present included: Cyril Corbett, Si Walsh, Vincent Cunningham, Tom Walsh, Murray Sims, Jerome Byrnes, "Max" Cribben, Mark Ryan, John Reis and Sherwin Murphy.

A telegram, addressed to the assembled class, was received from Walter Harks, who is covering Southern Wisconsin for the Wayne Oil Tank & Pump Co., expressing his regret at missing the big doings.

\* \* \*

At last we have the dope! We have tracked the much-inquired-for Stanley Probst, '18, to Albany, N. Y., where we find he is manager of the local office of the Baron G. Collier Advertising Co., a New York City agency.

\* \* \*

The latest celebrity on "Piano Row" is Eugene Harks, '20, who has joined the sales force of Steger & Sons Piano Mfg. Co.

\* \* \*

Cyril Corbett, '18, former editor of the LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE recently began his work as a member of the editorial staff of the new Chicago daily, the *Journal of Commerce*.

\* \* \*

Raymond Lundy, since completing his A. B. Course at

De Paul University, has been employed in the retail division of Marshall Field & Co.

Article X of the League of Nations Covenant is A, B, C alongside of a railroad tariff. We have this on the authority of John Reis, '18, who is a member of the Rate Department of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois R. R.

\* \* \*

A few days after the November issue of the MAGAZINE went to press we received an announcement card from Lambert K. Hayes. Lambert has gone into partnership with Joseph Geary under the firm name of Geary & Hayes with offices at 1105 Advertising Building.

\* \* \*

The old boys of the Class of 1901 will be glad to hear of Otto J. Sehrt, who was discovered the other day rushing to catch a train for the sunny south, where he is introducing modern pneumatic machinery. At school Otto was known by his happy smile and for excellence in English and Latin composition as well as for the pugnacious attitude he assumed when Tom Mercer addressed him as "Our little Dutchman."

\* \* \*

The following from the *Journal* of January 5th will be read with interest and pleasure by all our Alumni:

Charles E. Byrne, who has been elected a member of the board of directors and also to the position of secretary-treasurer of Steger & Sons Piano Manufacturing company, has been connected with the Steger company for twelve years.

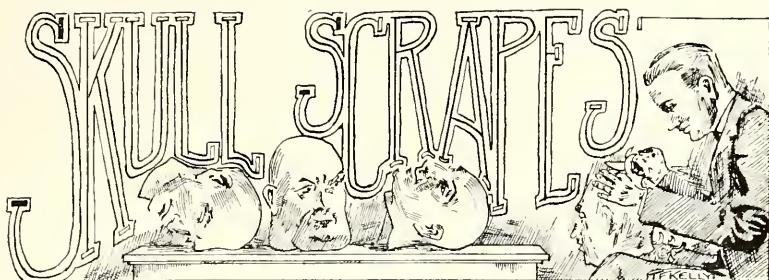
He was formerly a newspaperman, and his first position with the company was as advertising manager.

He is widely known among newspaper and magazine men.

While handling his work in the advertising department, Mr. Byrne studied law, and after he was admitted to the bar his duties were gradually broadened in an executive way.

Mr. Byrne is in his early 30's and is a member of various clubs and social organizations.

Congratulations, Charley!



### A FRESHMAN'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

1. Never to be absent except to attend a matinee.
2. Never to do my homework except when absolutely necessary.
3. Never to go to chemistry laboratory without a gas mask.
4. Never to ask for an excuse if it is possible to get by without one.
5. Never to take more mathematics than required, especially Trig.
6. Never to attempt writing poetry for a livelihood.
7. Never to ask for an extra exam.
8. Never to be caught with a "Pony". (With due respect to Jesse James).
9. Never to copy in an exam unless in dire need.
10. Never to take my Freshman work over while in my sane mind.

J. H. M.

TORN! TORN! TORN!

(*Do you hear Tennyson turning over*)

Torn, torn, torn,

In a place where they should not be.  
The clutching strands of that barbed-wire fence  
Still grasp a part of me.

My serge suit is at the cleaner's,

And others I have none.  
I should have bought a coat with two,  
Instead of only one.

The beautiful maids pass on

To the cool and restful park,  
But O, I cannot meet them now,  
At least till after dark.

Torn, torn, torn,

In a place where they should not be!  
And here I'm doomed to sit and keep  
Misfortune under me.

\* \* \*

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS

*C. P. B.*—I really do not know just where you should send your interesting suggestion that to put an end to crime in Chicago we should put many of its policemen in jail.

*F. X. G.*—*Why do musicians wear their hair so long?*

We have been waiting for years to have some one ask this question. Years ago, an eminent German musician, poising his eighteenth successive stein in his hand, explained the custom to us. He said that musicians wore long hair because they found that even in a moderate breeze it performed like an Aeolian harp. The music of the wind in their hair is

soothing to their artistic temperament. Incidentally it furnishes the motif for most of the best jazz music.

*John K.—Will you kindly indicate in your column some of the uses of spiritus frumenti.*

As a matter of fact it is scarcely used at all any more. Formerly it was employed for cleaning fire-grates, removing varnish from furniture, and for the cure of stubborn cases of bunion.

*Miss B. L. E.—Why do street car conductors punch holes in transfers?*

Holes are made in transfers for the convenience of those people who make up collections of them—a delightful pastime. One can run a string through the holes in the transfers and hang them up as the Chinese do their coins.

*W. J. B.—Why do some women wear high heels?*

After many hours of research work and deliberation the only reason we could find was that walking on stilts would not display their acrobatic skill as well.

*Mrs. A. K.—Don't you think that gambling on the Board of Trade ought to be prohibited?*

Why of course not. It serves as a pastime for our millionaires. Besides everybody knows that it is not half so bad as the smoking of cigarettes, shooting-craps, riding down Michigan Boulevard in a Ford, etc., etc.

*Mr. R. M.—I am appealing to you to solve a mystery that has puzzled me greatly. Why don't professors assign home-work any more? my son tells me that all his teacher does is ask questions.*

Professors don't assign home-work because they realize that the students work very hard during the lectures and are so exhausted after them that any additional work would



be cruelty. They ask questions because they want to learn something without having to pay for it.

*How are bachelor-buttons used?*

Buttons are not used by bachelors; they use safety pins.

*Do fishes have scales?*

Fishes do not get scales until they are full-grown, but all the little fishes learn the tables of weights and measures in their schools.

*Does alcohol make a pig blind?*

We're not sure about pigs, but we know of the case of a tiger in which total loss of sight followed as a result of the Eighteenth Amendment.

*What is the distinguishing characteristic of tulips?*

We'll never tell—but with the aid of a moonlight night, a bench just big enough for two, etc., it isn't hard to find out.

*Why does a chicken cross the road?*

She doesn't—you're supposed to come over to the side that she's on.

*Are clinging vines useful to mankind?*

No—but when they are properly manicured, marcelled and calcimined, they are darned ornamental, if you prefer that type.

*Do chickens come home to roost?*

Sometimes—but if the dance is over too late they stay with a girl friend, especially if Dad's a light sleeper and wields a heavy slipper.

## OUR OWN RUBE HYATT

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears  
Today of past regrets and future Fears:  
To-morrow?—If this *still* is found we'll hear  
"Nine hundred bucks and twenty-seven years."

Let's make the most of what we yet may spend  
Before we too into the Dust descend.  
John Barleycorn is dead, and now we must  
Rally our strength, and Nick O'Time defend.

Why all the Stews and Barflys who discussed  
The "people's will" so wisely—they are thrust  
Upon a land of water; the Volstead Act  
Is legal, and their mouths are dry as Dust.

A moment's Halt—a hesitating drink  
Of near-beer—all the clouds seem turned to pink.  
And Lo—green elephants and snakes of blue!  
The raisin worked!—I'll take another drink.

And lately through the Tavern Door ajar  
We've slipped—and found again upon the Bar  
Those brown-glass joy-dispensers which contain  
What's as near to beer as the nearest-beer is far.

\* \* \*

## PATIENCE REWARDED, OR, HOW FEAZLE MYOPUS TRIUMPHED.

Feazle Myopus was counting his hoarded wealth. "Seven hundred thousand one hundred four, seven hundred thousand one hundred five," and so on. For many years he had been saving, and as the passion of the miser gripped him, he had resorted to any means, fair or foul, to add to his store.

The count reached a million. In a silence broken only by

the tempestuous beating of his heart, Feazle seized his premium catalogue. "At last," he murmured, "at last." He ran his finger down the page—"For one million coupons—one package of pipe cleaners." All his years of striving were rewarded—he had reached the goal at last!

We leave him to his ecstasy.

\* \* \*

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

Oh mother dear, I'm so ashamed  
When I go out to walk  
The way the girls all stare at me.  
You ought to hear them talk.

"Why, dear, you are a perfect fright;  
Your dress is out of date.  
Twelve inches from the ground's the thing,  
And your's is only eight."

So mother, dear, please hear my prayer,  
And make mine shorter yet,  
So I can be what I try to be,  
Your modest Violet.

J. J. T.

\* \* \*

1890 MODEL, BUT AS GOOD AS NEW.

Oh, goodness me, how things have changed  
Since mother was a girl!

Now daughter Minnie,  
Shakes the shimmy.  
She haunts the cabarets

She likes the night time  
The brightest light time  
And jazz is all she plays.

Mother scolds like mad,  
But finds that she's in bad  
For Daddy shimmies too.  
And he's some stepper,  
He's got the pepper,  
So Ma is feeling blue.

Still we won't show surprise  
If Ma opens all our eyes,  
By learning to shimmy,  
And outshimmying Minnie.

Here's why.

Though things have changed since mother was  
A timid shrinking girl,  
We've heard no less than Dad confess  
She shook a wicked curl.

\* \* \*

#### EVOLUTION.

From the Pliocene to the Eocene, from the Carboniferous to the Oleomargarine, and from the Oolite to the Trinitrotoluene, the chain of evidence for phylogenetic evolution is patently manifest. It is matter of the commonest school-boy information that the older Miocene form, Mesohippus, has three toes in front, with a large splinter-like rudiment representing the little finger (or, as Sniggelfritz thinks, a degenerate vermiform appendix), and three toes behind, and that he wiggled his ears very much like a jackdaw. The radius and ulna, tibia and fibula, are distinct. Following then the

cardinal law that ontogeny and phylogeny must exactly correspond (so clearly demonstrated by the eminent British ornithologist, Sir Oleander Spoof-Guffins, in his study of the habits of snails), the descent of man from the pithecanthoid ape no longer admits of even the slightest doubt. In addition, I have the solemn word of Mrs. G. Sturtevant Pish, whose *thés dansantes* made such a hit in Evanston last season, and who once took a correspondence course with the C. U., that Evolution is simply a fact, and so intellectually satisfying.

C. P. BURKE.

\* \* \*

#### MUSIC.

I don't know much about music, but I know what I like. And good music gets me any time. I remember, when I was a kid, following a hurdy-gurdy man for blocks, even if he didn't have a monkey with him. And once I fought a dear little playmate of mine for half an hour, to decide which of us owned a harmonica that he had. I could not play the thing, but I believe the incident shows that I have a musical soul, all right.

For years I have pulled out from the hay every morning to the sweet strains of an alarm clock humming melodiously in my ears. Music accompanies me all through the day. Every time the boss leaves the office, I sing a little song. I like to eat where there is music. It goes so well with the soup. And even when the day is done, and I creep into the downy, I do not leave music behind me. The fellow that lives next door says that I sleep like a saxophone.

But there is a limit to everything, even to music, and I think the limit was kind of passed the other night. It was about 2 A. M., and I was saying good-night to a lady friend of mine, out on the front porch, when her father quietly

opened the door, and started the phonograph on Tosti's  
"Good-bye Forever." T.

\* \* \*

Where are the stars of yesteryear,  
Who used to play with the Sox?  
They threw the games, my little dear,  
And are as dead as Mr. Cox.

JOHN MOLLOY.

\* \* \*

H. C. L.

A lot of people seem to be skeptical about prices coming down. But they are coming down, most certainly. Take murder, for instance. Once upon a time, a murderer used to be hanged. Then the juries began cutting the price to twenty-five years, fifteen years, ten years. Only lately, for a job lot of three murders the sentence was fifteen years, or five years a murder.

But hold on! Maybe I'm wrong, after all. Come to think it over, it isn't the High Cost of Living that's coming down, but the High Cost of Killing. Oh, well! some poor fellows are getting the benefit of the changing times.

The gentleman who expressed a desire to die poor, evidently never took a young lady home from a dance on a rainy night.

Since the wholesaler has reduced his prices, we eagerly wait for the retailer to increase his, so that he can pay the wholesaler to raise his again.

There is a movement afoot, we are told, to organize a union for our hard-working bandits and second-story men, to be affiliated with the A. F. L. Under present conditions, many of these deserving young men are forced to work overtime to



an extent which exposes them to severe colds in the head. The movement has, of course, the approval of all the kind-hearted men at the City Hall. The Mayor, however, has denied that he intends to set up rest-stations along the more popular bandit highways, where these gentlemen can keep warm between tricks. He says the Union should look after that itself.

And another man says (but we don't believe him) that there is soon to be organized a Female Decorators' Union.

The windows are filled with signs, "High Quality, Low Price". And purchasers are puzzled. Isn't it possible that the retailers have just misplaced the adjectives?

\* \* \*

#### HEARKEN!

Lives of every one remind us  
Anyone can fall in love.  
But the question is the woman  
Suffragette or turtle dove?

When you think of getting married,  
Mind that looks are deep as skin.  
But man's proper vegetation  
Governed is by what goes in.

Cakes as hard as Gibaraltar  
Doughnuts soggy round the core,  
Pies whose only good is apple,  
Make a leather tummy sore.

So her beauty will diminish  
As your gastric juice gives out.  
This advice I give to men folks:  
Take it, use it, do not doubt.

# University Chronicle

## LOYOLA ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION

ALTHOUGH the oratorical association did not begin its scholastic year as early as usual, nevertheless, the first meeting was marked by the presence of forty-four members. The delay did not seem to affect the students' enthusiasm, because all are taking a whole-hearted interest in the work of the organization, in order to derive the advantages it offers.

Owing to other duties, Mr. Keeler was relieved of the office of moderator. He is succeeded by Father Wilson, who, from appearances so far, will make the coming year a banner one in the history of the society.

All the college classes are represented by good material, and it is expected that this material will be used in the course of the year to defend our Alma Mater in bouts with other schools. This has been manifested by the popular questions discussed so far: The Irish question, the California bill in regard to the Japanese, the smoke ordinance in Chicago, and the Haiti question.

Keen rivalry was especially noteworthy in the debate on the Irish question, which read: Resolved, That the present political attitude of the Irish is justifiable. Practical philosophy on the part of Messrs. Sheridan and Cawley, Seniors, who upheld the affirmative, overpowered Messrs. Cramer, Junior, and Sullivan, Sophomore. They specifically declared that we should keep philosophy out of the debate. The house, however, congratulated the negative on their defense, because in all sincerity they are heart and soul with Ireland in her present difficulties.

The officers chosen for the first semester are: Vice-President, John Zvetina, A. B. '21; Recording Secretary, Edmond Sullivan, A. B. '23; Corresponding Secretary, Phillip Kemper, A. B. '23; Treasurer, William Powers, A. B. '23.

There will be about five public debates during the year, the first of which, called the Naghten debate, will be held sometime in January.—C. B. A.

## THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

With the return to school in September came the news that our former director, Father Lomasney, had been transferred to Detroit. Everyone misses his presence, not only as director of the sodality, but also in the classroom. Our prayers and good wishes follow him and he may rest assured that the good work accomplished by him last year as director is being fittingly continued by his successor, Father Wilson.

Our present Moderator is neither a stranger in Chicago nor at St. Ignatius College. We had the pleasure of having him as a teacher two years ago, and we feel confident that he will well perform the duty of spiritual guide and friend during the coming year. Under his directorship both the Sodality and the Oratorical Association are fast becoming societies managed by the student body alone.

Although we cannot boast of quantity in membership thus far, we feel that quality is paramount in spiritual affairs. The sodalists' deep-rooted love for the Blessed Mother is shown by the sacrifices made in order to attend the weekly meeting. It is the wish of the director and the officers that each member make a New Year's resolution to bring one new member into the sodality at the first meeting in January. The reception of new members will be held on the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, February 2.

It is further hoped that a Mission section will be formed among the sodalists. By means of this bands of sodalists can perform a very charitable and noble work, that is, teach Catechism on Sunday mornings at the Guardian Angel Center, under the supervision of Father Breen.

The officers of the year 1920-1921 are: Prefect, Cornelius Burke, A. B. '21; First Assistant, Maurice Walsh, A. B. '21; Second Assistant, John Zvetina, A. B. '21; Secretary, Joseph Gauer, A. B. '22; Treasurer, Edmond Sullivan, A. B. '23; Sacristans, Aloysius Cawley, A. B. '21, James Tyrrell, B. S. '22; Consultors, Vincent Sheridan, James Taylor, Raymond Kelly, Richard Shea, Walter West, Edward Miller, Thomas McNally, Martin McNally, Russell Erickson, Edward King.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

**A** GREAT increase of interest in athletics has taken place as a result of the decision of the faculty to give the student body complete charge of this branch of college activity.

An athletic association has been formed whose organization is such as to give every student a voice in the management of athletic affairs. Every class in every department has a representative whose duty it is to care for the interests of that class in the governing council, which is composed of the officers of the association and these representatives. Through this representation all decisions are made in accordance with the wishes of the student body.

At the mass meeting held to organize the association the following officers were elected:

President—James J. Taylor.

Vice President—Russell J. Erickson.

Treasurer—Cornelius P. Burke.

Secretary—Joseph F. Gauer.

Maurice Walsh was chosen Manager of the Basketball Team.

From the results attained so far it would seem that student control of athletics at Loyola is a complete success.

## SPORTS

Coach Feeney, former I. A. C. star, has developed the basketball team to a point where it ranks among the first in the city. After the final selection had been made, the successful candidates for the squad were: Simunich, Burke, Flanagan, Erickson, Lauerman, Dee, R. Kelly, Gauer, Tirol, Kowarskas, Zelezinski, and Cramer. Berny Simunich, star forward, was elected captain.

The schedule includes games with St. Louis and Detroit Universities, Augustana College, and many of the strongest teams in Indiana, Wisconsin, and Illinois.

The team defeated the Campion Club of Chicago on Monday, December 20. The Campionites have one of the best teams in the city, and have been playing together for several years. As a high school team, they were perhaps the most

feared quintet among the prep schools of the Middle West. The team reorganized as a free-lance aggregation after leaving school, and continued their success by toppling some of the best amateur organizations in the Central States. No harder opponents could have been picked to test our strength, but our team showed their worth by piling up 32 points against Campion's 15. The game was played in the new college gym, where a return game will be played January 6th.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY					CAMPION CLUB				
	B	F	P	T		B	F	P	T
Simunich, r. f. ....	6	4	2	0	Butler .....	2	0	0	0
Burke, l. f. ....	2	0	0	1	Florence .....	4	0	2	0
Flanagan, c. ....	1	0	0	0	Carmody .....	1	1	0	0
Lauerman, r. g. ....	4	0	0	1	Reis, r. g. ....	0	0	0	0
Erickson, l. g. ....	0	0	0	1	McCabe, l. g. ....	0	0	0	0
Marky, c. ....	1	0	1	0	Orouke, l. g. ....	0	0	0	0
Dee, r. g. ....	0	0	0	0	McLoughlin, r. g. ....	0	0	0	0
Cramer, l. f. ....	0	0	0	0					
	—	—	—	—	Total .....	7	1	2	0
Total .....	14	4	3	3					

Referee — Nelson Norgren, Chicago.

Loyola was again victorious in the next game after the Campion victory, that with Cathedral College. After the first five minutes of play, Loyola's superiority was easily evident, so Coach Feeney took the opportunity to give nearly every man on the squad a workout. In spite of the fact that the players were under instructions to perfect their passing game rather than try to roll up a large count the final score was: Loyola, 29; Cathedral, 8.

The wonderful guarding of Lauerman, Erickson, and Dee, and Simunich's floor work featured. Rezek was the star for Cathdral.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY					CATHEDRAL COLLEGE				
	B	F	P	T		B	F	P	T
Simunich, r. t. ....	7	7	2	0	Buckley, r. f. ....	0	0	2	1
Burke, l. f. ....	0	0	0	0	Ryan, l. f. ....	1	0	1	0
Erickson, c. ....	0	0	0	0	Rezek, c. ....	2	2	1	1
Flanagan, c. ....	0	0	0	0	Precz, r. g. ....	0	0	0	0
Dee, r. g. ....	1	0	0	0	Wisniewski, l. g. ....	0	0	2	1
Lauerman, l. g. ....	3	0	0	0					
Gauer, r. f. ....	0	0	0	0	Total .....	3	2	6	3
	—	—	—	—					
Total .....	11	7	2	0					

Referee — Carmody.

## SENIOR MEDICS

**Ruminations of A Rummy**

BY A SENIOR MEDICAL STUDENT

**A**LL life is preparation for a greater tomorrow. All education is a series of commencements—not end-ments. Moses was eighty years getting ready to do forty years' work. The work was ready all this time, but Moses wasn't ready for it. It took Moses eighty years to get up steam, to get great enough to handle the work. Jesus was thirty years getting ready to do three years work. So many of us expect to get ready and know it all by a few years in school. We can be a pumpkin in one summer; with the accent on the "punk." We can be a mushroom in a day; with the accent on the "mush." But it takes years to become an oak. Keep on growing! Our funeral is held right after we "finish." Keep on growing up! And stay alive!

\* \* \*

I have to live with myself, and so  
I want to be fit for myself to know;  
I want to be able, as days go by,  
Always to look myself straight in the eye;  
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun;  
And hate myself for the things I've done.  
I don't want to keep on a closet shelf  
A lot of secrets about myself.  
And fool myself, as I come and go,  
Into thinking that nobody else will know  
The kind of a man I really am;  
I don't want to dress myself in a sham.  
I want to go out with my head erect,  
I want to deserve all men's respect,  
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf  
I want to be able to like myself.  
I don't want to look at myself and know,  
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.



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I can never hide myself from me;  
 I see what others may never see,  
 I know what others may never know;  
 I never can fool myself, and so  
 Whatever happens I want to be  
 Self respecting and conscience free.

\* \* \*

When you hand a student a lemon, be a Samaritan instead  
 of a knocker by handing him sugar and water with it.

\* \* \*

One thing we like about the student who stutters is that  
 he never speaks unless he has something to say.

\* \* \*

Some fellows are born great, some achieve greatness, and  
 others have their photo taken with their chins resting on  
 their hands.

\* \* \*

A brief experience in medical school convinces the student  
 that the Ten Commandments are only a few.

\* \* \*

If every student was compelled to act as his own fool-  
 killer, there would be an epidemic of suicides.

\* \* \*

O'Brien discovered the other day that the fellows who  
 don't appreciate liquor have their cellars full of it.

\* \* \*

Miss Kobele mixes study with pleasure by powdering her  
 nose at frequent intervals between classes.

\* \* \*

You can't conquer fortune, you can't conquer fame,—you  
 can't lay up much worldly pelf;—you can't conquer others,  
 you can't make a name,—until you have conquered yourself.

\* \* \*

There is nothing like keeping up with the procession, unless  
 you are big enough to be your own parade.

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I cannot sing the old songs  
 Our fathers always knew;  
 It's tough to sing most any song  
 Inspired by home-made brew.

\* \* \*

The only trouble Weissl has with the white collar is in  
 keeping his collar white.

\* \* \*

Ingratitude is the highest crime listed in Humanity's Cal-  
 endar.

\* \* \*

A student should look himself over occasionally, probably  
 the inventory wouldn't take a great while.

\* \* \*

Any professor can tell you that the most common disease  
 among medical students is enlargement of the imagination.

\* \* \*

My lips are parched,  
 My throat is dry,  
 My stomach burns,  
 Gee whiz, I'm dry.

\* \* \*

With suitable special scenery a woman invalid may show  
 to advantage, but a sick man always looks like the "Old  
 Harry."

\* \* \*

We remember the old time holidays when we'd dress up  
 and spend the whole forenoon hunting the side door.

\* \* \*

What gets us is why somebody don't put a fully equipped  
 auto on the market.

\* \* \*

Everybody has trouble of some kind. What is the nature  
 of yours?

\* \* \*

We often wonder why Freshmen acquired such a reputa-

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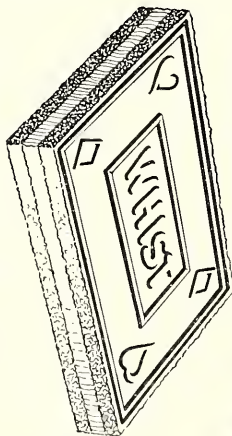
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tion for being wall-eyed liars. We have met a lot of doctors in our time.

\* \* \*

Many a student who has "risen to the occasion" doesn't know when to sit down.

\* \* \*

The freshmen are just beginning to realize that the older they get the more hills they have to climb.

\* \* \*

It is all right for students to have individuality, but they ought to have something else to go with it.

\* \* \*

There is such a thing as being too original: people might call you crazy.

\* \* \*

There's room at the top for more doctors than can stick there.

\* \* \*

We sigh for rest at the end of the way, and yet many fear to tackle it.

\* \* \*

There's joy enough in the school to keep all the students dancing day and night.

\* \* \*

Whisky is getting so scarce that a fellow would be glad to be fixed up like the moon. The moon gets full once a month.

\* \* \*

It costs no more to be a gentleman than a snob.

\* \* \*

Don't undervalue the advantages of education. Many a student is doing the best he knows how, who doesn't know how.

\* \* \*

If you haven't learned the meaning of strategy by this time you probably never will be much of a scholar.



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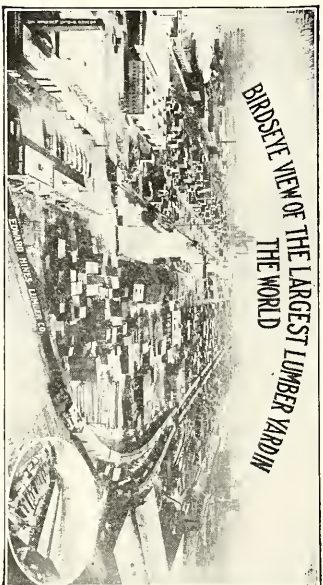
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over a bundle of matches. This

Rosen says it is easier to look wise than it is to deliver the goods.

\* \* \*

One doctor says tobacco hurts you; another says it doesn't. Got a match?

\* \* \*

About the only speed some students show is to exhibit a quick temper.

\* \* \*

Since Grimes has had a hair cut he looks almost like anybody else.

\* \* \*

The slang expression, "Cut it out," originated with the doctors.

\* \* \*

We all take an interest in Crispin. He is a man of principle.

\* \* \*

Keep your nose clean and don't let the knocker worry you. Remember that no matter how respectable you may be, they are going to lie about you, anyway.

\* \* \*

It is too bad that a student can't make a success of other things the way he can of making a fool of himself.

\* \* \*

Our idea of a good Christian is Father Calhoun. He is so busy practicing it that he hasn't any time to preach it, and still he is preaching it all the time.

\* \* \*

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**A**MONG the many exhibits at the Public Health Exposition, held from November 23-29, there was one exhibit that attracted the interest and attention of the people more than any other single exhibit. The visiting public actually thronged about the enclosure of the exhibit and listened intently to the lectures on and explanations of the demonstrations. This exhibit was the one on Physiology which was conducted by the Departments of Physiology of the four great medical schools of our city—Loyola, Rush, Illinois and Northwestern.

Our Department of Physiology demonstrated the gastro-intestinal tract. The demonstration consisted in the exhibition of a dried human gastro-intestinal tract, the action of digestive juices on food substances, the movements of the stomach and intestines and the cause of hunger. Short lectures were given on the cause of indigestion, stomach trouble, constipation and other conditions that are of such vital importance from the standpoint of public health, to which the public in general pays too little attention.

\* \* \*

Drs. Matthews and Ivy of the Department of Physiology were on the program of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, December 27, 28, 29, at the University of Chicago. Dr. Matthews before the section on Pharmacology, subject, "Action of Magnesium Sulphate on the Heart." Dr. Ivy before the section on Physiology, subject, "Gastrine Theory with Physiological Test."

Papers were presented by members of the Department of Anatomy as follows: Professor R. M. Strong, "The Order, Time and Rate of Ossification of the Vertebrate Skeleton;" Professor T. T. Job, "Studies on Lymph Nodes: I. Structure, as Shown by Deposited Ink Granules;" Professor A. B. Dawson, "The Topography of the Cloaca of the Male Necturus in Relation to the Cloacal Glands." Dr. Strong is president of one of the societies which met.

We will now let the Frosh say a few words for themselves.

JOHN V. LAMBERT.

*We moved the Field  
Museum*

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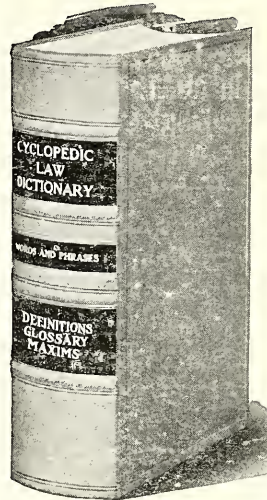
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## FRESHMAN MEDICS

SINCE our last issue the Frosh have been kept on the up and up, as Joe Blow would say, and have had little opportunity to devote time to literature and the finer arts. However, in spite of all the aforesaid obstacles the spirit of the class has not wavered in the least. This is merely a justification and not an apology for the seeming lack of effort on their part in not writing the customary masterpieces. However, we think our personal column more than makes up for the foregoing blank spaces.

## SCRIBLETS

We claim we have some of the most gentlemanly personages in the school, as witness Plant in Histology giving his coat to Miss Pohl.

## HEARD ON THE WAY TO DINNER

First Frosh: "I want to tell you a medical joke."

Second Frosh: "What kind of joke is that?"

First Frosh: "That's one with a doctor in it."

\* \* \*

After dissecting and cutting apart a cadaver, most of us are beginning to realize that beauty is only skin deep.

\* \* \*

Dr. Dyer: "Tell me all about the brachial artery."

Freshie: "Well, it starts in the axilla, runs to the elbow, bifurcates and forms the ulnar and radial arteries, which anastomose with the nerves in the hand."

## HEARD EVERY NIGHT IN THE DISSECTING ROOM

Kolter: "Hurry down and get my soap and towel, Deutsch."

\* \* \*

Ginsburg (to belated student): "Why don't you use chloroform as a catalytic agent in making chloroform?"

\* \* \*

One of the many features in anatomy is the regular daily politic argument between Welsh and Javois. Both are batting one thousand.



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IN CHEMICAL LABORATORY ..

Student making an organic compound has his flask blow up. Prof. looks over excited.

Excited Student: "Call the roll!"

FAMILIAR SAYINGS

O'Brien: "In what year was the Haversian canal built?"

"There will be the usual exam. in Histology Saturday."

"Don't forget to return the slides."

And last but not least: "Keep up your spirits, boys! We may need them."

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## What Is Air Pressure?

**T**HE air is composed of molecules. They constantly bombard you from all sides. A thousand taps by a thousand knuckles will close a barn door. The taps as a whole constitute a push. So the constant bombardment of the air molecules constitutes a push. At sea-level the air molecules push against every square inch of you with a total pressure of nearly fifteen pounds.

Pressure, then, is merely a matter of bombarding molecules.

When you boil water you make its molecules fly off. The water molecules collide with the air molecules. It takes a higher temperature to boil water at sea-level than on Pike's Peak. Why? Because there are more bombarding molecules at sea-level—more pressure.

Take away all the air pressure and you have a perfect vacuum. A perfect vacuum has never been created. In the best vacuum obtainable there are still over two billion molecules of air per cubic centimeter, or about as many as there are people on the whole earth.

Heat a substance in a vacuum and you may discover properties not revealed under ordinary pressure. A new field for scientific exploration is opened.

Into this field the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have penetrated. Thus one of the chemists in the Research Laboratories studied the disintegration of heated metals in highly exhausted bulbs. What happened to the glowing filament of a lamp, for example? The glass blackened. But why? He discovered that the metal distilled in the vacuum depositing on the glass.

This was research in pure science—research in what may be called the chemistry and physics of high vacua. It was undertaken to answer a question. It ended in the discovery of a method of filling lamp bulbs with an inert gas under pressure so that the filament would not evaporate so readily. Thus the efficient gas-filled lamp of today grew out of a purely scientific inquiry.

So, unforeseen, practical benefits often result when research is broadly applied.

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CHARLES E. BYRNE

Former President of the Loyola University Alumni Association, has been elected Secretary-Treasurer and member of the Board of Directors of Steger & Sons Piano Mfg. Co. Mr. Byrne received his A.B. at St Ignatius College and was graduated from the Loyola Law School. He was Editor of the LOYOLA MAGAZINE in 1906.

# *Loyola University Magazine*

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## **Address**

**Delivered by Michael V. Kannalley, '94, A. B.,  
LL.D., at the Golden Jubilee Banquet,  
Sherman Hotel, January 26, 1921**



ON an occasion so unique, when we are celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of St. Ignatius College, when we are gathered—gay roisterers that we are—to do honor to the old Alma Mater in that condition of gelid complacency which is in strict conformity with the 18th Amendment and the Act of Congress declaratory thereof and enforcing the same, it is not inapposite for a speaker to select as his subject a topic which tends to establish him in the minds of his audience as a man of erudition and scholarly attainments. Accordingly, I have selected—in order to do justice to the occasion and in order deftly to insinuate that I, in company with the

other gentlemen on this program, have at least moistened my lips at the Pierian spring—I have selected,—after hastily running over the literature of the human race from the Decalogue by Moses to the Outline of History by 'Mr. Wells,—I have selected for your edification and electrification the piquant and perplexing topic of the Ablative Absolute.

I give you my word that at this moment I do not recall its real meaning. It came upon me in a burst of inspiration from *nubibus*—that's Latin for clouds. I like the melody of the word "ablative." I am captivated with the idea of immensity involved in the word "absolute." And strung together and uttered solemnly and sonorously, a-b-l-a-t-i-v-e a-b-s-o-l-u-t-e, they have a haunting lilt which carries back to the old days when so far as an education in the classics is concerned, "you were a tadpole and I was a fish."

It is not children alone who use words without knowledge of their meaning. Grown-ups and gray-beards do the same thing. I am sure that even you let Einstein's theory slip into your conversation at some time or other; and I am also sure that you will agree with me when I say that I know not whether it be a parallax or a pigment. But that does not prevent us from using the term or from discussing with our neighbor the doctrine of relativity. So it is with the Ablative Absolute. But while I am willing to admit that I do not know the nature of the entity, objectively considered, as we philosophers used to say, still, subjectively, I insist that I know what I am talking about, because I have given it a meaning all my own. The Ablative Absolute, in the lexicon of my creation, is a certain something which makes it appear that you have attended college. It is a sort of Indian sign which is hung on you to show that you have some familiarity with the classics. It is a kind of swastika which assures you, when you look at yourself, that you are in communion with the spirit of the age of Pericles.

Now, the time when this sign was hung on us was the last decade of the last century. And by "us" I mean that group of scholars which broke out, with the rashness of



measles, during the ten years from 1890 to 1900. And let me throw in here by way of parenthesis that taken individually and collectively they were and still remain as notable and brilliant a crowd as was ever produced by any decade in any century in any cycle the record of which has been preserved in written history.

Let us make a composite photograph of all of them and use the result as a type. Let us follow some of the events of his interesting career.

10  
11

In 1890 he was pondering over the problems of Euclid. Ten years later, in 1900, he was back again in arithmetic adding his salary and subtracting his board. In 1890 he was laborously committing to memory, "I love, you love, she loves" in the Greek and Latin languages. Ten years later, in 1900, he was plucking petals from the daisy and, blushing the while, was muttering in good, plain English, "She loves me, she loves me not." In 1893 there was a World's Fair in Chicago, when the nations got together in peace to figure out what they could do to each other in war, and he prepared and delivered in public an oration on the tremendous subject, "The World's Columbian Exposition and Its Message." In 1894 there was Grand Opera at the Auditorium and he appeared on the stage as a superman carrying a pike in Lohengrin. In 1895 there was a celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of this college, and he prepared for the expectant press an essay on "Literature, the Index of a Nation's Character." In 1896 there was a battle royal between the precious metals, gold and silver, and he broke into politics; and momentarily he held a political office being appointed by the special favor of the powers that then were, an usher in the Democratic convention. In 1898 there was a war between the United States and Spain and, under the sweetly indefinite impression that he had a girl and that he could hear her calling:

"Go where Glory waits thee,  
But when Fame elates thee—  
Oh, then remember me!"

→ next page

no 3 f He enlisted in the cavalry, was kicked in the ribs by his mount; and his discharge from the hospital was contemporaneous with the establishment of peace.

You will observe that his efforts were ambitious. He looked in on Science. He flirted with Art. He poked his finger into Literature. He dabbled in Politics. And he took a flyer in the game of War. And all the while the Ablative Absolute was still there! The sign was still on him, but it was noticeably fainter. The process of taking things away from him, the idea of which might be included in the word "ablative" was going merrily on; while his own notion of the relative importance of his little self to the great cosmos was lagging dismally in the lengthening perspective. About that time the old man with the scythe and the hour glass slipped a couple of ciphers in the formula of annual reckoning.

Those two ciphers in the year 1900 loom large. Through them classicism vanished without so much as even a swish of her skirt. Gone were Cornelius Nepos, and Caesar and Cicero and Ovid and Tacitus and Virgil and Horace. Gone were Xenophon and Anacreon and Homer and Demosthenes and Chrysostom. Gone were the memories of groves and academies and forums and temples. And for the following decade our friend is submerged in the dark ages of his career. He is no longer ablative; he is acquisitive. He is no longer absolute; he is tentative. He knows the meaning of rent. He keeps a suspicious eye on taxes. He growls occasionally at interest. And as for Accounts Payable—that huge stone which is forever and ever being rolled up hill only to fall back again—as for Accounts Payable, why, the everlasting monotony of the thing convinced him of the expediency of joining with the rest of humanity in that simple but immensely significant and universal prayer, "Give us, Oh Lord! Give us this day our daily bread."

You see that our friend in 1900 and the years following found himself in the stream of life without any water wings

to support him. He was compelled to swim. It was for him no recreation, no summer's holiday. It was the stark necessity of keeping plenty of air in his two good lungs. And in his swimming he encountered mud and scum and driftwood; he bumped against the rocks; he passed through the rapids; he tumbled over falls; until there came a time, let us say about 1910, when he found himself in calmer waters. His feet were on solid ground. He had some leisure to observe. The land and sky, the beasts and birds, the woods and plains assume a wider significance and are referred back to an ultimate cause and forward perhaps to an ultimate purpose. And, lo! as if by magic, he notices that the old Indian sign is on him again. He looks up and something reminds him of Tityrus leading his flocks. The sheep recall the shepherd and with the shepherd come recollections of Ovid. The vineyard conjures up the Falernian wine which Horace wrote about. The old man on the porch brings back the thought that Ulysses did get back home and that old Pater Aeneas finally did get his household gods over the stile.

I ask you men of the World's Fair decade, isn't it so? Doesn't the educational impulse and ambition of youth grip you again as you drift into age? Doesn't the swastika come back again? I venture to say that every now and then, when the mood is on you, after the day's work is done and the evening meal is over, and mother—not the mother of 1890, God rest her, but the mother of 1920, the mother of your own children,—is reading her favorite page, and your first-born is in the adjoining room laborously committing to memory "I love, you love, she loves" in the Greek or Latin language, I venture to say that you take down the old volume, the relic of the days of First and Second Academic, and you spell out a paragraph or two just to show yourself that you still retain the trick. Well, just there do you recognize that the old Indian sign of the Ablative Absolute is on you. And the comforting conviction abides that while the value of an education in the liberal arts may possibly not be appreciated



while food and raiment are being provided, still there comes the time when it will be appreciated and when a clearer preception will be had of its intimate relation to that intellectual activity which is an essential of the happiness we are all seeking to attain.

M. V. KANNALLY, '94, A. B., LL. B.

## *Ireland Weeps*

**I**RELAND weeps!  
Though all her vales be green as Spring  
And all her lakes are smiling,  
The heart beneath her hills is sore  
And o'er her fields grim grief is striding.

In all her towns the death bells toll,  
And all her streams are running red  
As from her breast her life blood flows,  
Blood of her hero sons.

Ireland weeps!  
And life ebbs with her sobs.

J. M. CULLEN.

# It Happens on Sunday Mornings

## THE CHARACTERS

PERCY AND HAROLD.....*Young America*  
MRS. JENKINS .....*Bullied but Defiant*  
MR. JENKINS .....*Henpecked but Independent*  
HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW .....*Meek but Belligerent*  
HIS FATHER-IN-LAW .....*Sticks with Son-in-Law*

*The Scene—The parlor, drawing-living-bed-room of a modern or almost modern one hundred and twenty-five dollar a month flat. (Of course it is not worth it but one has to live somewhere.) The gas-log is purring merrily to itself and the davenport has just been put into its best living room trim by "Ma." The Sunday morning paper, somewhat late, has just been brought in and Percy and Harold are ready with the following as the curtain rises.*

HAROLD—Gimme that paper, I say. Give it to me.

PERCY—I won't. Take your hands off it. Oh, Ma! Ma! Let go or I'll make you.

HAROLD—I had it first. Think ma will stick with you? Well, I'll get pa. Oh, pa. Pa, come here quick.

PERCY (*compromisingly*)—Come on, Harold, I'll give it to you after I read it. I just want to read about Jiggs. It won't take me long.

HAROLD—G'wan. No you don't. As soon as I read the Katzenjammer Kids I'll give it to you. What d'ye say? I can read quicker than you.

PERCY—You're a liar. You can't. Didn't I get a prize for reading in class? I beat Lindy Smith 'cause everybody could hear me. Give me that paper. [*They fight again, pulling each other's hair with their free hands and making use of their feet viciously. Enter Ma.*]

MA—Boys, what's all this about. Percy! Harold! Stop! [*They refrain from their exertions but each holds to the torn newspaper.*]

PERCY—He won't give —

HAROLD—G'wan you. Ma, he won't let me have the "funnies."

PERCY—I had them first.

MA—I'll settle this. Harold, hand over that paper to Percy right away. Do you hear? [*Harold reluctantly does so.*]

PERCY [*to Harold*—Bah! I knew I'd get it. See! [*They glower at each like wild cats. Enter Father.*]

FATHER [*looking about*—Ha-h-m-m, this place looks like the wreck of the Hesperus. Ellen [*turning to Ma*], what has happened? [*No answer from Ma*] Harold did the cat catch a mouse?

HAROLD [*beginning to cry*—No, but ma gave the funny sheet to Percy, and I had it first. I wanted to read the Katzenjammer Kids.

PERCY [*vigorously*—I had it first, and I'm going to read Jiggs and no one is going to take it off me, neither. Ma give it to me.

FATHER—What's that, young man? What's that? Percy, give that paper to Harold immediately. Do you—hear—what—I say? [*Percy looks at Ma and is encouraged. He clinches the paper. Father thereupon advances threateningly. Percy hurriedly hands over the paper to Harold who grins triumphantly and makes faces at Percy who begins to cry and yell.*]

MA [*above the roar and din*—John Jenkins, I like your nerve! [*With vehemence.*] How dare you give that paper to Harold? I gave it to Percy and I want to tell you that I know how to take care of my children. You tend to your own business. Harold, give that paper back to Percy. [*Harold is too occupied to pay attention. Furthermore he relies on the mighty power of father.*]

FATHER—Ellen, go to the kitchen immediately. I'll tend to this. I'm the head of my house. I won't have anybody interfere. If you don't like it I'll—I'll—

MA—What? You'll what—? Is this the way you treat me, your wife, your partner for these last ten years? Didn't

I nurse you when you were laid up with the gout? [*Hysterically.*] No! No! No! [*In a rage.*] No man will talk that way to me. Oh! Oh! [*With clinched hands and determined look she makes for the victorious Harold who is still unconcerned.*]

FATHER—Stop! My will shall prevail. [*Enter mother-in-law (a tall lady with a little voice).*]

MOTHER-IN-LAW [*in consternation*—Oh! [*She walks a few feet.*] Oh! [*She walks another short distance.*] My children! [*in a hoarse whisper.*] What does this mean? [*Father and Ma say nothing but eye each other proudly and defiantly. Harold backs away at the approach, as it seemed, of a new foe. Percy comes forward.*]

PERCY—I'll tell you, grandma. I had the jokes first. Ma gave 'em to me. Pa came and took 'em off me and gave 'em to Harold.

MOTHER-IN-LAW [*in a refined, gentle whisper*—Why, John is this the result of the gentle counsels I gave you when you were courting Ellen. Have I not always told you to love your wife and treat her as you would yourself? [*Throwing her hands up in despair.*] Oh, that this should happen! See how you have tortured poor Ellen's heart. Love is something that is not to be tampered with, John. It is like sweet music, always enchanting, never descending to the clash of discord. And now, always let Ellen have the care of her children. [*She goes to Harold who hypnotically hands over the paper to her. She gives it to Percy who readily takes it. Continuing in that reverent tone.*] John, remember that there is an Eternal Watcher Who has placed upon the mother the supreme care of her children. [*Enter Father-in-Law (a little man with a squeaky voice).*]

FATHER-IN-LAW — The supreme care of her children, is it? [*With hands on hips.*] Is that so? Madeline, have you presumed to be the boss of my home? Wasn't it through me that Jerry was sent to the divinity school and Ellen to the Academy of Domestic Science, and didn't I teach Harry how to dance? And you say such things! Ha! Ha! [*During this*

*Mother-in-Law and Ma are consoling each other. Pa struts about, then, seeing Percy with the paper, he takes it from him and gives it to Harold. Mother-in-Law walks over to Harold, slaps his face and gives the paper to Percy. Father-in-Law sizes up the situation with a knowing look and a shake of the head. He walks over to Percy, slaps him on the face and gives the paper to Harold. Both boys are crying.]*

FATHER-IN-LAW—There now. I'll let you know you are not boss, Madeline.

FATHER—And Ellen, hereafter remember I am the lord of my home.

MA [*in a rage*—Get out of my sight, you bully. I'll never speak to you again. [*In the meanwhile Percy and Harold are showing a lot of sympathy for each other. They have compromised and are reading the jokes together on the big davenport. Father sees them and smiles. So does Ma see them and her motherly heart softens. She walks to them and sits near Harold while Father sits on the other side with Percy. They put their arms on the back of the davenport and their hands meet and clasp. The four read and laugh together. Father-in-law and Mother-in-Law yield to no such weakness. Thirty-five years in the "state of argument" have taken all the thrill and glamor, not to say adventure, out of married quarrels and reconciliations. Such things are a matter of course and are to be taken as such and not to be made important by too much attention. Mother-in-Law, after a commiserating glance at the group on the davenport, buries herself, with a sniff of something approaching contempt, in the fashion page. Father-in-Law fumes up and down the room a time or two but finding that he and his recent victory are alike forgotten or ignored, hunts up the sport page and settles down to enjoy the latest scandals of the sporting world.*

*The four on the davenport burst into a simultaneous cackle over the misfortunes of Jiggs.*

CORNELIUS P. BURKE.



## Questing

**W**HICH is the road to happiness?

*Where does its pathway run?*

*In what far land shall I seek for it*

*Under what sun?*

*Where is the vale of forgetfulness*

*On what fair isle afar?*

*By what grim toil shall I find it?*

*Under what star?*

J. M. CULLEN.

# Francis Thompson and Joyce Kilmer



IN the musical world Bethoven and Brahms are frequently compared. Beethoven, whose language speaks to souls and transports them by its magic charm, was himself denied the joys of social intercourse and the ecstasy of his own compositions because of an ever increasing deafness. Sensitive to the highest degree and realizing his loss he separated himself from the world of men and became almost a solitary, bewailing his unhappy lot. Music, that golden bond of social union, was snapped asunder. Physicians' skill availed not, and the day came when the great master never more heard the siren voices of his own polyphonic symphonies. Delicious melodies rang in his mind while his ear perceived no sound. He saw the lark in the air, but his joyous thrill he did not hear. His eyes beheld the merry leaping of the waves, the swinging and tossing of the trees as they were stirred by the wind, but no rustle, not a murmur reached him. As evening came on and he watched the swinging of the vesper bell in the belfry tower he heard it not. The kingdom of tones remained locked forever.

Brahms, one of the commanding figures in musical spheres during the last century and famous for consummate mastery of detail, excelled in powers of magnificent tone creation. Like Beethoven, Brahms claimed that harmony is the most effective element in music, when it is represented in counter-point. Had he lived so long or suffered so keenly as Beethoven, he without doubt would have equalled and perhaps surpassed him.

Beethoven and Brahms studied the same themes and based many of their compositions on the science of Folklore. Although it was not until 1846 that it became classified as a science yet they knew its resourceful value. Beethoven

traveled extensively. He went as far as England and Scotland in order to get in touch with the legends, myths and tales of the people and Brahms went to Russia for the same purpose.

Francis Thompson, a poetic genius, possessed like Beethoven inventive power. He handled words as Beethoven handled notes. His days were spent with

"The traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross."

He found in the phenomena of Nature the spirit and voice of God. The crystalline purity of the snowflakes, as well as the benediction of sunset were to Francis Thompson symbols of created power. With subtle eloquence he points out the way to discover that "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen being understood by the things that are made." Yet so eccentric was Francis Thompson that he voluntarily became an outcast on London's by-ways. When weariness overtook him the park bench was his only couch. In his own words he "suffered the abashless inquisition of each star" and again how fitly his own lines apply to himself.

"I stood alone and helplessly  
For time to shoot its barbed minutes at me."

Truly Francis Thompson could say in Father Ryan's words:

"I walked down the valley of silence  
Down the dim voiceless valley alone  
And I heard not the fall of a footstep around me  
Save God's and my own."

Joyce Kilmer, America's greatest literary loss during the war, was an able poet, prose writer, critic and lecturer. Like Brahms he was potentially a genius equal to Francis Thompson and was well on the road to fame when on the battlefield in France death claimed him for a suitable citizen of life eternal. While Thompson was the actual king of spiritual

poetry Kilmer was the potential prince. Both men embraced their art with a childlike, devoted zeal and entwined about their brows without courting it, the garlands of eternal fame. Musicians and poets alike are as comets which take their own course and ask naught of the rules to which other stars must submit.

Of both poets much is yet unwritten. Francis Thompson has left a wealth of material for future generations to develop. He displays a pageantry which is glorious in its delineation of the splendors of liturgical symbolism. He stands on the love-lit mountain heights of spiritual fervor, ecstatic love and holy reverence. Joyce Kilmer breathes the same spirit of familiarity with the mysteries of Faith, the same sweetness and sanity. To such men "outward ruin could never be pitiable or ridiculous." Of Kilmer we may say as is said of Thompson, "The secret of his strength is this: that he cast up his accounts with God and man and thereafter stood in the mud of earth with a heart wrapped in such fire as touched Isaiah's lips."

Francis Thompson at an early age was sent to St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. It is known for its associations with the historian Lingard and Cardinal Wiseman. He took the Theological course but on account of his dreamy tendencies was advised by the authorities of the college to abandon his hopes of becoming an ecclesiastic. At his father's suggestion he entered Owen's College with the view of studying medicine. Just how much time he spent in the college walls is not recorded. The museums, art galleries and especially the libraries lured Francis Thompson away from his medical studies. The consequence was that he left college without a diploma. His father, a physician, decided that a third attempt be made at Glasgow, where degrees were not so difficult to obtain. The effort was made but the desired end not achieved. The hours were passed at the home of a musician while his father thought he was at college.

Dr. Thompson intent upon giving his son the advantage of a professional career made arrangements for him as Pur-

veyor of an encyclopedia. Two weeks was as long as Francis Thompson could remain at this kind of work. He left the office with the intention of entering the army. For some weeks he drilled and marched, but it was heartless work, so on November 9, 1885, the poet left a note on his sister's table saying that he had left for London. To England's metropolis he went and began his solitary life by establishing a bookseller's stand which he was obliged to abandon because the police found it a public nuisance. Hopeless and almost penniless he turned to selling matches and calling cabs. In such distress it does not surprise us to hear that he became as one insensible. He seemed as he went his weary way like a falling leaf spun and tossed by unseen winds. Out of the confusion came the voice of Mr. McMaster, a shoemaker and enthusiastic church warden, asking him if his soul was saved. Francis Thompson resented this with the retort, "What right have you to ask?" In reply the shoemaker said, "If you will not let me save your soul, let me save your body." The lonely man consented to go home with the stranger. Mr. McMaster's hospitality kept Francis Thompson off the street, and gave him some little employment, until one day a shutter which was Francis' task to close, fell on the foot of a customer. Whether it was the poet's fault or not, we do not know, but he left the shoe shop in mid-winter 1887.

On February 23, 1887, Francis Thompson sent to *Merrie England*, a popular magazine, his "Paganism New and Old" and a few poems. Mr. Meynell, the editor, being busy, pigeon-holed the envelope. On April 24, Thompson wrote again, having seen one of his poems, "The Passion of Mary" in the magazine. Meanwhile Mr. Meynell had discovered the papers, sounded their depths, appreciated their worth and made unsuccessful attempts to locate the author. Upon receipt of the second letter, Mr. Meynell sent a messenger at once to the address given which was that of a chemist. The only information he received was that Francis Thompson sometimes came there and inquired for mail. Mr. Meynell

himself called soon after and showed so much interest that the druggist asked if he were a relative and presented him with a bill which the poet owed for opium. Mr. Meynell paid the bill and continued to search for his new-found genius. At length the poet appeared at the editor's office and discovered in Mr. Meynell a true friend. Conquered by the sympathy of both Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, Thompson was received into their home.

Everard Meynell, the poet's biographer tells us that the idea of rescue came slowly and doubtfully to Francis Thompson. He was far more certain than the poet that success was on the way. Thompson was willing enough that his works should be published and bring monetary relief to his pitiable condition, but he was reluctant to give up his wanderer's life which somehow formed the setting for his immortal gems of poetic beauty.

Through the influence of Canon Carroll who had many times endeavored to locate Francis Thompson, a successful reconciliation was made between Dr. Thompson and his son. After proper medical treatment the poet lived in the Premonstratensian Monastery at Storrington, in Sussex. It was there that he became aware of his poetic possibilities. He soared into loftier and loftier realms of symbolic beauties, the perfume of which is, more often than any other poet's dreams, "vestment clad and odorous with the incense of the sanctuary."

Joyce Kilmer likewise leaped from one position to another. On leaving Columbia University he married and became a teacher of Latin in the Morristown High School. This profession with its disciplinary responsibilities, was out of harmony with the slight boyish professor's ideals. At the close of one year he and his beloved family went to New York. Kilmer's introductory occupation in the great metropolis was as editor of the *Horseman's Journal*. Here his literary skill was undervalued and his veterinary knowledge limited. In consequence this editorship came quickly to a close. Joyce Kilmer's next step was to accept a position as salesman in



Charles Scribner's Sons book store. Like Francis Thompson he kept close to books, his literary companions. But volumes more than price lists interested him and he quickly decided to try another field of activity.

We next meet Joyce Kilmer as a lexicographer. He assisted in the labors of preparing a new edition of the Standard Dictionary. The recompense was five cents for each word defined. Soon it became evident that the able assistant was worthy of advancement. His salary was increased four-fold and here he was called upon to do much research work—looking up dates of births and corresponding with noteworthy characters such as the Wright Brothers. At the close of two years of lexicographer labors, the dictionary was completed and Kilmer turned with marked enthusiasm to religious journalism. He became literary editor of *The Churchman*, an Anglican periodical. Before long he was on the staff of the *New York Times Magazines*, the *New York Review of Books* and the *Literary Digest*. His success was firmly established but he heard the call to arms and responded with alacrity. Kilmer knew no alternative. On the altar of freedom, he sacrificed his young life for the Stars and Stripes. He died as he had lived, faithful to every spiritual, poetic and patriotic inspiration.

While in France, Kilmer's pen was not idle. He realized fully that "It is stern work, it is perilous work, to thrust your hand in the sun. And pull out a spart of immortal flame to warm the hearts of men." Yet he knew his power. Experience taught that like the meteors the poets' inspirations leap from the depths of their inmost soul. In order that these gems may not be lost Catholic authors are wont to repeat in substance at least the words of Francis Thompson's invocation of his Muse of Poetry:

"What I write thy wings incline  
Ah, my angel o'er the line  
Last and first, Oh, Queen Mary  
Of thy white immaculacy.

If my work may profit ought  
Fill with lilies every thought  
I surmise  
What is white will then be wise."

This is the spirit in which the members of the School of Catholic Literature enter into their work, continue it and bring it to a close.

That there is a school of Catholic writers is undeniable. The major group of the faculty are Newman, De Vere, Patmore, Johnson, Belloc, Benson, Thompson, and Kilmer. These authors carried the banner emblazoned with that motto so dear to the heart of Newman, "*Securus Judicat orbis terrarum.*" Men of strong conviction and possessing the courage of their convictions, overcharged with the realization of eternal truths were well equipped heaven sent messengers. The reading public today is athirst for Truth. Too long has the blight of the so-called Reformation rested on the world. Too long have the darkened spirits of evolution, materialism and Kantianism insinuated themselves into the class rooms of our schools and colleges.

The masters of this school tread on terra firma, solid, immovable dogma. In this field of inquiry one finds a characteristic mark — "the spirit of hardy masculinity and rugged chivalry that springs from faith aided and supplemented by tradition." The greatest boon to any man is faith — changeless, undying faith whose dogmas are more static than the fixed stars of the heavens. Today Catholic writers challenge the world. They speak not from a new rostrum but from the seat of St. Peter. In an age when the influence of Malthusianism inserts its poisonous fangs into society, great souls like Francis Thompson and Joyce Kilmer, champion the cause of the little child of whom the Master said "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Ability to reach into the child's world is one of the touchstones of poetic art. One author compares the child to the rosebud, another sees a simile in the moss rose but Francis

Thompson brings the child face to face with its Divine Companion. Listen to his address to the Infant King in

LITTLE JESUS

"Little Jesus, was't Thou shy  
Once, and just so small as I  
And what did it feel like to be  
Out of Heaven and just like me?"

Who has contributed a sweeter bouquet to the Child's Garden of Verse? Almost every couplet is an exquisite spiritual blossom:

"I should think that I should cry  
For my house all made of sky."

"I would look about the air  
And wonder where my angels were."

"And at waking 'twould distress me  
Not an angel there to dress me."

"Had'st Thou ever any toys  
Like us little girls and boys?"

"And did thy Mother at the night  
Kiss Thee and fold the clothes in right?"

"Take me by the hand and walk  
And listen to my baby talk."

What terms of intimacy Thompson teaches the child to address its Infant Savior! First impressions are lasting, and the child who learns to relish this poem "*Ex Ore Infantium*" possesses the seeds of future sanctity.

Again and again the child appealed to Francis Thompson's poetic mind. In his "*Essay on Shelley*" he simply bursts into prose poetry. He claimed that "Shelley was always a child—a child still at play though his playthings were larger. The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day

star. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amid the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven. He runs wild over fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions to see how she will look nicest in his poetry."

Joyce Kilmer, the father of six children not only stooped down to the child, but allowed it to put its tiny hand in his and sweetly lead the way. When infantile paralysis took little Rose from earth to heaven, her father saw the truth of the words—"A little child shall lead them." Within three months time the Church numbered Joyce Kilmer, his wife and children, among its chosen members. Although he felt he was always a Catholic in spirit, yet it was Rose's entrance into heaven that led him to hasten his footsteps toward the portals of the Church militant. He was convinced that in the economy of Divine Justice there are always "compensations, spiritual and mental for loss of physical power."

Oh you lovers of Childhood, read Joyce Kilmer's letters from France. Notice how often he asks if his little son Kenton has learned to serve Mass. Listen to his daily prayer that Kenton shall be a priest—a Jesuit. What thinking mind can read his life and not catch the contagion of his practical idealism? He lifts the toddling atoms of humanity up to the benign countenance of the Master and by his power of example helps to scatter into oblivion the influence of the unwholesome teachings of Anne Besant, a Warren S. Thompson, or an Arsene Dumont. Joyce Kilmer also took poetic flights into the realms of childhood. Artist that he was he could stand in the little place of a child and see that—

"His mind has neither need nor power to know  
The foolish things that men call right and wrong,  
For him the streams of pleasant love-wind flow,  
For him the mystic, sleep-compelling song.

Through love he rules his love made universe,  
And see with eyes by ignorance made keen  
The fauns and elves which older eyes disperse.

Both Francis Thompson and Joyce Kilmer admired Patmore. They were charmed with his poem, "The Toys." Yet when they wrote of the child did they not surpass Patmore? In "Little Jesus" Thompson confines himself to the child's own atmosphere from the first to the last word. In "To a Child," Kilmer never steps out of the child's fairyland. Of course if Patmore's aim was to illustrate God's forgiving attitude towards our childishness, there is no literary or moral impropriety in drawing his parallel in the poem of "The Toys." Yet psychologists ask—Would not the story possess overwhelming influence within its own content? Is it not the use of the child as a symbol to the adult rather than the fact in itself? Are we always thoroughly in sympathy with the child? Is not "the undue interposition by the adult — of his viewpoint — between himself and the child in the main hindrance to its proper development?" Until one sees his adultism objectively as the rock of offense, very often, the obstacle to the child's advancement remains. When child study leads one in this direction he need never question its practicality. "The symbol of the child" says Dr. Dewey, "must be taken as genuine, as intrinsic, as having meaning for the child himself." Let us ask: Did the child disobey in the moral sense? Was the command justified in reason? How far did the little one reflect his own father's spirit? How ought the father to amend for the child's sake? Alas! holding to one's mature viewpoint may force this greater consideration aside.

In the works of Francis Thompson and Joyce Kilmer we find a clear demarcation between the child and the man. But the question at once arises: Did not Kilmer use little Rose as a symbol of his own upward striving? Yes, but not until Rose was with the angels and beyond the need of human development. Let us quote "The Toys," and see for ourselves that the last twelve lines are a diverging message in touch

with the modern tendency to exploit the child by using him symbolically rather than employing every means offered to serve him in the struggle to gain possession of his growing powers.

## THE TOYS

"My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,  
And moved and spoke in quite grown-up wise,  
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,  
I struck him, and dismissed  
With hard words, and unkissed—  
His mother, who was patient, being dead.

"Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep  
I visited his bed,  
But found him slumbering deep,  
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet  
From his late sobbing wet.  
And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own:  
For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
He had put, with his reach,  
A box of counters and a red-veined stone  
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,  
And six or seven shells,  
A bottle with bluebells,  
And two French copper coins, ranged there with  
careful art,  
To comfort his sad heart.

"So, when that night I prayed  
To God, I wept and said:  
Ah! when at last we lie with tranced breath,  
Not vexing Thee in death,  
And Thou rememberest of what toys,  
We made our joys,  
How weakly understood  
Thy great commended good—  
Then, fatherly, not less  
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay  
Thou'll leave Thy wrath and say,  
'I will be sorry for their childishness.' "



"The child is father to the man" and our respect for his latent powers forbids us to make use of his tiny form in the domain of symbolism.

In respect to symbols may they not rightly be called the warp and woof of the poet's production? "The physicist is concerned with the general phenomena, actions and proprieties of bodies which do not involve any substantial change. The chemist investigates the difference between simple and compound bodies and the laws according to which these bodies combine and dissolve. The mechanic deals with the general laws of motion and equilibrium. The astronomer studies the motions, magnitudes, distances and physical constitution of the heavenly bodies and determines the laws which govern their motions and revolutions. Zoology and Botany treat of animals and plants, with reference to their structure, functions, development, analysis, nomenclature and classification. The geologist, mineralogist, and paleontologist are concerned with the structure of the earth, with the description and classification of minerals, with fossil organisms." The poet, like the cosmologist, may summon to his call any or all of these phenomena of the material universe and go beyond their scope in his symbolic treatment of inquiry into the inner nature of materiality.

Now where shall the poet find the most luxuriant and suggestive symbols, the most potent symbols of means of which souls may mount heavenward? Where shall he find the most simple and exalted ideas save in the mysteries of the Catholic religion. The symbolism of that Church is the repository of the simple ideas of God's revelation to men. The tree is symbolic of Christ who is called the "Tree of Life." As far back as the second century writers referred to Christ as "Piscis noster." Tertullian writes: "The smaller fishes after the example of our Fish are born in the waters and it is only by continuing in the waters that we are safe." The fact is that "the twentieth century is too materialistic to appreciate at its full value the symbolism of the ages of faith. Durandus wrote his austere complaints on the inaccessability

of man to the sublime symbolism of the Catholic Church in the thirteenth century when an enthusiastic and spiritualized society pushed forward toward a marvelous ideal and sought to escape the realities of terror by symbolizing life. If he lived today he would weep on beholding this age of prosaic dullness and avaricious industry, of jealousy and hatred avenged by bloody wars when men have lost the sense and have grown to regard the temples of their fathers and the ceremonies of their faith as hieroglyphic traces of a former world." The poet's mission therefore is heaven sent. He must handle symbols deftly and like a juggler hurl them at will until his feats attract the attention of thinking minds.

Since symbols are the gold mines of poetry, it is evidence that the best poems are those which reveal the skill of the author who takes a simple idea and enlarges, embellishes, diversifies and exalts it to its meeting place with uncreated beauty. Nowhere can be found a more beautiful passage of symbolism than in the opening lines of Thompson's

#### ORIENT ODE

"Lo, in the sanctuaried East,  
Day, a dedicated priest  
In all his robes pontifical exprest,  
Lifteth slowly, lifted sweetly,  
From out its Orient tabernacle drawn,  
Yon orb'd sacrament confest  
Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn;  
And when the grave procession ceased,  
The earth with due illustrious rite  
Blessed—ere the frail fingers featly  
Of twilight, violet-cassocked acolyte,  
His sacerdotal stoles unvest—  
Sets, for high close of the mysterious feast  
The sun in August exposition meetly  
Within the flaming monstrance of the West."

The Orient Ode is not Francis Thompson's masterpiece, yet had he written none other he would have won fame among the bards of England. His poem is doubly thrilling and stirs

the emotions to their deepest recesses when we recall the disappointment of this great soul when he faced the decision of the Ushaw faculty informing him that he was unqualified to become "a dedicated priest. In all his robes pontifical exprest." Of the pain of that moment the world may never know, but its reflex comes to us from the incensed odor of his verse.

One of Joyce Kilmer's exquisite symbolic poems is "Roses," told in the language of a child saint. The sentiment is worthy of a St. Agnes or of "The Little Flower of Jesus." With such grace and ease are these verses set forth that one sees the child roaming at will in the June woods gathering flowers. Into the village church the little one runs, lays down the love token looks up and sees the mystic roses, reflects, comes home and give us his—

#### ROSES

"I went to gather roses and twine them in a ring,  
For I would make a posy, a posy for the King.  
I got an hundred roses, the loveliest there be,  
From the white rose vine and the pink rose bush  
And from the red rose tree.

"But when I took my posy and laid it at His feet,  
I found He had His roses a million times more sweet.  
There was a scarlet blossom upon each foot and hand,  
And a great pink rose bloomed from  
His side for the healing of the land.

"Now of this fair and awful King there is this marvel told,  
That He wears a crown of linked thorns instead of one of  
gold.  
Where there are thorns are roses, and I saw a line of red,  
A little wreath of roses around His radiant head.

"A red rose is His Sacred Heart, a white rose is His face,  
And His breath has turned the barren world to a rich and  
flowery place.  
He is the Rose of Sharon, His gardener am I,  
And I shall drink His fragrance in heaven when I die."

In "Roses" the youthful poet has completely revealed his inner self. A soft lament of the heart in sympathy for His thorn-crowned King penetrates his tender soul. Then out of the sanctuary of his courageous heart he sings in a clear F major triad and heaves a joyful sigh as he draws the blessed breath of love Divine. In unborn ages lovers of the true and beautiful will catch a spark of this celestial fire. Who can escape its force? Irresistibly one is drawn into a sea of rapture until the waves of self-forgetfulness dash around him and all selfish gain gives place to the reign of Christ in the soul.

Though the fame of Francis Thompson and Joyce Kilmer rests on poetry, yet each has bequeathed a precious legacy of prose works. Francis Thompson's "Health and Holiness," alas, too little read, is scarcely inferior to his "Essay on Shelley," which has brought bursts of applause from all the bounds of earth where the English language is known. A striking passage is found in this essay—"Holiness is an oil which increases a hundredfold the energies of the body, which is as the wick. Important that this wick shall not needlessly be marred during preparation through some toughening ascetic process which must inflict certain injury. The flame is dependent after all on the corporeal wick." The argument set forth is substantiated by two illustrations—"Cardinal Manning's longevity and energy was due to the copiousness and purity of the oil." Then he claims that the energizing potentialities of sanctity displayed themselves in the activity of St. Francis of Assisium, in spite of the fact that he suffered constantly from the hemorrhage of the stigmata."

Another essay, "Nature's Immortality" is a deep study of "the heart of Nature." It is devoid of the conventional subjectivism of the pantheist. He says, "Absolute nature lives not in our life, nor yet is lifeless but lives in the life of God; and is so far, and so far merely as man himself lives in that life does he come into sympathy with Nature and Nature with him. She is God's daughter who stretches her hands only to her Father's friends." There is no attempt at metaphysical

exactness. He aims only to suggest ideas analogically. In his own words: "to put forth indeed a fantasy, that may perhaps be a dim shadowing of truth."

Thompson's "Life of St. Ignatius" is a lengthy biography of the illustrious founder of the Jesuit order. He was requested to write it by admirers of the great saint. The work has been revised by Father J. H. Pollen, S. J., and is complete. It shows the result of much research on the part of its author and an enthusiasm which he did not always bring to the works which were not of his own choice. Other prose works of Francis Thompson are essays on "Crashaw," "Aubrey de Vere," "Pope," "Sir Philip Sidney," "Ben Jonson" and "Shakespeare."

That Joyce Kilmer was an essayist and poet at the same time is evidenced by the fact that his first book "Summer of Love" was a little volume of poetry and his second book was "The Circus and Other Essays," an account of which appeared in *America* for December, 1916. The "Art of Christmas Giving" is an object lesson in unselfishness. Kilmer skillfully shows how the giver should consider that what every child and grown person wants to receive is a gift suited to his tastes and habits. He continues: "We may like books but let us not therefore feel obliged to sustain our literary reputation by giving them to our neighbor who wants a box of cigars or a jumping-jack." In his essay on "The Catholic Poets of Belgium" Kilmer pays a high tribute to the Church. He says: "It is not the disciples of Baudelaire and Mellarmè who have planted the seeds of poetry that shall soon burst into splendid bloom, but men like Thomas Baum and George Raemaekers, men who faithfully serving their Muse have never wavered in their allegiance to the Mistress of all the Arts, the Catholic Church. Belgium's poetry must become more and more spiritual; the poets have seen and felt things mighty and terrible and they can no longer concern themselves with erotic fancies and the nuances of their own emotions. In the days to come, historians of literature will perhaps see that on the thought of Belgium, as on the thought of all Europe,



this war has had a clarifying and strengthening effect. Good will come out of evil, sweetness from force and honey-comb out of the lion's carcass." Other works of Kilmer are "The Inefficient Library," "The Poetry of Helaire Belloc," "A Bouquet for Jenny," "Literature in the Making," "Suppose Dickens had Returned," and "The Education of Boys," in which he makes a strong appeal to parents and guardians to foster the Catholic education of youth. In reading his letters especially those written in France, one is impressed by the singular charm of their simplicity. The human element is uppermost in his messages from the scenes of battle.

In the field of literary criticism Francis Thompson and Joyce Kilmer take prominent places. Thompson was his own great critic. He knew that his "Hound of Heaven" was the most marvelous compendium of Christian mysticism. He was conscious that he could do as he said of Shelley—"stand at the very juncture line of the visible and invisible and could shift the points as he willed." He was keenly alive to the fact that his "Essay on Shelley" was a rare production. When the *Dublin Review* failed to publish it he said it was "a quite irreparable loss." He saw the fault lay not in the work, but in the fact that the editor "could not make up his mind whether it was heavenly rhetoric or infernal nonsense." He continued mildly "The editor is probably a person of only average literary taste." On another occasion when speaking of his "Essay on Shelley" he said that of its style he could recollect nothing like it in the English language. Yet, not until after his death did the *Dublin Review* publish the exquisite production. Another evidence that Francis Thompson was quite confident of his true worth in the field of literature is the testimony of Mr. Wilfred Whitten's obituary notice. He quotes:

"The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,  
Heavy with dreams, as that with bread;  
The goodly grain and the sun flushed sleeper  
The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper  
I hang mid men my needless head,



And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread.  
The goodly men and the sun hazed sleeper  
Time shall reap, but after the reaper  
The world shall gleam of me, me the sleeper."

How prophetic this rings! Thompson knew his poet's fire was unquenchable. Mr. Whitten adds, "When Francis Thompson wrote these verses, he did not indulge in a fitful or exalted hope; he expressed the quiet faith of his post-poetic years. Thompson knew that above the grey London tumult, in which he fared so ill, he had hung a golden bell whose tones would one day possess men ears. He believed that his name would be symphonised on their lips with Milton, Dryden and Keats. This he told me himself in words too obscure and too long ago for record. But he knew that Time would reap first." Thompson could see beyond the mere phenomena of external appearances. He says:

"From stones and poets you may know  
Nothing so active is, as that which least seems so."

Mr. Meynell says that "One goes to Thompson's criticisms not for his consistent good faith and sound sense, but for the few dominant vital enthusiasms that hold him." He claims that Thompson's "Crashaw" is penned in a critical tone. It contradicts in substance the manifest admiration which Thompson so often displayed of Crashaw's works. On one occasion he said, "My editors complain that I do not go for people—that I am too lenient." Yet we note the critical rhyme of

"Little poets, neither fool nor seer,  
Aping the larger song, let all men hear  
How weary is our heart these many days  
Peace but a passion.

Who yet can only bring  
With all their toil  
Their kettle of verse to sing

Of bards who, feeling half the thing they say  
Say twice the thing they feel and in such way  
But never boil —  
How weary is our heart these many days."

Kilmer's biographer, Mr. Holliday, says: "As a brilliant interpretative critic of Catholic writers such as Crashaw, Patmore, Francis Thompson, Lionel Johnson and Belloc, he brought, I think I may venture to say, an altogether new touch into Catholic journalism in America, a striking and distinguished blend of 'piety and mirth,'" Kilmer was the kindest of critics. His desk was always heaped with letters asking his opinion and advice. He was ever ready to help those in whom he saw promise of success. Kilmer's sympathies were with honest effort. When the inferior writers of New York complained that their poems were undervalued he scathed them. Kilmer knew from his own experience that recognition among literary men is the fruit of merit just as denunciation is the result of inefficiency. In his poem "To a Young Poet who Killed Himself" he depicts most skillfully the weakness of the inferior poet.

"You could not vex the merry stars  
Nor make them heed you dead or living  
Not all your puny anger mars  
God's irresistible forgiving."

How charitable after all was Kilmer's criticism. He threw the cloak of merciful forgiveness over frail humanity, for Kilmer was a Catholic in word and in deed. Religion became the touchstone of his poetical power.

"As star differeth from star in glory" so shall we expect to find contrasts in our literary lights. We find Thompson standing under a London street lamp writing verses on the backs of envelopes. We see Joyce Kilmer in the family circle under the roof of

"A house that has sheltered life,  
That has put its loving wooden arms

Around a man and wife,  
A house that echoed a baby's laugh  
And help up its stumbling feet."

Francis Thompson's life was a social failure. Joyce Kilmer's was a social success. Francis Thompson's Catholicity was inherent. Joyce Kilmer's was a gift from heaven in answer to his prayer. Francis Thompson's religious ideas were permanently fixed in infancy. Joyce Kilmer traveled along the paths of an episcopalian, and of a "wild-eyed, radical socialist" until finally "the light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world" flooded his receptive soul. Francis Thompson's poetry is sung in Minor key indicative of great loss. The dominant tone is pain. Joyce Kilmer's song is written in a Major key. The dominant tone is human and spiritual joy. Thompson's powers were practically unknown during his life. Not until he came in touch with Mr. Meynell did he know that he ranked to Shakespeare and no one was third. Joyce Kilmer was sought by young and old who valued his genius as a writer. Francis Thompson had been criticized severely. "His *Mystery of Vision*" has been called the "Oracular utterances of a mystic, an abominable paean." Why? Because few understand that the 'Mystery of Vision' is pain." Let the reader comprehend this and Francis Thompson no longer mystifies him. It is the key that unlocks the door of his philosophy. Critics bring forth objections against his phraseology. "Some claim his absolute and coined words are simply 'linguistic monstrosities' yet they permit Shakespeare this same privilege without a murmur." A close study of Thompson's unusual words reveal the fact that the reader's vocabulary is in need of expansion. Joyce Kilmer's works were never harshly attacked. This is a proof that the Church has now the prestige which Protestantism attempted to dethrone. In June 1898 Canon Sheehan wrote in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, "If Francis Thompson had been an Anglican or Unitarian his praises would have been sung unto the end of the earth, disciples would have knelt at his feet. But, being a Catholic, he is allowed to retire and bury in silence one of

the noblest imaginations that has ever been given to Nature's select ones—her poets." America on the contrary, was alert in the recognition of her literary genius—Joyce Kilmer.

Thompson's masterpiece "The Hound of Heaven" is the most wonderful mystic lyric ever penned in English verse. One almost feels the intimate loving Presence of the Divine Lover of men. As to the original conception of the title, critics differ. Some claim that the idea took root in "the thought of the pursuing love in Silvio Pellico's 'Dio Amore,' " or it may have been suggested by one of the poems of the Spanish mystic St. John of the Cross. Others surmise that it may have been borrowed from Celtic mythology in which the Hound of Ulster is the great hero. Another conjecture is that the term "Heaven's Winged Hound" in the opening act of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" may have given rise to the term. Not improbable is the conclusion that the idea arose out of the singular circumstances of Thompson's pathetic life and that filled with remorse as if every honest soul when reflecting on its own failings he tearfully and regretfully says:

"I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;  
I fled Him, down the arches of the years."

The expression "the arches of the years" was very likely suggested to Thompson by Addison's "Vision of Mirzah." This bridge is seen by Mirzah after death, as he listens to the heavenly airs played by shepherd clad geniuses for the purpose of wearing away the impressions of the last agony. The arches numbered three score and ten, symbolizing man's brief span of life. Such a theme could not fail to deeply impress Francis Thompson. The poem is laden with elaborate mental pictures portrayed in a single line:

"Adown Titantic glooms of chasmed fears."

Again,

"I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist."

Then he sighs forth that unsurpassed passage of spiritual philosophy:

“My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.  
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,  
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.”

“Ah! must —  
Designer Infinite!

Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?”

John Thomson, an able writer and fair critic, says “Great alike in theme, execution and in the completeness of its message, it is safe to say that as a religious poem “The Hound of Heaven” has no superior. It stands unique, for all the world, and for all time—Strange and startling fancies in words; adjectives that illumine like furnaces in the night; deep sounds and echoes—the sounds of restless humanity in search of the world’s witchery, the echoes of the message of the Psalmist of old—and underlying all, the pleading of the Father for His prodigal son; such, in short is ‘The Hound of Heaven,’ a poem which forever will be cherished by many, although appreciated and grasped in full only by the deeper souled few who can comprehend the wonderful lyric of “Crashaw cast in a diviner mould.” The “Hound of Heaven” reflects the spirit of a man devoid of ambition for worldly gain. Thompson lived in the sphere of his own poetic creations; reduced the necessities of life to a minimum; bade defiance to the blows of fate and assumed a grandeur uplifted above the storms of life like a rock which towers to the sky from out the foaming sea. He looked the inevitable in the face and schooled himself to regard his existence not as an end, but as the means of reaching life eternal. He learned the art of finding his way out of the labyrinths of sorrow and yet retained a wonderful repose of soul. Physical privations were nothing if only the ideas for which he lived remained untouched. To Francis Thompson anguish of soul was but the “Shake of His Hand, outstretched caressingly?” His ear

was attuned to the music of the chastening voice of the Divine Pursuer.

"Ah fondest, blindest, weakest  
I am He whom thou seekest!  
Thou dravest love from three who dravest Me."

Glowing flashes dart through the night of Thompson's dereliction and by their glow heaven's pathways are unveiled. Little souls, it is true, still start at the omnipotent fearful spirit which in Thompson's great work appears as from out a thunder cloud, transfixing all by its force. Thinking minds are held captive by the gentle voice as it speaks from the world of his rich imagination. They learn to understand all the divine forebodings, thoughts and feelings which unite to rise above the childish nonsense of earth. Thompson invites the literary world to attend his poetic rhapsody and permits to those who respond to his call, the ravishing delights of looking into the depths of the spiritual life of a minor St. Francis Assisium. To Francis Thompson the spirit of God was not only in the reflex of His image in man. It was "Lo here! lo there!—ah me, lo everywhere." No wonder "his poetry is vestment-clad and odorous of incense of the sanctuary."

While Francis Thompson has given us one great "chef d'oeuvre" Joyce Kilmer gives us two short poems, one in each hand. We may choose one or take both. One is "Trees," which shall keep his memory forever green. It has the singular reputation of having been voluntarily memorized by legions of persons old and young. Who can look at a graceful tree and not recall the beauty of those lines?

"I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;



A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray:

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair:

Upon whose bosom snow has lain  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree."

The other poem "Main Street" is equally rich in poetic sentiment and beauty. After describing the village business street in terms as only a poet can, he concludes with:

"God be thanked for the Milky Way that runs across the sky,  
That's the path that my feet would tread whenever I have to  
die.

Some folks call it a Silver Sword and some a Pearly Crown  
But the only thing I think it is, is Main Street, Heaventown."

Such are some of the gems dropped to us from the great soul of Joyce Kilmer on his flight heavenward. Like a far off chorus of retreating angels his music lingers in the human heart with ever recurring refrains because his song has its root in truth—undying, eternal Truth. Thompson sounds the abyssmal depths of the philosophy of sorrow. Kilmer touches the same note with his "Crown of Linked Thorns." In Thompson's last poem "The Kingdom of God," he gives us a glimpse of this nearness to uncreated beauty.

"Oh world invisible, we view thee  
Oh world intangible, we touch thee  
Inapprehensible we clutch thee!

Not where the wheeling systems darken  
And our benumbed conceiving soars!  
The drift of pinions would we harken,  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors."

Let us go to the battlefield in spirit with Joyce Kilmer and listen to his "Prayer to a Soldier"—a prayer one would expect from the lips of Crashaw. But the twentieth century is not wanting in exponents of manliness combined with holiness.

"My shoulder aches beneath the heavy pack  
(Lie easier cross upon His Back)  
I march with feet that burn and smart  
(Tread Holy Feet, upon my heart).  
Men shout at me who may not speak  
(Then scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

Lord Thou didst suffer more for me  
Than all the hosts of land and sea.  
So let me render back again  
This millionth of Thy gift, Amen."

Francis Thompson breathes pathetic strains of poetic rhapsodies. Joyce Kilmer sounds a silvery tone of purest happiness. Thompson throws a desolate moonlight on the crags which are strewn along life's path. His mystic veil is woven with tears and sighs. How applicable to himself are his own words which tell of the soul that:

"Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour  
In night's slow-wheeled car;  
Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length  
I waited the inevitable last."

Joyce Kilmer looks out on the same world as did Francis Thompson. He saw its bustle, he hears its tumult and his noble sentiments are voiced in the lines of

#### THANKSGIVING

"The roar of the world is in my ears  
Thank God for the roar of the world!  
Thank God for the mighty tide of fears  
Against me, always hurled!  
  
Thank God for the better and ceaseless strife  
Thank God for the chastening rod!  
Thank God for the stress and the pain of life  
And Oh! thank God for God!

In regard to style both men reflect themselves absolutely. In "Any Saint" one can almost trace the autobiographical train of thought that makes it a human poem, yet it sounds the note of highest spirituality in the humility of the first stanza,

"His shoulder did I hold  
Too high that I o'erbold  
Weak one,  
Should lean upon."

Joyce Kilmer sounds the same chord of personal revelation in

THE ROSARY

"There is one harp that any hand can play  
And from its strings what harmonies arise!  
There is one song that any mouth can say  
A song that lingers when all singing dies.  
When on their beads our Mother's children pray  
Immortal music charms the grateful skies."

The deep religious sentiment of Francis Thompson and Joyce Kilmer may be epitomized in these lines:

"And past those noised Feet  
A voice comes yet more fleet  
Lo! naught contents thee who content'st not Me."

In fine Francis Thompson and Joyce Kilmer saw in nature and life two great mirrors of eternal wisdom and beauty. They penetrated into the depths of Truth and reflected with marvelous skill the strife for mastery over the spirit of the world and the rising of the soul to blessed harmony with humanity and with God. To both Thompson and Kilmer we address the lines stated by Thompson in

GARDEN GENESIS

"Poet! still thou dost rehearse  
In the great fiat of thy Verse, Creations primal plot;  
And what thy Maker in the whole  
Worked, little maker, in thy soul  
Thou work'st and men know not."

Of both great poets we can say as Patmore said of Thompson that their poetry is "spiritual, almost to a fault. This spirituality is a real ardour of life and not the mere negation of life which passes with most people for spirituality." Poetry has clearly defined functions in the life of man. One of its highest purports is to reveal an intense consciousness of the all-enveloping Divine Presence. In this realization the words of "The Hound of Heaven" ring softly, ring reassuringly in the mist that arises from fears which flourish in the "Valley of Tears."

"All which I took from thee, I did but take  
Not for thy harms,  
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms  
All which thy child's mistake  
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home  
Rise, clasp my hand, and come."

S. M. G. R.

## “The Ignorance of the Educated”



POLITICIANS are safe,” smiled Mr. Chesterton, “therefore nobody else is safe.” And we Chicagoans instinctively felt that this was not a paradox. When he spoke of duels he grimly added, “politicians are sometimes killed in them,” and we were convinced that this speaker was no mere essayist—he was one journalist who found happiness in truth. We waited eagerly for more and were rewarded with the words of a man who thinks, speaks and writes with the gift of genius.

Mr. Chesterton is tall and portly and his photographs are unjust to his gentlemanly appearance. When he walked out upon the stage at Orchestra Hall he seemed indeed to be a man worthy of the great honors which nations have conferred on him. To say that he has a magnetic personality would be inadequate. Before he spoke a single word we knew that his greatness had not been exaggerated. Henry Kitchell Webster, a native novelist introduced to us Gilbert K. Chesterton. And then we learned something of the “ignorance of the educated.”

“A subject has been chosen for me on which it is perfectly plain no one could lecture.” Here he apologized to those who would be unable to hear him. “An apology,” he explained, “which it is perfectly obvious will not reach their ears, so they cannot receive my assurance that their sufferings will by no means compare with those who can hear me.”

Mr. Chesterton wove his lecture around a remark of Artemus Ward; “it isn’t so much people’s ignorance that does the harm, as it is their knowing so many things that ain’t so.” With calm assurance he outlined the fallacy in the theory of evolution and denied that the pre-historic man struck the struggling woman with a club, and then dragged her away to marry him. What do we know of pre-historic

times? "The substitution of a theory for a thing is what I object to," said Mr. Chesterton. How can Mr. Wells in his so-called "Outline of History" fall into so deep a chasm of improbability? In his chapter on pre-historic times he, like everyone else, has no evidence to substantiate his statements. The despotism of the Chieftain, the Teutonic Theory and the Missing Link were all ridiculed by Mr. Chesterton and the audience found intense pleasure in his striking examples.

Labor has a champion in this fair-minded Englishman. He spoke bitterly against class distinction but said, "I can endure better the predominating system of capitalism rather than the utopia of the Bolsheviks." Prohibition was attacked because it is enforced only upon the poor and because "the most important fact of prohibition is that it is not established." In concluding, Mr. Chesterton extolled the heroes of Gettysburg because they died in the belief that the common people could govern themselves.

And when this prince of paradoxes had answered every question that a large audience could conceive; when he had left the stage and the last faint applause had drifted away, we wondered "did he mean it?" We have been intermittently hypnotized by ingenious Englishmen who have graciously condescended to enlighten us. Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Drinkwater, John Ayscough, and Forbes Robertson have graced our American stages with their gifted personalities, and yet we felt that the Great Englishman had not yet crossed the Atlantic. Surely he has come now in the person of Gilbert K. Chesterton. His criticism of the "Works of Charles Dickens," his amusing novel, "The Man who was Thursday," his inimitable essays, "Tremendous Trifles" and "The Uses of Diversity," his sparkling comedy "Magic," contain the discerning talent of Walter Pater, the satirical humor of Thackeray, the heavenly gift of Newman, the creative power of Shakespeare. His works reflect the man and magnify his sincerity.

Mr. Chesterton's logic is simple and straightforward. Subtle, wily maneuvers are literary excursions. Without pre-



tense or deceit he unravels his skein of thought and weaves his work with the thread of truthfulness. It is difficult to imagine a more candid, equitable and honorable character than he who says a paradox is "a truth expressed in terms of a logical contradiction." We naturally associate him with Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, but he has neither the vague faculty of the former nor the atheistic spirit of the latter.

To-day, when the philosophy of the world is a matter of individual convenience it is a stimulant to find a man whose reason is guided by principle. Mr. Chesterton is not a Catholic, but his beliefs are Catholic and consequently he is not revered by the bulk of Great Britain. It is a happy thought to consider that sometime before this crest of life is passed the Catholic Church may augment its long list of logicians with the name of Gilbert K. Chesterton.

GEORGE R. PIGOTT.



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## What Are You Here For ?

THE conventional answer to the question above would be "to learn." But is that the real answer? It shouldn't be. Of course it used to serve mighty well in grammar school as a reply to maiden aunts or others of age and wisdom who merited a discreet reply, but any undergraduate who would answer thus, and really believe that he had given a complete reply, would show that he had a misconception of the function of a college.

The proper and complete answer is:

"I am here to serve an apprenticeship in the trade of life; to develop those qualities which I must have to insure my future well-being. I am here primarily to develop my intellect, but I must also cultivate those powers which will

enable me to carry out the judgments of that intellect and to be a success. I must develop initiative, resourcefulness, loyalty and ability to take my place in society."

College faculties have perceived that class-room instruction alone can never develop these qualities. Accordingly they have encouraged extra-class activities such as athletics, debating societies, publications, fraternities and social events, which simulate conditions prevailing in the world outside and give one who participates in them training which afterwards will prove useful to him.

The student who thus develops or who even tries to develop his powers in his college days, will find that he is better fitted to solve the problems of life, and to battle with the unfriendly world, than he would be if he were to suddenly emerge from a world of "semester hours" and "English 10's" to a world where the slogan is: "It isn't what you know that counts; it's what you do."

J. J. T.

## Books

**T**O define "book" is a complex problem. Commercially speaking it is a pile of printed pages bound between two covers and netting anywhere from a quarter up on the market. Yet, it is even more than that. Milton says, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured upon on purpose to a life beyond life." Its scope is universal. Sometimes, it is a man's innermost thoughts revealed, sometimes, his discoveries, sometimes, his philosophy of life; and sometimes, it is your or his or my soul, stripped of its shams and held up as it were in a mirror to the eyes of the world.

Books come into being under conditions as varied and contrary as are the moods of the men that produce them. From out of an Italian prison ages ago came "The Consolation of Philosophy." The little rat-infested garrets of the cities have seen written books that are a marvel even

to you and me. The sweetest stories have often come from minds racked with torture; and the gruesome tales upon our bookshelves may have had their origin in the most contented brain.

Books are for man. They purpose to teach him his true place in the mechanism of life. Within this book is a warning against the vanity of pride and within that is the spur to deeds of might and worth. These pages disclose the wonders of the earth, the sea and the sky; and those, the beauty of the bird, the tree and the flower. This is a volume of Stagyrrian wisdom and that the learning of a modern sage. These lines trace the downward path of your fellow man in all its morbid and depressing aspects, and those the uphill climb of a mortal who dared to look with wonder and longing upon the stars.

The might of the pen is an axiom. For good or for evil, the book is an influence, unsurpassed by the pulpits, the school, the devil or the flesh. There is a subtle means of infusing error or truth into the intellect which the printed page can best supply. A little volume, fresh from the press, can spread more vices than a saint can reform in an age. I know a book, whose contents millions of Christians hold sacred. It is the infallible righter of the wronged, and unerring guide of the righteous. Its truths have permeated the civilization of the world and found seeds which grew into doubts and revolts and miseries. The monk of Wurtenburg wrote his book of treatises and the Pope lost half his subjects. A lady of the North dreamed and wrote of the negro slave and many a Northern reader clasped his Southern brother in the cold arms of steel. A French wretch in a Terror prison picked up a copy of the New Testament, read and was transformed. When a few weeks later, the prison gates were thrown open, there came forth De Harpe, the man. And so, books are born and live to do their work of good or evil as the writers intend. But sometimes, books that were meant for one purpose result in another, for a good book is like a good pill, concocted and prescribed by the best wits. You find it ever coated with a sweetness that renders it palatable,

whilst underneath this subterfuge is a mixture, bitter to our conceit, our vanity and foolish ambition. If taken wisely, it cannot but prove profitable. But too often, we defeat its original purpose by looking off the sugar-coating and discarding the rest ; that is, we rush through the pages and absorb what is of interest, but never take home one thought to ourselves.

V. J. SHERIDAN.

# Alumni

## The Golden Jubilee Banquet

**A** NEW era in the history of Loyola University dawned with the Golden Jubilee Banquet held at the Hotel Sherman on Wednesday, January twenty-sixth. It was not only the numbers that attended that presaged bigger and better things for the University, but also their spirit of fellowship and unanimity, and their evident determination to make the Alumni Association a live organization which will lend whole-hearted support to every University activity, and will help to make the next fifty years of Loyola's life even more successful than the preceding half-century has been.

The banquet opened with the formal election of

### THE CLASS OF 1921

to the Alumni Association, upon a motion made by Mr. Bremner, secretary of the Silver Jubilee Class of 1896. Toastmaster Augustine J. Bowe, President of the Alumni Association, welcomed the new members, and informed all those who had matriculated with the Class of '21 but who had since left college, that this election made them also eligible to membership.

Mr. Bowe then thanked Mr. JOHN MOORE and REV. GEORGE P. SHANLEY, S. J., in the name of the Association for the part they had had in making the banquet a success, by their diligent and untiring work in locating "lost Alumni." (Mr. Moore gave over seven weeks of his time to this work alone.

The toastmaster also complimented

### THE COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

MAL. FOLEY

LAMBERT K. HAYES

HARRY BEAM

for their work in the planning of the banquet, and their valiant efforts in handling the difficult situation created by the



unusually large attendance. Nearly twice more than were expected came, but this could not be guessed from the manner in which they were accommodated.

Lest we forget in our enthusiasm, it is well here, as a companion piece to the "Those Who Got In" of the *Loyola University News* (our esteemed contemporary) we present,

#### THOSE WHO MISSED THEIR TRAIN

Honorable Herbert Hoover, Honorable Joseph Tumulty, Admiral Benson, Judge Martin J. Wade, Senator David I. Walsh, Rt. Rev. John Cavanaugh.

Immediately after the noise of clashing cutlery had subsided,

GEORGE HRUSA, Violinist

played several pieces which were very well received. He was accompanied by James Murphy, '01.

The first speaker was our "fellow student,"

#### MR. ANTON SCHAGER

of Joliet, dubbed "Nestor" by our aforementioned esteemed contemporary, the *Loyola University News*. In spite of the fact that the gentleman was a member of the first class, that of 1870, the cognomen is, to say the least, inappropriate, as may be judged from the incident related by Mr. Schager concerning President Bowe's mistake in taking him for his son. We presume that at the end of the next quarter-century, when whoever then happens to be president of the Alumni Association, approaches Mr. Schager with the request that he ask his father to speak at the Diamond Jubilee Banquet, he will respond as he did to Mr. Bowe in similar circumstances, with "You're talking to the father now."

Mr. Schager spoke of the early days of the College, stoutly maintaining that the students of his day raised as much — cain (you know what we mean) as those of any subsequent period.

In conclusion he gave all credit to his college training for the success he had attained, and said that whoever re-

ceived the benefit of the same training was on the road to success. Following a piano selection by

MR. A. HUGUELET

organist at the Cathedral, came the golden-tongued orator,—

MR. MICHAEL V. KANNALLY

Comment on his speech would be superfluous as it appears elsewhere in the MAGAZINE, but we cannot refrain from saying to the newly elected Alumni that the decade since they were reciting "I love—you love—she loves," is nearly over, and that the time is near at hand when "plucking the petals from a daisy," each will mutter to himself, "She loves me—she loves me not." (All announcements should be addressed to the Alumni Editor of the MAG.)

After Mr. Kannally came, not a "super-man," but a tenor of the Chicago Grand Opera Association,

MR. WILLIAM ROGERSON

a former student, whose rendition of several selected songs was of as high quality as the applause he received was whole-hearted and prolonged.

In the name of the five hundred and forty-three successful men present at the banquet, we wish to denounce the libelous assertion of the *Loyola University News* that they "looked relieved" when

FATHER JOHN A. MCCARTHY

said that money, social position and commercial advancement were not true success, but that the loyalty of one's friends often was (possibly our contemporary—not esteemed this time, as you may notice—may endeavor to crawl out of the difficulty by claiming the freedom of the dramatic form, but all fair-minded men will agree with us that the statement in question was so great a stretching of the truth as to harrow one's aesthetic soul.)

Father McCarthy's wish, on behalf of the priests among the Alumni, was that the University should continue its success in the future as in the past, and that the time would soon

come when it will be recognized as one of the largest and best schools in the country.

DR. L. D. MOORHEAD

Dean of Loyola Medical College, the next speaker, might be considered as a connecting link between the Arts Alumni and the Medical Alumni, as he received his A. B. at the College in 1912.

This was the first reunion that the Medical Alumni took part in, and it was peculiarly appropriate that Dr. Moorhead should have a hand both in the giving and the receiving of the toast: "To the Medical Alumni, we give 'the hand of friendship and a hearty welcome'; to the Medical Faculty, 'co-operation'; and to the Administration, 'the hand of help, a desire for success, and God-speed.'"

Dr. Moorhead told of the struggles of the Medical School from an inauspicious beginning, to its present position, where, enriched with its numerous hospital affiliations, and having among its professors former members of the faculties, as well as graduates, of Harvard, Columbia, the University of Chicago and the University of Padua, it ranks with the best schools of the country.

Never have we seen the "psychological moment" so speedily recognized as it was by the Class of '21 immediately before—

REV. JOHN B. FURAY, S. J.

rose to speak. He was gently reminded by these perspicacious gentlemen that now was an exceptionally appropriate moment for the granting of a holiday. (We are silent as to the success of the plot, though perhaps the statement that fifty years is a long time in the life of a man, but a short one in the life of an institution, aroused a deep foreboding in the breasts of the conspirators.)

Father Furay related the story of the establishment of St. Ignatius College. In 1857 Father Arnold Damen came to Chicago, then a struggling frontier town. Despite the seeming unfitness of the place for such an undertaking, Father

Damen began to dream of founding a college, for "wherever a Jesuit places his foot permanently, whether in India, Japan, or China, in South Africa or South America, he is constantly searching for a place where he may establish an institution of higher learning."

Father Damen's plan was discussed long and carefully, as witness the following entry in the house history for 1865:

"The consultors do not think that it is time as yet to begin the college." Finally, in 1869, the erection of St. Ignatius College was begun on the site of a Lutheran church.

As the foundation of the College was due to Father Damen's unusual executive ability, broad vision, and deep and lasting faith in its growth; so, much of the progress of later years is due to Father John Virden. He it was who began the library, which, built up through the aid of Mr. William Onahan and Mr. John Naghten, now numbers over fifty thousand volumes, among them many of the rarest books.

Father Furay also praised the efforts of all those others who have had a hand in the growth of the University, and stated that this year it has had the largest enrollment in its history.

The Golden Jubilee Banquet was but an affair of the moment, a pause to look back at work well done, and to take a breath before entering on the path ahead, but there is no doubt but that each of the five hundred and forty-three loyal Alumni present recognized in the spirit that prevailed a guidepost that points to future success.

J. J. T.

Among those present were:

- ✓ Ahern, M. J., 1474 Catalpa Street.
- Alexander, C. B., M. D., Harvey, Illinois.
- ✓ Amberg, E. J., 6246 Glenwood Avenue.
- ✓ Ambrose, Edward, 3931 West Congress Street.
- Ambrose, Ralph, 3931 West Congress Street.
- ✓ Anderson, George J., 1112 Taylor Street.
- ✓ Anderson, J. E., 1315 Norwood Street.

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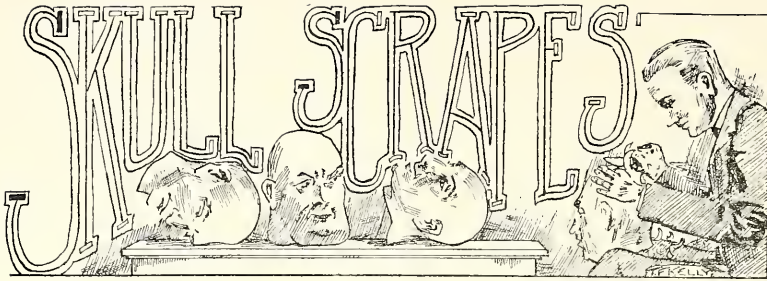


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Whitty, Elmer J. W., 1309, 69 West Washington.  
Wiehl, T. A., 650 Arlington Place.  
Willey, J. O. D., 1218 Ashland Block.  
Wilson, Rev. Samuel K., S. J., St. Ignatius College.  
Withers, G. H., M. D., 30 North Michigan Avenue.  
Witmanski, Rev. P. P., St. Joseph's Church.  
Witmanski, Stephen I., 617 Ashland Boulevard.  
Zahringer, George J., 5130 Ellis Avenue.  
Zarek, John G., 5519 South Lincoln Street.  
Zvetina, John A., 1726 South Racine Avenue.



AFTER giving the rest of the students of the college a chance to conduct this column we have by popular demand (ahem) returned to scrape the Skull of Humor(?)

\* \* \*

Scrape No. 1 follows (Freshman not to read): This is a Movie scenario of our own composition and production. Sorry we cannot show you the pictures but the art department of this corporation is notoriously slow in getting its work done. Anyway you will realize what the picture should be from the mere perusal of the script.

\* \* \*

#### OUR LITTLE NELL'S ROMANCE

Nell was a simple country girl  
 Who milked the cows each day;  
 Bill was a Big Town slicker  
 Fresh from the Great White Way.

In the town of Crooked Corners  
 Was where this twain did meet.  
 Bill was a gay deceiver  
 Nell was a maiden sweet.

You guess the same old story  
 That you read in Cosmo's books  
 The villain with the slushy line,  
 The country kid with looks.

But this our tale's a fooler  
It does not end that way.  
Bill opened all his bag of tricks  
But found they did not pay.

Now some will wish to snicker when  
I tell to them the rest,  
Bill fell in love with Nellie and  
I think this stunt his best.

Bill was the wisest piker  
Crook'd Corners e'er did meet  
For Billies bank roll was as flat  
As Nellie's father's feet.

O yes! they're married now, of course  
Bill drives his Ford to town  
And as the fat years ramble by  
Bill's form and purse grow round.

The moral of the fable is,  
As Aesop used to say:  
"They're not all fools who beat it from  
The naughty Great White Way.

\* \* \*

Ignatz says:

What'sa matter with this country anyhow? All the time fightin'. We just got thru lickin' the Germans and now the fellow that makes the Fords starts pickin' on the Jews. We're all fightin' that "unestablished state" called Prohibition; and the Blue Laws. Yes, everybody's fightin' but the Irish are doing more than their share, as usual.

Well, it looks pretty good for the Irish right now, for when Irish dinners are selling for one hundred to a thousand iron men a plate—Irish liberty bonds must sure be way 'bove par. It looks mighty peculiar to me the way some of these here financiers are helping the Irish. They must be figurin'



on selling shamrocks to the Eskimos for the second "K" in "K and K."

Well anyway, you got to hand it to those Irishmen. They sure love to fight if they're not fightin' they're not happy. Wasn't they fightin' the Germans for the English a few years back? And now ain't they turned around and started in on the English?

Well I wish 'em luck for I don't like that Johnny Bull nohow. Any guy that can borrow five billions off a country that's run by a bunch of grabbing politicians must sure be one slick bird. It's not like our statesmen to let that much get away from them. And that there loan looks mighty shady to me. Anyhow we shouldn't lend money to any country that let's her citizens wear monocles.

Peace has its heros as well as war—and patriotism is not alone a matter of waving banners and thundering guns. Witness this little parody, "The National Colors."

\* \* \*

#### THE NATIONAL COLORS

A patriotic gentleman  
Is my first cousin Ted  
He showed the colors of our flag  
Beginning with the red.

In good old days before the war  
When Volstead Act was not,  
His nose a fiery crimson glowed  
And redder grew each shot.

But when he found that those who said  
Prohibition'd come, were right,  
He winced as though he were in pain  
And turned a chalky white.

And now since all the puritans  
Have other laws in view,

To frame the Sabbath to their plan  
He's been a constant blue.

A patriotic gentleman  
Is my first cousin Ted,  
They'll wrap his body in the flag  
Whenever he is dead.

\* \* \*

BOY! PAGE B. L. T.

VERGIL—Illa fert pharetrum umeris.

CICERO—Cui bono fuerit?

\* \* \*

This is an age of abbreviations. Think of the day when  
"La Belle Dame Sans Merci" meant "Vamp."

\* \* \*

#### SUNDAY SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

Christening will be held this afternoon at three o'clock.  
Mrs. Murphy will greatly oblige us if she comes on time  
this year.

\* \* \*

This one is awfully silly but perhaps the "Frosh" will  
enjoy it.

O' O' O' Hen'ree

The boy stood on the railroad track,  
The train was coming fast;  
The boy stepped off the railroad track,  
To let the train go past.

\* \* \*

Here's somebody came to help us out—Welcome, Eddie:

#### BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS

They took away our whisky, and they took away our beer,  
They took away that good old "bock," and gave us stuff called  
"near."

They want to stop our smoking, and our chewing if we chew,  
For they get paid for stopping us from doing what we do.

They're going to censor movies and the drama so they say,  
And they're going to close the poolrooms, and they've stopped  
the cabaret.

They're going to close up everything on Sunday pretty soon,  
Then we will have all sorts of fun, just looking at the moon.

When we go out on Sunday we'll get pinched if we should  
smile,  
And wearing crepe and mourning then, will sure be right in  
style.  
And when you want to treat a friend, and ask him what he'll  
take,  
He'll say, "I'll have a stick of gum or a piece of angel cake."

So when they close up everything, and there's nothing else  
to do.  
And reformers who have made their pile have bid us fond  
adieu,  
I'll take a pick and dig a hole about three feet by eight,  
And then I'll sit around and smile, and wait, and wait, and  
wait.

E. KING.

\* \* \*

#### THE DEVIL'S SUCCESSOR

Satan sat in Hades,  
On a pile of dynamite;  
His head was bowed upon his breast,  
His face a woeful sight.

As he laid aside his pitchfork,  
The fire dripped from his eyes;  
For his resignation had been accepted,  
By the throne beyond his skies.

"I'm through," the saddened Devil said.  
He said it with a sob;  
There's another who outclasses me,  
Who well deserves my job.

Lloyd George is my successor,  
The King of the Black and Tans;  
Hell will run more smoothly,  
In his competent murdering hands.

It breaks my heart to leave this home,  
The place I love so well;  
But I'm unfit and out of date,  
When it comes to running hell.

JAMES M. TYRRELL.

# University Chronicle

## Misericordia Hospital

**T**HE dedicatory ceremonies for Misericordia Maternity Hospital and Infants' Home took place on Wednesday, February 2nd, at 10:30 A. M. A large and distinguished assemblage was present to witness the ritual which was performed by His Grace, Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, assisted by Rev. John B. Furay, S. J., president of the University, Rev. Patrick J. Mahan, S. J., regent of the Medical School, Very Rev. Monsignor E. F. Hoban, Chancellor, and Rev. E. F. Fox, pastor of St. Charles' Church. Following the dedication, Mass was celebrated in the hospital chapel by Very Rev. E. F. Hoban. In the sanctuary were present Monsignori William Foley of St. Ambrose; Fitzsimmons of Holy Name Cathedral, Riordan of St. Elizabeth, Rev. John Webster Melody of St. Jarlath, Rev. W. McGuire of Corpus Christi and many others. Rev. John W. Melody, D. D. delivered the sermon in which he lauded His Grace for establishing such a needed haven for the protection of the poor and unfortunate women of the Archdiocese.

Immediately following the Mass and during the remainder of the day, a reception was held by the Sisters of Mercy, to whom His Grace has entrusted the care of the hospital. Amongst the many visitors were prominent men and women who have always been active in Catholic charitable undertakings. Some of those present were: Dr. and Mrs. McGuire, Dr. and Mrs. Philip Kreuscher, Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Moorhead, Drs. Michael McGuire, Geo. T. Jordan, Robert A. Black, Henry L. Schmitz, Richard J. Tivnen, Charles L. Mix, William A. Quinn, M. Mandel, L. D. Moorhead, Charles Sawyer, John Golden and D. J. Griffin.

The entire staff of the new hospital is composed of members of the faculty of Loyola Medical School, as follows:

Attending Staff—Dr. Walter G. McGuire, chief obstetrician; Dr. Michael Mullen, associate obstetrician; Dr. R. A. Black, pediatrician; Dr. William A. Quinn, dermatologist; Dr. James P. Fitzgerald, ophthalmologist; Dr. Aldo Massagia, pathologist.

Consulting Staff—Dr. Edward L. Moorhead, surgeon; Dr. Charles L. Mix, internist; Dr. Bertha Van Hoosen, obstetrician; Dr. Henry Schmitz, gynecologist; Dr. George T. Jordan, oto-laryngologist.

Misericordia Hospital is located at 2916 West 47th Street, on the southwest side of the city close to the central manufacturing district. The establishment in this neighborhood of an obstetrical hospital, where the patient can receive the care and treatment of expert medical men for absolutely no fee, will be a boon to the multitudes of poor, not only in this section of the city but in other sections as well.

The building is 150 feet long by 40 feet wide, in addition to which is a large projection on the rear containing the service stairs which are thus practically cut off from the main building, reducing the confusion of traffic to a minimum. There is a deep well-lighted basement, above which are four full stories. On the main floor, in the west wing is the chapel, while the east wing contains reception and dining rooms and offices of administration. The second story is composed of wards and service rooms, on the east, while in the west wing is a large, spacious room, intended for a children's play room. The third and fourth stories, in general plan consist of ward rooms on the south and service rooms on the north, divided by a wide, well lighted corridor. The building is so constructed that additional wings may be built as needed. It is built in the New England colonial type of architecture. Its capacity at the present time is one hundred beds.

The hospital, in so far as the teaching and clinical end of it is concerned, becomes the obstetrical department of Loyola School; once again Loyola Medical shows her heels to the other medical schools in the city; they do not enjoy this distinction of having each a maternity hospital but must



receive clinical instructions in a hospital jointly used by them all. The course will be, in so far as the clinical part of it is concerned, of six weeks duration for each Junior and Senior student during which time residence at the hospital will be necessary. The didactic instructions of course, will extend over the entire Junior and Senior years.

## SENIOR MEDICS

### Ruminations of a Rummy

BY A SENIOR MEDICAL STUDENT

**W**E go up by our own growing. Nobody can do it for us. Getting things is merely an indication of our development as we get them for greater service, like a carpenter gets tools that he can become a greater carpenter. Medical students should never quit studying. "Getting to the top" is the world's pet delusion. There is no top. Every top we reach is the bottom of the next ascension. Go on growing! The sky is the limit! The test of our greatness is not what we are doing, but how we are doing it. Not what we are doing, but that it is the work we are best fitted to do. Blessed is the man who hath found his work!

The wisest man we ever knew used to sit down and worry over what hopeless fools they were.

Tolerance is not the special privilege of innocence—forgiveness of others, often, is only the aftermath of our indiscretions.

It may seem paradoxical. But the dumbest students are those who do the most things.

The average student may not do anything else on time, but he is right there with bells on when it comes to quitting school when the professor is a few minutes late.

The only way to get along with some students is to pound he— out of 'em. Don't be fair with 'em; that's fatal.

Do a student more than one favor and he will expect it as a regular thing.

The student who insists on going to hell should hurry so as not to prolong the distress of his friends.

Maybe it is a good thing the average medical student does not profit by his mistakes. If he did he would probably go ahead and make more.

If justice leaves the wheel-house to mercy alone the ship will soon run aground, for mercy without some justice is injustice.

Say to any patient, "How you have suffered!" and he will have trouble trying not to look pleasant at the recognition of what he has undergone.

Some students are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them, and a few others just shave their way to the front on their nerve.

The only thing we know about Crispin that isn't right is his left side.

He who swells up under human commendation will equally shrink up under human condemnation. Happy is the student that is indifferent to both.

Every man who goes to hell, carries with him his own brimstone.

I've never known a dog to wag  
His tail in glee he didn't feel,  
Nor quit his old-time friend to tag  
At some more influential heel.  
The yellowest cur we ever knew  
Was to the boy who loved him, true,—  
But man is different.

Running into debt is too slow a process for some doctors. They motor into debt.

You may have observed that a little chap like Bucklin smokes the larges pipe he could buy in the store.

When a student loses all his money, the loss makes such a change in him that a lot of his former friends fail to recognize him when they see him.

Some doctors follow the profession all their lives without catching up with it.

And you are not very likely to strike a man favorably when you hit him for a loan.

Bucklin fell all over himself the other day trying to keep in step with Daly, but otherwise was uninjured.

When a watch gets run down, it will stop working. But some doctors haven't that much sense.

Judging from the conduct of some of the Seniors, the course in Ethics should have been given in the Freshman year.

It always takes a little of the worst to teach a student to hope for the best.

He who can sacrifice most cheerfully, and suffer most patiently, approaches most rapidly to the sublime and the heroic.

Knocks always come home to roost.

Folly's pleasure is the froth on the flowing bowl of remorse and woe.

A cheap and superficial doctor is like a life preserver full of lead.

Some brilliant doctors learn to write so well that their signatures are often confused with that of the helpful HEN.

A real friend is the fellow who knows all about you and likes you just the same. In fact, the first person who comes in when the world goes out.

Always one more hill to climb for the poor student, but it is great exercise and then, too, you have the prospect of halleluia times when you reach the summit.

The reason why our professors are all "M. D.'s" is because they are "Mule Drivers." We are the mules.

Mind your own business and keep your nose clean and you'll be surprised how popular you are.

O'Brien has adopted the *Cimex Lectularius* to his own particular care. He usually carries a specimen in his note book.

"The luck of fools" is merely envy's explanation of the achievement of success.

Not a word of worry  
That time is getting gray;  
We have seen the sights,  
Had merry nights,  
And many a dancing day.

Grimes is such familiar cuss he will probably be calling

St. Peter "Pete" within thirty minutes after he edges through the shining portals.

The student who used to believe that a five cent cigar was made out of cabbage is now paying eight cents for the same cigar and enjoying it.

We often wonder if the Lord doesn't hate the straight laced, long faced Saint who knows you are going to hell and keeps on reminding you of the fact.

He who fails to hesitate is lost.

The louder some students talk, the less they have to say. The bass drum makes a mighty noise but it is as empty as a hollow leg.

Greerlings, the Senior interne over at the Golden Pheasant, has bought a pocketbook to keep his money in, but now finds himself in as bad a fix as he was before, having spent all his money for his pocketbook.

A sure way to become unpopular is to be so well pleased with yourself that you are displeased with everybody else.

Another fat-headed fool is the student who lets a ten cent argument lead him into making a \$10 bet. And there are plenty of them.

A doctor who wears side-whiskers thinks he is just as handsome as any other man, and it is noticed that many students with downy top lips stop to examine themselves very closely as they pass plate-glass windows.

Some folks' only defense of virtue is their frigidity. They are white as snow because just as cold; chaste as ice, but just as stiff and frigid. Once warmed, they are weak as water and often wicked as weak.

Trouble with some students is that they all want to be drivers of the Prosperity wagon and mighty few the laborers to load it.

A sure way to get yourself laughed at is to go around handing out free advice.

Don't be too cock sure. Once in a while you will run into a man who can beat you at your own game.

Some students find it hard to talk when they have something to say, and others find it hard to keep silent when they have nothing to say.

The world is always looking for the men to do things that can't be done.

You never can tell. Many a student who complains that he doesn't get all that is coming to him is really in luck.

Cultivate praise. Talk less and listen more. Reserve your thoughts for the Elect Few. Be gentle and keep your nose low.

Some students seem to get a lot of pleasure out of trying to keep other people from having any.

There is not much difference between the student who hasn't any brains and the student who doesn't know how to use what little he has.

This is a free country. But the student who goes around with a lot of down on his upper lip has no business laughing at a Chinaman because the Chink wears a pig-tail.

JOHN V. LAMBERT.

## JUNIOR MEDICS

**F**IRST JUNIOR—Hoo-ray! Oh Boy! Hip Hip Hoo-R-A-A-W!!!

SECOND JUNIOR—Grr-r Woof-Wow! Whacha hollerin about?

FIRST JUNIOR—I got 95 in Medicine—Hooray! Whachoo hollerin' about?

SECOND JUNIOR—I got 45 — Bow - Wow - Wow!

\* \* \*

After one solid hour of strenuous demonstration and "intensive" lecturing on "Operations on the Eye," and "Instruments and How to Use Them," Dr. Fitzgerald is cheered with the following results, "What they soak ya for a box a tools like that, Doc?"—from Gikoffsky.

\* \* \*

DR. MUELLER—How would you make a plaster cast?

O'CONNOR—Outa Glucose.

\* \* \*

Griswald says, "To-morrow is my birthday, give till it hurts.

\* \* \*

## NON ESSENTIAL JUNIORS

The one, of a section of three, who refers to a Dispensary patient as "My case."

The one who draws a 95 in an exam and then chirps,  
 "I never cracked a book."

The "ex" who tries to compare Class A Loyola with "the  
 way they do in the army."

The alibi baby who wonders how everybody else gets a  
 drag.

The bird who opens up the morning exercises with  
 "What's the assignment for today?"

\* \* \*

WHITLOW—DaCosta and Osler may be good but I don't  
 agree with 'em.

\* \* \*

GRISWALD—Aw thoat I loht a tooth. Gee-e whith.

\* \* \*

PATIENT TO O'MALLEY—Are you Jewish?

O'MALLEY—Lady, if you ain't sick you're going to be.

\* \* \*

COYNE—Gimme a chew.

\* \* \*

WANTED TO KNOW—The ten best cellars.

\* \* \*

#### SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Will call at office.

M. M.

Bergstrom get key in Library.

Nelson.

Conditional Examinations will be held, etc.

WANTED—Student to work twelve hours per night for  
 'coffee and.'

\* \* \*

#### Quiz Course

1. Locate the Anteriorpoliomyelitis.
2. Give symptoms and diagnosis of cribbing. *Treatment?*  
 — O-o-o-ch.
3. Young lady complains of loneliness, lack of amusement,  
 cold hands and shortness of matinees. *Outline course of treat-*  
*ment.*
4. Patient submits to several operations and recovers in  
 spite of continued surgical interference. Is radical treatment  
 indicated? *Give technique.*
5. Should earthquakes be labled "Shake?" *If so why not?*  
*Answer any five.*



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## SOPHOMORE MEDICS

### "Much Ado About Nothing"

**I**N a recent issue of a Chicago paper appeared an article which was a source of much discussion among the "Medics." This was a resume of a lecture delivered by a local university professor before the sophomore class, wherein he declared that examinations were barbarous, and urged the students to organize with the view to abolishing all examinations. As this very sagacious and concededly heroic teacher had addressed his remarks to a class of second-year men, the writer deemed it very prudent to interview some of the Sophomore "Medics" on the subject.

"Blood" Rochelle, the saline wonder, readily accepted the opportunity to be quoted. "I agree heartily with Prof. Blank's view on the matter," said the future great surgeon. "There was a time when examinations were held at the end of each quarter. Now they have become so frequent that the adage of the old Greek philosopher that a medical student's life is one d—— exam after another, is becoming woefully true."

Another member of the class, whose name is withheld, arose to remark that "he was in favor of any move, murder excepted, to abolish the exams." "However," he added, "my opinion may be somewhat prejudiced, for the only exam that I ever passed with great honors was the physical test when I was inducted into the service."

"Mike" Fosen, while not entirely in sympathy with the movement, was of the opinion that, because of a recent experience in a practical examination in which he was told to dissect out the chorda lingual triangle and put a cannula in

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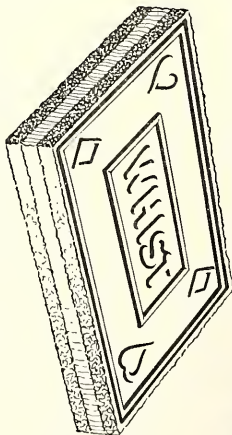
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Whorton's duet in fifteen minutes, all practical exams, particularly in mammalian work should be consigned to a region beyond the River Styx.

"Red" Mellon, whose original findings on onaphylaxis recently startled the medical world, endorsed the idea of banishing the *bete noir* of the student's existence. "However," the pride of Beverly Hills continued, "in order to bring about the change we must organize. Why not initiate the movement by establishing LOCAL NO. 1, DISGRUNTLED MEDICAL SOPHOMORES. In so doing we may succeed not only in accomplishing the object in view, but also may be in a position to bring about other needed changes. At the present time the only additional reform that comes to mind is the abolishing of lectures at the unreasonable hour of 8 A. M. I know the authorities would not countenance such a change, but then through the union a compromise could be obtained. If the faculty should be unwilling to eliminate the early lectures, our representatives could suggest that the 8 o'clock teachers have victrola records made of their lectures so that each student could efficiently listen to the lecture-record playing in the parlor while he was in his room dressing or in the dining room breakfasting." [Editor's Note: This is a splendid example of cerebration par excellence].

The sentiments of "Bloody" Boyle were not as reconstructive as were those of the sage of Beverly Hills. He claimed: "The proposed abolition of examinations is the direct outcome of the attitude certain professors assumed in exams. These teachers do not realize the purpose of these mental tests. My idea of an examination (which has been corroborated by the faculty of the Hoboe's College), is that it is intended to determine what a class of students know of a particular subject. My experience with some teachers, however, leads me to suspect that their object is to find out what a student does not know. Believe me these profs. are regrettably too successful in this regard.

A sophomore who received two conditions in the last quarter's work was eloquent in his reprobation of the present system. Among other things he stated that: "The examinations were as regular and frequent as the pulse of a rabbit. One would think that we were studying to be medical examiners instead of medical doctors."

From the above, it appears that the sophomores are unanimously against examinations in any shape or form. How-



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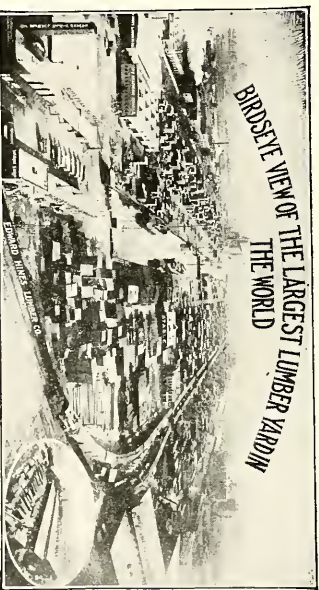
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ever, before any conclusion could be reached on the matter, it would in justice be necessary to interview the faculty. But then it can be safely assumed that the professors would be equally united in defense of the present regime. Such being the case, were we asked "cui bono" on our attempt to solve the problem, we would answer in true Irish fashion by asking the question: "Why is the moon?"

\* \* \*

#### RECENT PUBLICATIONS

The Dog and Other Cold Blooded Animals."—*L. Balasguide*.

"Proper Care of the Microscope."—*M. Malone*.

"Special Technique on Administering Anesthesia, or the Application of My Principle?: They Sleep but Breathe Not"—*J. Russell*.

"Economic and Social Conditions in Delavan and Other Large Cities."—*R. Cummings*.

"If 'Frat' Pins Could Only Speak." — [Fiction]. — *P. H. McNulty*.

"Land Marks for the Trachea."—*J. Russell*.

"An Exposition on the Vitovec Reflex—The When, Where and How of It."—*L. Vitovec*.

"Why I Am No Longer an A. U. H."—*G. Gundry*.

"The Efficiency in Equipping All Laboratories With Large Receptacles."—*Doyle and Coyne*.

"How to Massage the Heart."—*W. Ramsay*.

\* \* \*

Sweeney of the Junior class recently received the Chicago *Tribune's* politeness prize for being solicitous for the well-being of an intoxicated gentleman (avis rara). It has been said, of course confidentially, that it was not politeness that inspired this Hibernian's action. Rather it was curiosity and envy—curiosity as to where and how much a pint, and envy because of the quantity and quality the individual carried.

\* \* \*

Hufford (on stairs, just before the Juniors and Seniors were due to report to their first autopsy)—"Who want's a County ticket?"

About ten eager students fight their way to the questioner.



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"Well, I'm going over to the office to buy one," explained Hufford, "and if you each give me five dollars I will buy you a ticket."

Exit ten disgusted students muttering wotnel, damit, etc., etc.

\* \* \*

Father Calhoun has resumed his duties in the chemical laboratory. We heard him lecture in pharmacology last week—that is, he was lecturing in chemistry on the second floor, and we heard him in pharmacology class on the fourth floor.

J. M. WARREN.

### FRESHMAN MEDICS

SINCE our last issue of snappy stuff and bright burlesque, the Winter quarter with its woes and worries has passed and we are now safe from the above ministers of gloom until the end of the Spring quarter.

\* \* \*

FATHER CALHOUN (in Chemistry)—Anything that clings to another substance, one of the three foods, carbohydrates, proteins or fats, has the suffix *ose* attached. Now Creighton, what's the name of the enzyme which clings to fat?

Creighton—*Fatose*, Father.

\* \* \*

Just about this time, Vloedeman of our year is returning from a basketball conquest of the leading teams of the middle states. The old place seems deserted without his six feet six inches but as long as he is having such good luck, we can stand the parting for a while longer, if necessary.

\* \* \*

About the most popular individual in Embryology has been Patten.

\* \* \*

Seems as if some fellows are always reading in anatomy dissecting laboratory since the new system went into effect.

\* \* \*

Well, cheer up, better days are coming when we won't have to do all of the customary laboratory work but then, I suppose, we will compensate for that by taking on other things.

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## SCHOOL OF SOCIOLOGY

The second semester of the School of Sociology opened in February with an increased attendance. Two new courses were offered, "The Teaching of the Blind" by Miss Elsie Drake, and "Intermediate French" by Mlle. Lucie Desimeur.

\* \* \*

We are glad to report that Father Downing of our history staff has left Mercy Hospital and is again in his professorial chair.

\* \* \*

Father Kane, our popular professor of Ethics, achieved a real triumph with the Alumni at its annual banquet, over five hundred mere men assembled. We were pleased to note in the *Loyola University News* Father Kane's appreciation of our Alumnae and his own explanation or why we were not present.

\* \* \*

Father Siedenburgh although temporarily laid up with a broken collar bone, is again his old self and is back in the lecture field. He recently gave three lectures in La Crosse, Wisconsin, speaking at noon before the Rotary Club on the "Open Shop," in the afternoon at the Normal School of St. Rose's Convent on "Science and Charity" and at night before the Catholic Women's Club on "Social Service, the Need of the Hour." He also lectured in Cincinnati, Ohio, before the Catholic Woman's Association on "The Home of the Future" and repeated this lecture at a Sacred Concert at St. Clement's Church, March 13th. Our Dean has also been invited by the National Catholic Welfare Council to give lectures on sociological subjects to the students in the various seminaries throughout the United States.

\* \* \*

Father Pernin has almost finished his series of six lectures on the Short Story which he has been giving so successfully before the Edgewater Woman's Club and the Catholic Woman's League. He also gave his popular Joyce Kilmer lecture at LaGrange, Illinois, before the LaGrange Woman's Club. He lectured at Mount Carmel Church on "The Genius of O. Henry" and also gave this same lecture at Providence Academy. He is scheduled to speak before the Alumnae of St. Patrick's Academy at the Drake Hotel on this same subject in the near future and also is to give the Tre Ore in the

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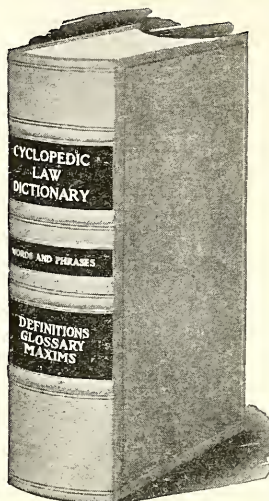
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Immaculate Conception Church, Boston, Mass., on Good Friday.

\* \* \*

Miss Van Driel, A. B., has just completed a minor course in Economics at St. Xavier College for Women.

\* \* \*

Dr. Edward T. Devine, the well-known sociologist connected for many years with the New York School of Social Work, and Editor of *The Survey*, was a recent speaker here at the school. His subject was "Standard of Living."

\* \* \*

Miss Jane Addams, Miss Kate Meade, Judge Victor Arnold, and Miss Adelaide Walsh were other recent speakers of distinction.

\* \* \*

Dr. John A. Lapp of the National Catholic Welfare Council has just finished a series of three lectures on "Health and the Community" to the social service group here at the school. Miss Rose McHugh, Assistant to Dr. Lapp, gave an interesting account of the work of the Council, especially in the Social Department.

\* \* \*

We had a treat in having Mr. James Fitzgerald as one of our special lecturers. Mr. Fitzgerald was for two years a teacher in this department of the University but is now secretary of the St. Vincent De Paul Society of Detroit, Michigan. He gave the class an interesting resumé of the work of this bureau, in particular, the Americanization work among the Mexicans.

\* \* \*

The Alumnae gave an informal afternoon at the City Club a few weeks ago and former and present students were loud in their praise of this get-together. This was merely a fore-runner of the annual lecture and musicale which was given at Powers' Theatre, Sunday, March 6th. Frederick Paulding of New York City was the lecturer and his subject was "O. Henry and Bret Harte, a Contrast." The music was furnished by Mr. Arthur Kraft, tenor, Miss Wally Heymar, violinist, Miss Veronica Murphy, pianist. The lecture was both a social and financial success and the proceeds of these annual lectures are devoted towards a scholarship fund in the School of Sociology. The Alumnae have already established three perpetual scholarships of fifteen hundred dollars each, for ambitious students training for social service positions.



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\* \* \*

#### SIDELIGHTS FROM FORMER STUDENTS

Agnes Clohesy who received her Bachelor of Philosophy Degree in 1916 won the scholarship offered by Kent College of Law to the student with the highest average in the Freshman year. It is especially interesting since there were ten times as many men competitors as women in her group, the number of women being only four.

\* \* \*

Miss Margaret Madden, A. M., distinguished herself by reading an excellent paper on "Some Problems of Method in the Supervision of Teaching," before the National Educational Association at Atlantic City on March 2, 1921.

\* \* \*

Mr. Maurice Reddy is now in charge of the government medical social work in Drexel Hospital No. 30, under the auspices of the American Red Cross.

\* \* \*

Miss Anna Dalton has given up her position as director of the Charities of Joliet, Illinois, and is now a case investigator in the social service department of Drexel Hospital.

\* \* \*

Miss Frances Welsh, Ph. B., is now doing settlement work at Goodrich House, Cleveland, Ohio and is enthusiastic concerning the possibilities of doing work among the Catholic poor of that city.

\* \* \*

Miss Kathleen Redmond is back again at Central Bureau, American Red Cross and Miss Harriet Przybycki has again returned to the Associated Catholic Charities as a social service worker.

\* \* \*

Two of our present students were also snatched from their studies and placed in positions recently; Miss Bess Pruzinski went to work for the United Charities and Miss Bernadine Murray for the Central Charity Bureau. Both are doing case work.

BERNARDINE MURRAY.

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Number 4

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## Some Aspects of Modern Irish Poetry and Drama



WITH the fall of Parnell and the decline of the political agitation succeeding it, came an impetus to the Irish people to give voice to the thoughts and yearnings for intellectual freedom so long held in restraint. The quickening of the literary pulse and the rise in the hearts and souls of Ireland's sons and daughters of the desire for expansion into fields of thought so long denied them hastened the birth of a new school, a school not new in power, but new in the daring and liberty of expression of the ideals, spiritual and intellectual, until then dormant under the enervating influence of English oppression. Today England is glad to boast of her Irish writers. Let her not forget that a Swift—a Burke—a Moore, and more than a score of those whom she claims as her best were born and bred on the "Auld



sod" and drank in with their childish imagination the old folk lore so rich in Irish wit and pathos—drank so deeply that all the world wondered when their surcharged souls burst forth into splendid life.

The period under discussion may well be called the Irish Renaissance, for Irish hearts and minds gave to it its impetus and its definite purpose—the revealing to the world of the moods of the Irish people today as of yore, in their struggle with temptation and loss, in their undying faith and love, and in the permanence of their determination to bring before the world the glories of Ireland as told in her folk lore and as portrayed through all the years by the splendid courage and overmastering zeal of her children.

By 1895 the effect of the Celtic Renaissance was felt throughout the literary world, and the short story writer, the poet and the dramatist developed amazing power and versatility. This new dawn of literary genius followed the lines of two great movements—the revival of the Gaelic language as the vehicle of expression, and the rise of poetry and the drama as the means of spreading the economic, political, social and aesthetic aspirations of the nation.

With politics or social reform, except as they find voice in the drama or in poetry, we have in this treatise no special concern; nor shall we do more with the novel than merely mention it in passing. Rather shall it be our pleasure to glance at a few of the leading lights of song and of the drama during the past four decades—and while we desire to confine ourselves as closely as possible to those who best show this Renaissance movement, we may not neglect some of their contemporaries, for they too prove the sterling worth and magnificent enterprise of the people than whom no nobler lives. It is impossible to read the literature of this period without desiring to love better, trust better, believe better, live better, in a word to serve better both God and self.

A century of political and social reform is not likely to be marked by great literary productions of a highly aesthetic nature. Great national movements do not run parallel with

strong literary or dramatic instinct; but in the Irish heart the power which had lain trammelled under iron bands, burst forth at the earliest opportunity, and a Russell, a Yeats, a Lady Gregory, a Hyde and a host of compeers brought forth productions, not the impulses of the moment, but the upwelling of eager activities hitherto held in check.

With William Butler Yeats's "Wanderings of Oisín" and Douglas Hyde's "Book of Gaelic Stories," both of which appeared in 1889—Ireland's intellect broke the bonds laid on it by England and revived her national language as the proper habiliment of her national thought. She spoke in the words of the splendid Thomas MacDonagh and flung forth the challenge, "My race has refused to yield to defeat, and emerges strong today, full of hope and of love with new strength in its arms to work out its new destiny—with a new song on its lips and the words of the new language which is the ancient language still calling from age to age."

Ireland's themes, now as ever, are the themes of the truly poetic heart, the all enduring themes of nature and humanity; and the nation so tenderly dear as the "Cathleen ní Hoolihan" of the Irish heart, furnishes the heroic setting for many a splendid work.

Plato held poetry to be the expression of a soul inspired by the breath of the gods, and George Russell (A. E.) believes in the influence of the eternal the "breath of divinity which makes plain facts dwindle into insignificance beside the splendid dignity of a spiritual order." This mystic, whom Dr. Hyde calls 'a mystic always with the thought that men are the strayed heaven dwellers, the angels who willed in silence their own doom' was essentially an artist, splendidly eloquent in prose and poetry, with the delicate touch which breathes through his lines as it does in the figures on his canvas. He was well versed in the mythology of Egypt, Greece and India. He believed that inspiration was a divine madness achieved by those who kept the soul sensitive to beauty, and he proves in his writings that the spiritual memories of the eternal must be the vivifying influence of any effort, mental or physical,

which is to produce a worth while fructification. Of this "Divine Flame" he says:

"When twilight over the mountains fluttered  
And night with its starry millions came  
I too had dreams, the songs I have uttered  
Came from this heart that was touched by the flame."

Russell's artistic nature revealed itself in his "still, blue-black heavens thrilling with far stars," his clouds in "sweeping lights of diamond, sapphire and amethyst"—and his river winding "through a loneliness so deep

Scarce a wild flower shakes the quiet  
That the purple boglands keep."

Emersonian, unpractical, idealist if you will, was this great man, but he was, too, always a lover of the spiritual, of the all pervading and all enveloping suggestiveness which arises from close contact with the things above mortal ken—"Never poet," he says, "has lain on our hillside but gentle stately figures with hearts shining like the sun move through his dreams over radiant grasses in an enchanted world of their own." He had the true poet's soul, the soul that is drawn nearer to God by the simple things of earth, by the simplicity of childhood.

"By the hand of a child I am led to the throne of a king,"

He had too, the poet's appreciation of the significance of symbolism—

"Nearer to Thee, not by delusion led  
We rise but by the symbol charioted  
Through loved things rising up in love's own ways  
By these the soul unto the vast has wings  
And sets the seal celestial on eternal things."

Strong and eloquent is the appeal of William Allingham's "Street Songs and Ballads," his "Day and Night Songs" and

his "Flower Pieces." His love for the Cathleen ni Hoolihan of the Irish heart in "Longing" is the story of the love of many a faithful heart for the land of its birth—

"I stretch out my hands, who will clasp them?  
I call—thou repliest no word  
O why should heart longing be weaker  
Than the wavering wings of a bird.  
To thee, my love, to thee  
So fain would I come to thee  
For the tide's at rest from east to west  
And I look across the sea—"

Again in his dainty little poem "The Fairies" we feel the thrill of gleeful terror of our childish days as we listen to the stories of the

"Wee folk, good folk  
Trooping all together  
Green jacket, red cap  
And white owl feather—"

or we sigh with the mournful cadence in "Abbey Asaroe" where

"The carven stones lie scattered in briars and nettle bed"  
and

"The only feet are those that come at burial of the dead—"

In ringing contrast to the mysticism of Russell is the defiant, self-confident tone of Michael Joseph Barry's

"What rights the brave?  
The sword.  
What frees the slave?  
The sword.  
What cleaves in twain the despot's chain  
And makes his gyves and donjons vain?  
The sword."

The same strong defiance of wrong is given in his "Massacre at Drogheda"—

"But nations keep a stern account  
Of deeds that tyrants do  
And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount  
And Heaven avenge it too."

The sweet sentiment of filial devotion breathes through the dainty lines of Mary Elizabeth Drake—

"All you who love the springtime,  
And who but loves it well?  
When the little birds begin to sing  
And the buds begin to swell?  
Think not ye ken its beauty  
Or know its face so dear  
Till ye look upon old Ireland  
In the dawning of the year"—

and Dion Boucicault, whose dramas "The Colleen Bawn" and "The Shaughran," have won great fame, might well mean his beloved nation when he speaks across the sea to his dead baby:

"O little voice, ye call me back,  
To my far, far country,  
And nobody can hear ye speak  
O nobody but me—"

for it is only those who have witnessed the beauties of the far away isle or who have learned them at the home fireside from a loving parent's lips who can appreciate truly the wealth of glorious riches which have endeared Ireland's every sod as a source of inspiration to those who love her. As Stopford Brooke well puts it in "The Earth and Man":

"A little love, a little trust  
A soft impulse, a sudden dream  
And life as dry as summer dust  
Is fresher than the mountain stream."

More closely connected with the real Renaissance spirit is Jean Barlow, who has given in her "Bogland Studies" and in her "Irish Idylls" such admirable sketches of peasant life showing the workings of the rural mind with all its wealth of pathos and humor. Dainty and delicate is the lyric quality of her "Flitting of the Fairies" where the airy creatures sing

"Red rose mists o'er drift  
Moth moons glimmering where  
Lit by sheen silled west  
Barred by fiery bar  
Flitting following swift  
Whither across the night  
Seek we bourne of rest afar."

Lady Wilde (Speranza), besides her prose translations, philosophical novels and ancient legends, has given to the period strong soulful thoughts replete with splendid imagery. Her "Appeal for Ireland" evokes many an echo wherever Ireland's children listen to her voice—

"I can but look in God's great face  
And pray Him for our fated race  
To come in Sinai's thunder down,  
And with His mystic radiance crown  
Some prophet leader with command  
To break the strength of Egypt's band  
And set thee free, loved Ireland."

James (Seumas) McManus in his "Donegal Faery," his "Shuilers from Heathy Hills" and "The Laden Road to Donegal" enters into the innermost spirit of the Irish heart. His "Astor Gra geal Machree" has the peculiarly winning minor cadence so faithful a picture of many an Irish heart.

"'Tis sad to think those eyes don't light  
And I your heart so near,  
'Tis sore that I should call and call  
And you refuse to hear.  
But sleep ariun for sure 'tis night.  
And soon glad dawn shall be  
When lips will meet and souls will greet  
Astor Gra geal Machree."



McManus's wife shows the same lyric quality in the "Passing of the Gael."

"O Cathleen ni Hoolihan, your road's a thorny way,  
And 'tis a faithful soul would walk the flints with you for aye  
Would walk the sharp and cruel flints until his locks grew  
gray."

Ireland, like a beloved wife, draws out the best of her nation's sentiment. In "Dear Land" O'Hagen cries;

"If death should come then martyrdom  
Were sweet endured for you."

And his impassioned "Ourselves Alone" flings defiance at the power that would crush the ideals of a nation—

"Be bold, united, firmly set  
Nor flinch in word or tone  
We'll be a glorious nation yet  
Redeemed, erect, alone."

Quaint and alluring is Charlotte Grace O'Brien's "Bog Corton on the Red Bog"—

"I have seen the slow unfolding of bird and leaf and life  
I have seen immortal good repining on through mortal strife  
Oh, I have seen; I have seen!"

and Padraic Pearse's own gentle life is mirrored in his words

"His words were a little phrase  
Of eternal song  
Drowned in the harping of lays  
More loud and long;  
But his songs new souls will thrill  
The loud harps dumb  
And His deeds the echoes fill  
When the dawn is come."

Padriac Colum too in his own clear, strong way gives the impression of a picture dashed by a master's hand—

"Sunset and silence—a man  
Around him earth, savage earth, broken,"

One draws in a deep respiration at Colum's

"Wet wind in the morn  
And the proud and hard earth  
Never broken for corn."

Mrs. Chesson's contributions to English magazines of "Ballads in Prose" and of three volumes of verse stands out in high relief, and Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland) turns aside from fiction now and then to give us verse restful as the shade of a great tree after a weary walk. Clear, open and spiritual is her "Shamrocks" with its message of the trinity of virtues:

"I wear a shamrock in my heart  
Three in one, one in three—  
Truth and love and faith  
Tears and pain and death  
O sweet the shamrock is to me."

The same sweet religious tone intensified by deeper more intimate communication with God is given in Katherine Tynan Hinkson's verses. Mrs. Hinkson is a singer with a true lyric note—a Rossetian tinge caught from bird and tree,—and the beautiful Catholicity of her lines is prayerful in its earnest feeling. "Sheep and Lambs" well illustrates her strong, loving intimacy with God—

"Up in the blue, blue mountains  
Dewey pastures sweet  
Rest for the little bodies,  
Rest for the little feet,  
But for the Lamb of God  
Up on the hill top green  
Only a cross of shame—  
Two stark crosses between."

Strong power and deep religious feeling are given also in "The Singing Stars"—

"O we know, we stars, the stable held our King, His glory shaded  
That His baby hands, were poising all the spheres and constellations."

All the sensuousness of a Keats, of a Swinburne, finds its parallel in Dr. John Todhunter's swinging lines—

"The moist air swoons in a still sultriness  
Between the gales, save when a boding sigh  
Shivers the crisp and many hued tree tops  
Or a low wind's caress  
Wakes the sere whispers of fallen winds that lie  
Breathing a dying odor through the copse."

And all the optimism of a Browning shines out in Mrs. Chesson's beautiful "Niam"—

"The wind is beginning anew each day;  
Fire is awake at each clod of clay—  
The rag-weeds know what has never been told  
By the old to the young, or the young to the old—  
And I am the secret—the flower and the tree.  
I am Beauty, O youth, I have blossomed for thee."

Thomas MacDonagh, whose lines to his little son born on St. Cecilia's day seem replete with prophetic intuition of the time when his own beautiful life was to pay the forfeit for loving loyalty claims for his nation an "adorable delicacy" of sentiment and charity. His own almost Christ-like forbearance and humility give inspiration to the lines sufficient in themselves to mark him as ready, if needs must be, to make without resentment any sacrifice for right.

"But I found no enemy,  
No man in a world of wrong,  
That Christ's word of charity  
Did not render clear and strong;  
Who was I to judge my kind—  
Blindest groper of the blind?"

Leaving to the drama the expression of the Renaissance spirit, of renewing the early treasury of folk lore in Ireland, we must not close this sketch of the patriotism, the lyric loveliness and the earnest spirituality of Ireland as mirrored in her poetry without calling attention to three more poets of this period—three who stand out as men of remarkable versatility, as landmarks in the literary world, Aubrey De Vere, Lionel Johnson and Canon Sheehan. Aubrey De Vere's ballads, epics and lyrics evince his truly great ability. Exquisite gems from his works are given in the volume entitled "The Infant Bridal," marked, as are all his verses, by a Wordsworthian simplicity as well as by the cultured grace, clear diction and splendid spirituality so characteristic of his age. He pictures his Sun-God as

"An archer of immeasurable might  
On his left shoulder hung his quivered load  
Spurned by his steeds the eastern mountain glowed  
. . . . and while both hands that arch embowed  
Shaft after shaft pursued the flying night."

Rich sensitiveness of imagery, faultless strength of picture and clear intuition of beauty mark De Vere's poems, through all of which breathes his grand christian spirit. Note the tender submission in sorrow

"Grief should be  
Like joy—majestic, equable, sedate,  
Strong to consume small troubles, to command  
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end."

Note too the noble sentiment of his "Song"—

"The world is full of noble tasks  
And wreathes hard won.  
Each work demands strong hearts, strong hands,  
Till day is done."

Lionel Johnson, one of the most ardent members of the Gaelic League, was at home in classic lore as he was in the

simple pathos and deep sentiment of the folk lore and songs of his country. Many of his lines will go as deep into the hearts of his readers as did the spirit which inspired them sink into his own great soul. Great purity and stately grace marked the works of his truly poetic mind, particularly after he had become saturated with the sunny cheer and sweet melody of Irish woods and song. Yeats says of Johnson: "He has in his poetry completed the trinity of spiritual virtues by adding stoicism to Ecstasy and Asceticism." His work is always high—too high perhaps for the ordinary reader, but always inspiring and replete with great strength and power. In his "Ways of War" he says of the true patriotism of his countrymen:

"Croagh Patrick is the plan of prayers  
And Tara the assembling place:  
But each wind of Ireland bears  
The trump of battle on its race."

Picturesqueness of detail marks "The Last Music" where the dead queen is portrayed as "more beautiful than early morn—white." He tells us

"The balm of gracious death now drapes her round  
As once life gave her grace beyond her peers."

And true religious sentiment inspires his "Te Martyrum Candidatus"—

"Now whithersoever He goeth with  
Him they go  
White horsemen who ride on white horses  
Oh, fair to see—  
They ride where the rivers of  
Paradise flow;  
White horsemen with Christ their  
Captain, forever He—

Like De Vere and Lionel Johnson, Canon Sheehan does not properly enter into the real Renaissance spirit, but his ex-

traordinary power of delineation, his splendid poetic ability and his balance of judgment must needs have their influence on their time, making its love stronger, its intuition keener and its appreciation more worthy. While Canon Sheehan is best known for his novels and his essays, yet he might well make a name by his poetic ability. Reverence, love of God and of his fellowmen inspire him; and for nature he has the same clear understanding vision that he has for man. His "Emigrant's Return" portrays the wild longing of the heart separated from its home and yearns to know—

"How's the old purple heather where the hares lay in hiding?  
Do the blackbirds still sing in the groves in the morning?  
Do the thrushes trill out as they nest in the wood?  
Do they dance as of yore when the twilight is falling  
And the night breezes softly steal over the lea,  
And the red moon is climbing behind the dark sheeling  
And the scent of the seaweed creeps up from the sea?"

These and many other songsters, prominent among them Seumas O'Sullivan, George Roberts and Charles Weeks, who bring out in strong relief the splendor of Ireland's verse—its beauty—its cleanness, and above all its marvelous devotion in joy and sorrow, in storm and calm to its ideals of patriotism and spirituality. But the main object of present day Celtic thought is to create a literature at once poetic and colloquial with a background of folk tales and clothed in the forceful idiomatic language of the Irish peasantry. This movement began, as has been stated, in 1894 with the production of Yeats's one-act play, "The Land of Heart's Desire," at the Avenue Theatre in London—"Countess Cathleen" appeared in 1899—and in 1900 "Shadowy Waters" was produced. An Irish Literary Theatre founded by Yeats, Lady Gregory and Martyn had for its purpose the hope of building up a literary drama. With this end in view, realistic plays were produced—plays which tended rather to appeal to the intellect than to the emotion. Yeats, Martyn, George Moore, Synge, Lady Gregory, Hyde and Alice Milligan brought forth dramas all



founded on the desire to give to the world a distinctively Gaelic production. The newly-formed dramatic company offered in rapid succession Russell's "Deirdre"—Yeats's "Cathleen ni Hoolihan"—Edward Martyn's "Twisting of the Rope"—Synge's "Riders to the Sea" and "In the Shadow of the Glen"—Yeats's "Hour Glass"—Lady Gregory's "Twenty-Five," and Padriac Colum's "Broken Sail."

Since most of these dramatists might have been placed with the poets of no mediocre rank, the drama bears the stamp of real merit, and as the Irish instinct to express itself in action found opportunity now, the whole country fell to the work of acting and writing and appreciating the drama, and theatres sprang up on all sides.

Of the major dramatists, to Yeats must be conceded the greatest poetic power, while Lady Gregory wins renown for the great rapidity with which she fell to the popular movement, producing play after play with amazing strength and zeal. Lady Gregory stands in broad relief as the portrayer of distinctly national subjects. Besides translating Dr. Hyde's Irish plays into English she has given us "Poets and Dreamers," a collection of essays giving various aspects of the Irish literary Renaissance and a host of plays of Folk History and peasant life which have made a strong impression in the literary world. She uses the colloquial speech of the country people and has developed a great proficiency in depicting the visions and beliefs which held such sway in the hearts and hopes and despairs of her countrymen. A great admirer of Yeats, to whom she dedicated many of her works, she followed along his method of rendering the old folk tales into idiomatic English. Her "Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland" is a splendid work, giving in many places true indication of the attributes of the Irish mind. Lloyd Morris says of the tendency of the Irish people to accept with delight writings which delve into the old folk lore: "We may find the explanation of this quality in the harsh reality of their lives and in the consequent revolt against the despotism of fact which opposes

to the world of actual experience demonstrated by physical sense a world of beauty revealed by visions."

Lady Gregory has been blamed for putting too much of her personality into her tales. Critics say she has lessened the dignity of the old stories by too familiar language, by giving them all, romance and folk lore, in the same diction. It would be a difficult task to write of one's own country, to voice the sentiments of one's countrymen and to go into detail in description of character and of nature without putting into the work strong personality, and this intimacy with the hearts and homes of the Irish people constitutes the real cause of the amazing popularity of Lady Gregory's works.

The Irish Folk History plays of Lady Gregory are divided into the Tragedies and the Tragic Comedies, three of each. "The Canavans" is a typical comedy of the true Lady Gregory type. The miller, Peter Canavan, assuming his new dignity of Mayor, shows his sagacity in his statement to the Widows Deeny and Greely, who have come with his wash: "Now when there is a course of action put before any man, there is but the one question to put and the one to answer; and that question is, 'Is it safe?'" The return of Canavan's brother Antony, a deserter from Elizabeth's army, carrying a pack in which are clothes modeled after the Queen's, hastens a series of ludicrous events, the coming of the officers in search of the deserter, Canavan's desire for safety and his fear of arrest, his hiding under the sacks of flour with the agonizing "Settle them over me, let you personate me, they will not harm you at all;" the arrest of the brothers, the scene in the jail where Antony impersonates the Queen and the brothers' escape, the return home, the finding of Elizabeth's clothes, the joy on thinking Antony has killed her and the pride of the miller in his brother's imaginary brave deed, together with the final triumph of Canavan in scaring away Essex with an unloaded gun. Cleverness is depicted in the widows' knowledge of where the miller kept his money—"The board you put your foot upon and the peddler coming into the house,"—"The time you had it in the chimney we could know it by the soot upon

your cap,"—"The time it was hid in the stable, the bees made an attack on you through the smell." The Irish hatred of the Queen, who never married and never fasted from a lover, is shown in the miller's generosity to Antony and in his admiring words, "The candle of bravery and courage you are; the tower of the western world. Ah, why shouldn't I be kind after the kindness you've shown to the whole nation?"

No strong conflict of will nor strain of imagination is manifested in this or in any of Lady Gregory's comedies; they are marked instead by simple intense directness. Many of them would be improved by cutting, but since they were written during a period of experiment, their author must be excused for this tendency to spread her dramas over too large a space. She herself acknowledges that her better work was done in her one-act plays. "The Rising of the Moon" is a clever bit of comedy with valuable revelation as to the moods of the Irish heart. The sergeant watching for the reward which is to come with the capture of the man whose description is placarded on the Quay is easy prey to the cleverness of the ballad singer (the criminal), who plays upon his sympathy and on his Irish sensibility and thus escapes capture.

"Ah, Sergeant, I was only singing to keep my heart up," is a typical picture of the cheerful nature of the Irish peasant under oppression and misfortune; and the reference to the heart of the mother, next to God the dearest love in the Celtic breast, is typical too of Lady Gregory's knowledge of her subject. "It's a queer world, Sergeant," says the man, "and it's little any mother knows when she sees her child creeping on the floor what might happen to it before it has gone through its life, or who will be who in the end."

"Spreading the News," "Hyacinth Halvey," "The Workhouse Ward" and "The Traveling Man" all show the same general characteristics, and the reader grows a little tired of banter and clever speech before finishing a dozen of these one-act plays. They show a community of material which involves occasional weakness on the part of the author in her attempt to diversify setting and character.

"The Traveling Man" (a miracle play) is a beautiful little sketch, the scene of which is laid in a cottage kitchen, where a mother tells her child of a wonderful stranger like the king of the world, who came to her in her distress, "bright and shining that you could see him through the darkness." She tells how he had in his hand a green bunch that never grew on any tree in this world, and how he told her, "I will come to see you some other time. And do not shut up your heart in the things I give you, but have a welcome for me." Then when the mother goes out, a traveling man enters, and sitting with the child on the floor tells him about the golden mountain where "there are birds of all colors that sing at every hour, the way the people will come and say their prayers, and there are four gates in the wall—and there are four wells of water in it as clear as glass."

On the mother's return the child asks her to "let him stop here till evening." But the mother refuses and sends him out, little understanding his affirmation that he will go to . . . "bodies that are spoiled with sores, bodies that are worn with fasting, minds that are broken with much sinning." Then the traveling man goes away. In the child's words: "He was as if walking on the water. There was a light before his feet." And the mother knows she has driven away the King of the world.

"Grania" is stronger than most of Lady Gregory's tragedies. Finn is an especially well depicted character and his wisdom betrays itself in his speech: "The tearing and vexing of love will be known as long as men are hot blooded and women have a coaxing way," and again in his declaration that "jealousy is a blast that whirls men like feathers before it in the dust." Finn's expected marriage with Grania is prevented by the appearance of Diarmuid, with whom Grania had fallen in love long before. The escape of Diarmuid and Grania, their promise to return every year an oaten cake to Finn in token of the fealty of Diarmuid to protect Grania from all injury, the coming of Finn to their hiding place, where on the seventh year the cake is not sent, the death of Diarmuid and

the grief of Grania with her bitter denunciation of Finn, "and if there is any hatred to be found in the world and it to be squeezed into one cup only, it would not be so black and bitter as my own hatred for you," all these attuned to the atmosphere of grief and of misfortune which envelopes the play. This play as well as the many others of its author will substantiate for Lady Gregory the title of one of the master minds of present day drama. When William Butler Yeats deserted the lyric to devote his time to the drama, the art of pure poetry lost a most devoted advocate, but the lyric quality of the poet's earlier years found its way into his plays and there is scarcely a doubt that the dramatic movement in England would have failed but for the exertions and contributions of this splendid mind. His "Countess Cathleen," with its weird supernatural setting, its splendid picture of self-sacrifice and despite its supernatural element, its strange realism, is strongly adaptable to everyone's life. It has all the effect of a morality play; tenderness and kindness in opposition to greed and evil, producing in an eminent degree the sentiments of admiration, of faith, and of the determination to live up to the doctrine that it profiteth a man nothing to gain the whole world if in so doing he must lose his immortal treasure.

The Celtic belief in symbols opens the play with an Elizabethan tinge of belief in portents, and young Teig's

"They say the land is famine struck  
The graves are walking,"

followed by his "what's the use of praying? Father says God and the Mother of God have dropped asleep," calls for the answer characteristic of the Irish mother—

"You'll bring misfortune with your blasphemies  
Upon your father, or yourself, or me,"

and places the reader at once in the desired atmosphere. The return of Shemus, the father, the coming of the merchants with their dastardly proposition when told that the people are starving and have nothing to barter—



"They have not sold all yet,  
For there's a vaporous thing—that may be nothing,  
But that's the buyer's risk—a second self  
They call immortal for a story's sake  
You've but to cry aloud at every crossroad  
At every house door, that we buy men's souls  
And give so good a price that all may live  
In mirth and comfort till the famine's done."

Mary's anguish and indignation at the merchants voices itself  
in this fierce denunciation:

"Destroyer of souls, God will destroy you quickly;  
You shall at last dry like dry leaves and hang  
Nailed like dead vermin to the doors of God."

The Countess Cathleen, robbed of all the treasure she has  
saved for the poor, is warned by Aliel, who has seen in a  
vision an angel—

"And lady, he bids me call you from these woods,  
For here some terrible death is waiting you;  
Some unimagined evil, some great darkness  
That fable has not dreamed of nor sun nor moon scattered.

The immense faith of the Irish people is shown in Cathleen's  
determination

"To pray before this altar until my heart  
Has grown to Heaven like a tree and there  
Rustled its leaves till heaven has heard my people."

But the tendency to despair, on finding her treasures gone and  
herself unable to help the people she loves, finds terrible voice  
in her cry,

"Mary, Queen of Angels,  
And all your clouds and clouds of saints, farewell,"

as she delivers her soul to the merchants in return for the  
wealth which is to allay the sufferings of her people. The



sorrow of the friends of Cathleen, and all who are not evil are her friends, finds fit response in the prayer of Ona:

“O Maker of all, protect her from the demons  
And if a soul must need be lost, take mine.”

Splendid imagery marks Cathleen's closing speech:

“Do not weep too great a while, for there is many  
A candle on the High Altar though one fall,”

and the play closes with the assurance of the Angels:

“ . . . The gates of pearl are wide,  
And she is passing to the floor of peace  
And Mary of the seven times wounded heart  
Has kissed her lips, and the long blessed hair  
Has fallen on her face; the Light of Lights  
Looks always on the motives, not the deed;  
The Shadow of Shadows on the deed alone.”

Yeats's "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" expresses the love of Ireland's sons for the nation. It is a strong, vivid exposition of the strength of soul which overcomes all obstacles in its search for right. Peter and Bridget Gillane, in their little cottage, admiring the wedding clothes and bright prospects of their son Michael, are startled by loud cheering and noise of the French ships in the bay. As they conjecture about the cause of the turmoil, the door opens and a tall, mournful woman enters to tell in beautiful allegory of the strangers in her house; of the wresting of her four beautiful fields and of the many loyal hearts which have ceased beating for love of her. In response to their offer of shelter, of food and even of gold, she tells them that her need is of loyal hearts who will undertake her cause, and in weird cadence she continues: "It is a hard service they take that help me. Many that are red-cheeked will be pale-cheeked. Many that have walked the hills will be sent to walk hard streets in far countries. . . . Many that have gathered money will not stay to spend it; many a child will be born and there will be no father at its

christening to give it a name; . . . and for all that they will think they are well paid." Then Michael, strangely attracted by the mournful story of his nation whose symbol is the Cathleen ni Hoolihan, despite the tears and the entreaties of his Delia and of his parents, follows the lonely visitor from the door and as she goes down the path with this new loyal heart beating for her, she steps "like a young girl, with the walk of a queen."

Of this play Yeats himself says it was his first opportunity to interpret a play in the folk manner. It was an experiment rewarded with success, for Cathleen ni Hoolihan has never failed to touch the heartstrings of Ireland's children.

In beautiful picture Yeats presents George Russell's 'Deirdre,' the story of the beautiful queen:

"Who has been wandering with her lover Naisi,  
And none to friend but lovers and wild hearts."

His singularly exquisite description of the sunset where "stars lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun and then sought each other's faces," has high lyric power and the story Dierdre, found by Naisi and his brothers and taken to the kingdom of Naisi, who pines later for his comrades of the Red Branch Order, is pathetically touching. Deirdre's wailing entreaty to Naisi,

"Bend and kiss me now,  
For it may be the last before our death."

Conchubar's stern determination to claim his bride—Naisi's plea to Deidre—

"It's better to go with him;  
Why should you die when one can bear it all?"

and his thrilling reply when Dierdre offers herself to return to the King if he will set Naisi free:

“And do you think  
That were I given life at such a price  
I would not cast it from me? O my eagle,  
Why do you beat vain wings upon the rock  
When hollow night’s above?”

The tragic death of Naisi, Deirdre’s lament and her death,  
and Conchubar’s rage,

“You are all traitors—all against me—all;  
And she has deceived me for a second time,  
And every common man can keep his wife,  
But not the King.”

All these keep up the intense interest of the reader and place the tragedy among the best of those written during the new period.

In the variety of his verse, dramas and lyrics, Yeats has shown a greater versatility in his poetic work than have any of his contemporaries. His “Wanderings of Oisín” during three centuries in three mystic lands of pleasure, fighting and forgetfulness, is marked by exuberant coloring, as is also his “Madness of King Goll.” The “Wanderings of Oisín” establishes him with Hyde and Russell as one of the three great forces of the Celtic Renaissance. In his splendid essay on Celtic literature he introduces us to the people of his heart and nation as those who delight in spiritual and unbounded things, in stories of men who overcame all men, who died in the waves because only the waves were strong enough to overcome them, of lovers who lived in the heart of the wood—the only place where death could not come to them, and of grief so strong that “all dreams withering in the winds of time lament in his lamentations.”

Yeats’s “Celtic Twilight” rings weird with the Irish dread of the evil spirits and with tender loving fear of the “good people,” miraculous creatures, who live in enchanted woods and travel about guarding those whom God has blessed.

In “The Land of Heart’s Desire” Yeats gives a beautiful folk play of the luring away of the soul of a newly wedded bride on the eve of May Day to the land

"Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise;  
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave;  
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue,  
And where kind tongues bring no captivity."

This has been more frequently produced than any other of his plays. Young Mary's heart is filled with legendary fancies from the book she reads. In her distress at the chiding of her mother-in-law she appeals to the fairies to remove her. This they do in spite of Father Hart's attempt to save her and in spite of his advice to her to put down the book:

"Put it away, my colleen,  
God spreads the heavens above us like great wings,  
And gives a little round of deeds and days  
And then come the wicked angels and set snares,  
And bait them with light hopes and heavy dreams,  
Until the heart is puffed with pride and goes  
Half shuddering and half joyous from God's peace."

She continues her reading until a strange, sweet song lures her to the door where a child enters, saying,

"I am welcome here,  
For when I tire of this warm little house  
There is one here who must away."

\* \* \* \*

You shall go with me, newly married bride  
And gaze upon a merrier multitude,  
Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood."

Then softly, sweetly, in rhythm with the sweet song of the child—

"Come little bird with crest of gold,"

the soul of Mary leaves the body and the good priest interprets the symbolism—

"Thus do the spirits of evil snatch their prey  
Almost out of the very hand of God;  
And day by day their power is more and more  
And men and women leave old paths for pride  
Comes knocking with its knuckles on the heart."

To put a specific interpretation with a universal application on these little dramas is to rob them of much of their charm. Rather let them speak to the individual heart and let each draw from them his own lesson.

Altogether Yeats in his splendid works has invoked this spirit of middle Irish poetry—passionate delight in nature, in strength and in beauty, as well as vehement lamentations for the stern realities of decay and death.

He takes for his characters the homely people of every day life, fishers, farmers, peddlers, hunters and priests, and he clothes them in the beautiful tradition and clean-cut setting of typical Irish life. His work is direct, attuned to the general ear, and must needs in its aesthetic influence have great bearing upon the work of his contemporaries. "The King's Threshold," "On Bailies Strand" and "The Green Helmet," give the direct plain impression, while "The Land of Heart's Desire," "The Wind Among the Reeds" and "Shadowy Waters" gain for their author the title of mystic. To him the great beyond was always very near, not only in his attachment to the folk lore, legends and traditions of his people as shown in dainty exclamations like the following:

"They will not hush, the leaves a flutter  
Round me—the beech leaves old,"

but in splendid tribute to the power and majestic and overshadowing kindness of God.

Love of woman and love of nature are the dominant notes of the poetry of this great man. Like Russell, he lives frequently in the spirit world and expresses his lack of faith in the reality of earthly things as agents of joy or sorrow.

"Come heart where hill is heaped upon hill,  
For there the mystical brothers  
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood  
And river and stream work out their will  
And God stands winding His lonely horn,  
And time and the world are ever in flight  
And love is less kind than the gray twilight  
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn."

But this is not the characteristic expression of the poet's mind. Rather he delights in the unsealing of the tradition and of the emotional personality of the Celt. His inspirations, it is said, come to him from literature rather than from life, and the influence upon him of the great minds which have gone before has won for him the title of the poet's poet.

A dip into the "Hour Glass" will round up our estimate of this great thinker—this poet of the spirit, as the weaver of beauty, and will show his deep, philosophical thoughts on the eternity of good. "In "The Hour Glass," a morality play, Teague the Fool tells about the angels whose feet have been caught in the snares laid by the Wise Man and who are thus prevented from rescuing his scholars from the toils of his philosophy. Into the Wise Man's satisfaction at the mischief he has caused in the hearts of men comes an Angel with an Hour Glass which is to mark the short time left to the Wise Man. Confronted by the great fear of Death the Wise Man proclaims his faith, but the Angel answers, 'You must die because no souls have passed over the threshold of Heaven since you came to the country. The threshold is grassy and the gates are rusty, and the Angels who keep watch there are lonely.'"

When the Wise Man learns that the only place open to those who deny God is Hell, he strives to undo his evil, but in vain; his lessons have been too well taught. Of all those for whom he gave his soul no one will believe. At last, in desperation, he turns to the Fool, for

"Only the Fool believes in the Fire that punishes,  
In the Fire that purifies, in the Fire wherein  
The soul rejoices forever."

So the Wise Man dies, but the sign he has craved that others may not perish by his fault, comes from his mouth, in the form of a little shining thing—a bright little thing which the Angel carries away in her hands to paradise.

Lord Dunsany betrays a strong affinity to the poetic drama as conceived by Yeats. At the time that Yeats and Martyn



inaugurated the Irish Literary Theatre in Dublin, Dunsany was in the Transvaal with his regiment, and it was not until 1909 that his first play, "The Glittering Gate," was produced at the Abbey Theatre. "The Golden Doom," "The Gods of the Mountain" and "King Argemines" and "The Unknown Warriors" followed in rapid succession. "The Lost Silk Hat" and "A Night at an Inn" followed the same literary styles as the plays with more pretentious titles, all of them clear, pure, melodious expressions of a clean soul which has fed only on the best in the literary realm. He followed carefully the lesson given him by Yeats, his master in the art of dramatic construction, whose terse explanation of the need of the drama is, "Surprise is what is necessary. Surprise, and then more surprise, and that is all;" and he himself gives this conception of poetry, "Poetry is of two kinds, that which mirrors the beauty of the world in which our bodies are, and that which builds the more mysterious kingdoms where geography ends and fairyland begins, with gods and heroes at war, and the sirens singing still." And this second kind was his own—a poetry which placed him with Synge and Yeats as the three great contemporary dramatic poets of Ireland. He has great force of imaginative power and in "The Glittering Gate" the grotesque is mixed with the symbolic when Jim and Bill find their earthly tools useful in opening the gate which will lead them to where they expect to find the friends of their more innocent days, but where they find too, to their dismay, that for them, in the language of Bill, "There ain't no heaven, Jim." This play reveals a strong tendency to cynicism on the part of Lord Dunsany, also his tendency toward portraying the fatalism which surrounds man in his contact with the supernatural world. Dunsany did not rely on the legendary lore of his country, but created his own myths and legends from his original fancy. Fate, and the gods in charge of it, assume many attitudes, but these attitudes are ever the prevailing force of the work of this clever artist in depicting the moods and fancies of mankind—"The Gods of the Mountain," a drama where the rocks walk in the evening and where the

seven gods of the mountain (impersonated by six beggars and a thief) sit upon the mountain top "with their right elbows resting on their left hands, the right forefinger pointing upwards."

Surely in these as in "A Night at the Inn" and in "The Golden Doom" and other plays, Dunsany deserves the title of uniqueness. Triviality, however, mars the effect of much of his work and there are few who care for second reading.

In "The Heather Field" and in "Maeve" Edward Martyn places himself almost in the first rank of present day dramatists. Tyrell the hero conceives the wild idea of redeeming from the ocean a wild field of bog and heather. In trying to carry out his strange project, he neglects his every day business and thus incurs the displeasure of his wife, who resents his neglect of her and of their child. The same visionary aspect of life is taken by Maeve in the drama bearing her name. She leaves her home on her wedding eve to follow the mysterious figures of legend, and while her body is later found lifeless in her chair, her soul goes forth to meet the ideal lover, who is for her the symbol of eternal beauty. "A Tale of a Town," "Grangecolman," "Hail and Farewell" show deep study of technique on the part of the author. His characters are not essentially strong, and he lacks the almost universal admiration which the Irishman has for woman, but he is highly intellectual and symbolic.

Yeats has interpreted Maeve as the delineation of the true hearted Ireland who would rather be depopulated in pursuit of national individuality and of ideal beauty than to drift along to complete Anglicanism, even though that brings riches, peace and content.

George Moore, closely identified with Edward Martyn in the intellectual drama has the splendid power of assuming and entering into the characters whom he depicts, of becoming absorbed in their interests and of possessing himself of their passions. His first dramatic work in Ireland was "The Strike at Arlingford," produced as the result of a wager—and receiving applause which encouraged its author to continue. "The

Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "A Drama in Muslin," revealing his deepest knowledge of Irish life, and "Esther Waters" are plays whose characters are drawn from his novels or from characters used under other names in his novels. Moore is decidedly Platonic in his ideas of marriage and its most sacred function, and this trait in his character prevents his work from assuming or evincing the affinity with spirituality which must control any work that is to endure as a universally great production.

Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Casad-an-Sugan" (The Twisting of the Rope), is a one-act play in Gaelic to be produced upon the stage. Simple in its denouement, the story depicts the getting rid of an objectionable visitor by appealing to his pride as the only man present who could twist a rope. As the rope lengthens the unlucky "twister" finds himself outside of the door, to the great relief of the party.

Dr. Hyde stands in the first rank as one of the leading workers in the collecting and retelling of Irish folk literature. It is said that without his "Love Songs" and "Religious Songs" of Connaught, the prose of his period would never have attained that distinction of rhythm which is its chief characteristic. Trenchant at times with satire and again bursting with merriment, Dr. Hyde is ever a keen observer, ever human, and ever imbued with the deepest reverence for all that is holy. These traits have won for him the name of the best loved writer in Ireland. His "Literary History of Ireland" is replete with records of strong men who tried to promulgate laws, to test, purge, and sanction the annals and genealogies of Ireland," and his "Story of Early Gaelic Literature," as well as the tales from the Irish of the "Sgnelnidhe Gaodhalach," give good pictures of the lives of his countrymen in different ages. "The Lost Saint," a one-act play, is one of the favorite plays among the peasantry and gentlefolks. It represents an Irish schoolmaster who related to his pupils the story of a holy, saintly man of Ireland who went away in his humility and wandered through the country in disguise. Poor little Conall, the "Amadan" cannot say the lines and is left alone while the

master and all the other boys go out. An old man enters and despite Conall's tearful protestation, "I have no memory of anything," declares he will help him with the hard task. Then the old man prays with the beautiful, trusting Irish faith which draws so close to the Almighty as to pull at His very heart-strings: "O Lord, O God, take pity on this little, soft child. Put wisdom in his head, cleanse his heart, scatter the mist from his mind, and let him learn his lesson like the other boys. . . . O Lord, bitter are the tears of a child, sweeten them; deep are the thoughts of a child, quiet them; sharp is the grief of a child, take it from him; soft is the heart of a child, do not harden it." Then, to the amazement of the master, Conal recites the entire poem of the saints who guard the days of the week, and the Old Man, the humble Aongus Ceile Di, who has disguised himself in his humanity, gives this beautiful blessing to the master and the children, "The blessing of God on you; the blessing of Christ and His Holy Mother on you; my own blessing on you."

Hyde's "Little Child, I Call Thee," shows sensitive tenderness and sympathy with youth:

"Little child, I call thee fair,  
Clad in hair of golden hue,  
Every lock in ringlets falling  
Down to almost kiss the dew,"

and his "O Were You On the Mountain" retains like the former the original sentiment in all its lyric clearness—

"I was up on the mountain and saw there your Love;  
I saw there your own one, your queen and your dove;  
I saw there the maiden with the step firm and free  
And she was not pining in sorrow like thee."

The mediaeval flavor of "O Were You On the Mountain" carries through "I Shall Not Die for Thee," a poem ballad—like in movement, rich in picturesque description, and true in its human tone.

"Woman graceful as the swan,  
A wise man did nurture me.  
Little palm, white neck, bright eye,  
I shall not die for thee."

So much has been done by this splendid man that a whole paper might well be devoted to his clever and magnificent efforts in behalf of Irish literature. But in a cursory glance over the entire period with which he is connected, we feel his influence in the other writings as well as in his own, so we leave him for the present and quote in passing, his prayer:

"From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,  
From the foes who would us dis sever,  
O Lord preserve me, in life, in death,  
With the sign of the cross forever."

One more writer of this period so replete with men of action and ability, must claim our attention. Time and space forbid at present consideration of the splendid work of Paidric Colum, whose dramas are as full of promise as are his lyrics of real worth. We pass on to John Millington Synge, whose "Riders to the Sea," "The Shadow of the Glen" and "Deirdre of the Sorrows" have placed him high on the ladder of contemporary fame. "In the Shadow of the Glen" is not a clean drama nor is it a true delineation of Irish character, for surely in no place under God's skies is purity of womanhood so guarded and loved as in Ireland, but in his presentation of this travesty on Irish womanhood, Synge is peculiarly clever, as he is in his description of the lonely home where Nora, the symbol of many an Irish maid mated without choice to an old man of wealth, goes about sad and lonely, "hearing nothing but the wind crying out in the bits of broken trees left from the great storm and the streams roaring with the wind."

In "Riders to the Sea" Synge gives a characteristic folklore drama—a picture of the constant conflict between the islanders and the harsh, unrelenting sea. Maurya, hearing news of the death of her son Michael, refuses to be com-



forted, as she begs her one remaining son, Bartley, to stay at home:

"If it was a hundred horses or a thousand horses, you had itself, what is the price of a thousand horses against a son where there is one son only?"

"He's gone now, God spare us, and we'll not see him again. He's gone now and when the black night is falling, I'll have no son left in this world."

Then when she goes to give Bartley her last blessing and tries to say "God speed you," but faints on seeing the wraith of Michael. Her grief grows less loud and she keens softly her death song—

"It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night . . .

"They're all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul and on the souls of Sheamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn, and may he have mercy on my soul and on the soul of every one who is left living in the world."

The appeal of this splendid little tragedy is more becoming to the power of Synge than are the irreverence and frivolity and commonness of "The Tinker's Wedding." The cottage scene is such as one might meet in any Irish parish and the lyric beauty of the "cabin" of Mauryn is thrilling in its appeal. Far removed from this effect is that produced by "The Playboy of the Western World," where a spirited young Irish lad, "Christy," wins the love and admiration of the womenfolk as he relates how in a quarrel he killed his "da." Here the purpose is obviously to show the writer's contempt for certain of the Irish people. It is an unworthy purpose, extravagant and untrue in its working and unworthy of the splendid ability of Synge.

In "Deirdre of the Sorrows" Synge carries out the same story as Yeats and Russell, but it promises more power than



either of the other productions and this "folk tragedy is highly convincing and human in its delineation of the passion of Dierdre."

"I have put away sorrow," she says, "like a shoe that is worn out, for it is I who have had a life that will be envied by great companies." Deirdre is a variation from the women portrayed by Synge in his other works, but it is by such variations that he has made himself famous. His belief was that only in things and places and characters out of the ordinary is material interesting to the ordinary man, and to this belief we must refer in excusing so many transgressions against ethical treatment of his subjects.

The greatest value of the works of the writers of this period has been the awakening of the world to the national consciousness of Ireland, to the fact that she has the material, the possibility and the power to produce a literature strong and splendid and beautiful, that her national ideals and national patriotism combined with her splendid trust in her own power guided by the ever mastering power of the God whom she holds so dear, must needs find expression for all time in language, eloquent, impassioned, sublime, and in fine that hearts so permeated with the truths of humanity must rest with nothing less than a national expression of national ideals, and with God's help, of a national freedom.

M. C. H.

## The Clue That Led to Truth



AFTER about half an hour's tinkering with the internals of his Stutz sport model from a supine position of apparent ease on a rather durable pavement, Donald Clifford Manchester, one of society's brightest assets, emerged and once again breathed air untainted by gasoline. Now he looked very much unlike his usual self. Not one of the young ladies of that smart set, the members of which he was pleased to call his friends, would recognize him now. He was dressed in jumper and overalls which very much resembled the ones worn by the man who fills the grease cups at the Buick service station after his wash lady has for the third consecutive time, refused to renovate them.

"Confound it all, where's that screw-driver. If I'd be less independent and do as my friends are always advising I wouldn't be forever contaminating myself by intimate contact with these vile boulevards. Busiest part of town, too. Oh, well, I suppose I'll have to run over to a garage with all this grease on my face and get a screw-driver."

With this soliloquy he crossed the street and started for a garage farther down. A headline of the evening paper caught his eye and he stopped to read, "Another Daring Daylight Robbery; Ascribed to 'Denver Mike.'" He looked narrowly at the name and smiled a grim smile. "Denver Mike, eh," he said to himself.

As he was going into the garage he ran squarely into a somewhat disreputable individual who took the collision with bad grace.

"Beg pardon, stranger," apologized Manchester.

"Say, who do you think you are anyway," snarled the other.

"Denver Mike, at your service," smiled Beau Brummell incognito.

The other started slightly and looked a little alarmed and then grinned evilly as much as to say, "You've given me a great idea. Thanks."

He of the greasy overalls stood and stared after the retreating figure and scratched his head as though contemplating some action and yet undecided whether to act or not. Then with a bound he was across the street and speaking earnestly with a policeman. He turned to point out the object of his solicitations but he had entirely disappeared. Soon the officer disappeared too and Donald went into the garage.

#### THE CALIPH STOOPS

Feeling exceptionally romantic, so much so that he was led to recite Waller's "On a Girdle" for his own benefit, Donald walked back up the boulevard, justifying the hypothesis that the new collar styles were introduced solely to give the men's necks free play.

A hat came sailing towards him leading in its wake one of the prettiest of the sex, so often erroneously referred to as "weaker," that he had ever seen. She was so attired as to give a person the impression that she was a firm adherent of Gelett Burgess' sulphitic\* theory. Donald nearly broke his neck trying to get his hands on the hat. When he succeeded in rescuing it for her there were two big black grease spots on the brim where his hands had clutched it. He turned to present it to her and gasped as he gazed at her.

"Lord! she's a beauty," he thought.

But she was speaking now. "Oh, you've ruined it! Why didn't you let it go?"

"By George, they always think of themselves first!"

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\*Opposite of *bromidic*.

thought Donald. Then aloud he said, "I'm very sorry I was so careless, Miss. You will allow me to replace it I hope."

"There's isn't another one like it," she objected.

"There's one over there." He pointed with his finger across the street.

He seemed determined to argue but she went on in a different key. "Why couldn't you have been a handsome, millionaire's son? Why do I always have to meet proletarians in my adventures?"

He thought of his condition and looked down at his overalls and jumper and a light of understanding broke. He was going to say something about snobs and class prejudice when she turned away and he saw a car approaching the curbing. He saw that she was going to leave suddenly and called after her, "Good-bye, Donna Tullia." She turned a puzzled face towards him and then climbed into the car which was immediately driven away by the youthful chauffeur.

#### FANCY'S FLIGHT

Young Manchester, as young men frequently do, spent the following week when he was not engaged in looking up the society columns of the newspapers for a sight of that pretty face, in thinking up ideas for poems, yes, and even writing them. They usually ran something like this:

You came to me out of the mist,  
You came and you looked, I wist,  
Like a love lily beautifully kissed  
By the rays of the setting sun.

He never stopped to worry whether every word made sense or not, but he wrote, as he thought, as if he were inspired.

"Henry Mallers should see some of this," he thought as he put the finishing touches to a thirty-stanza poem. Henry Mallers was his bosom friend and consequently privileged to say things that others wouldn't have dared, and taking advantage of the privilege, Mallers told him one day that he was

an erudite scholar, a great critic, and an excellent short-story writer but that he couldn't write verse and to cut it out. Frequently, when he thought of it, Donald was piqued by this speech very much.

Runmaging through a pile of manuscript, he came across an invitation to a ball at the home of Miss Beula Louise Harrison, the multi-millionaire's daughter. A shadow of annoyance crossed his face as he realized that he had failed to express his regrets. It had never occurred to him that he might go. That sort of thing didn't interest him now.

Henry Mallers called after dinner to know if he were going. When he saw the pile of manuscript he went over and picked up the latest effort.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated. "What's this?"

(Reading.)

"'Acushla—.' Where'd you get that?"

"Canon Sheehan. Why?" responded Donald.

"Why don't you read something good like Oscar Wilde or Flaubert or Tolstoy?"

"What's the matter with Sheehan?"

"Not romantic enough."

"He has romanticism down to a fine point. Not realistic enough you mean. You've got realism like Tolstoi's on the brain. But go on with the criticism."

(Mallers continuing.)

"'Acushla, see! you've been the cause

Of my great happiness;

I could not love you any more—

Could you then love me less?

I cannot chant sweet songs of love

As other youthful bards;

I cannot play or sing or lie,

Nor fortunes tell with cards.

When you and I go wandering

Along the moon-kissed sea,

You know that though my lips are sealed  
You're everything to me.

Your gentle hand upon my arm,  
A sweet smile on your lips—  
I tremble with a daring thought—  
The moon in a cloud bank dips.

Ma chère, please love me, for you are  
The source of happiness;  
I could not love you any more—  
Could you then love me less?"

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Donald.

"Say, son, who is she?" Mallers leaned forward in expectation.

"Oh, I ran after some of her wearing apparel the other day."

"What! already? Aw, forget it and go to the ball to-night."

"Oh, yes. Of course."

"Well, there isn't any more." Then a bright idea struck him and he jumped up and exclaimed, "By George! I will go to that ball to-night."

#### THE BALL

Amid that blaze of brilliancy he felt curiously lonesome and yet vainly realized that this was his real sphere—here he was altogether at home. He knew without allowing the knowledge to make him a presumptuous prig, that he was one of the most popular beaux at the ball. And yet, with all the curious glances of the men, admiring in spite of enviousness, and the admiring gaze of the women, who saw in him only perfection, he realized that he was a despicable hypocrite, a mere dilettante, dipping in here, dabbling there, possessing a superficial knowledge of literature yet afraid to use it because that represented work, and he hated work in any form. According to his view, if there were another Eden,



Satan would assume the form of a laborer. And yet he would have been unwilling to admit that he was a misanthrope. He hated to think of poverty but realized that it was his duty to feel sorry for it.

He stood in a corner of the ballroom thoughtfully gazing at the scintillating brilliance of the crystal chandeliers, reflecting in variegated colors the most infinitesimal gleam of light, like illuminated stalactites. Before him beautiful girls in vari-colored plumage drifted by in the arms of their partners to the entrancing music of an inspired orchestra. And then he looked down to see—oh, heavens! such an ethereal vision. Wonder of wonders, it was she—his inspiration! Miss Harrison was beckoning to him to approach. He was affected as Pegasus must have been when he made his first flight and dizzy with delight but to all outward appearances the same formal Mr. Manchester. . . . The introduction. Miss Tremont, Mr. Manchester. He couldn't for the life of him remember afterwards whether he had acknowledged the introduction to her escort or not. . . . Tremont. A very poetic name. . . . He wondered what her first name was, and hoped with all his heart that it wasn't Claibel or Cymbeline. He thought she started slightly when she first saw him but he couldn't be sure. Miss Harrison had taken possession of the escort and Donald turned to the fluffy vision at his side.

"Miss Tremont, eh."

"Yes. Do you like it,—Don Giovanni?" She paused slightly before she said the name as though to give her words more weight.

"Her, you mean. I adore her, have for the last week."

"It's that—already. . . . About that day. I'm sorry. I didn't know that you were a Prince Florizel."

"Well, it was not exactly a disguise," he admitted laughingly.

"Oh, I see. Involuntary."

"Yes, it was and again it wasn't."

"You're quite a paradox."

"Well, you see from infancy I was a rather precocious child (I hope Dickens doesn't bore you) and as mother used to say, inclined to act on the spur of the moment, and as I was driving along in the car the other day a wonderful idea struck me—an idea which I realized would revolutionize the automobile industry, and all to be accomplished by merely interchanging several parts of the engine. So I determined to act tout de suite with the resulting effect which nearly lost for me my life's happiness."

The returning escort cut off their conversation but not before he had received the promise of a dance. The sixth was to be his. Could he wait that long.

#### MUTUAL EGOTISM

She certainly danced divinely. It was no effort whatsoever; she was born to it, he thought. He had danced with many girls but never before had he so acutely realized anyone's presence. He was thrilled and told her so as they walked among the palms in the garden afterwards.

"Do you think I am beautiful?" she asked coquettishly.

"Regina deorum," he returned with a glad light in his eyes.

"No. Je suis Titania," she corrected.

"You have lips like the bow of Eros," he resumed.

"You've been reading F. Scott Fitzgerald. Remember I have not known you before to-night."

"But I have known you since before Solomon was born."

"Why Solomon?"

"He was the wisest of fools; the greatest of the genus stulti."

"Yes. He fell for a woman."

"May I plead guilty. . . . I once had an ideal . . ."

"Tell me about her."

"She was tall but not too tall, fair and beautiful, not the professional beauty sought by artists, but rather a coquettish beauty, a delicate, really feminine beauty and lovable. She possessed an intrinsic coquettishness, not superlative enough

to become flirtatious and thus selfish. She was educated up to my standards—"

"Vanitas vanitatum," she put in.

Ignoring her sarcasm he went on, ". . . up to my standards so that it was a delight to talk to her of literature that I love and the fine arts. I used to dream of her continually. . . . Didn't I act as one walking in a dream the day I tried to save your hat?"

"Do you make up your stories as you need them or have you a regular stock?"

"That ideal is almost as old as I am. I had almost despaired of ever realizing it."

"It is rather a perfect one."

"Yes, but not impossible as I found out."

"When?"

"Last week. . . . By the way I hereby make known my resolution to replace that hat I ruined last week."

"Oh, here comes my partner for the next dance," she suddenly exclaimed.

"I'd like to chloroform your partner for the next dance," he muttered to her under his breath.

As she moved away with the claimant, smiling she turned to Donald and said: "Might I be permitted to suggest that there is a drug store three blocks away."

#### A PROPOSAL THROWN AWAY

A week came and went and found Dorothy and Donald better friends, so much better in fact that he had asked to buy not only that one hat but all the hats she would henceforth need. She was laughing after he asked her but he could see that the laugh was a little sad.

"I can't," she said simply.

"Is there—is there someone else," he asked somewhat brokenly.

"Yes."

"May I impose on your confidence enough to—"

"It's Henry Mallers," she interrupted. "He asked me too."

"And you—?"

"Not yet," she said. Then suddenly becoming coquettish she added: "Why don't you fight a duel? That would be great fun."

"By George! I believe I will—at once."

She thought she saw a determined look in his eye but he was laughing now and so she was relieved.

#### THE CHARITY BENEFIT

Dorothy was to go with her Don but her Hen was not to be there. He was called away from the city on business so her present courier told her and he, the aspiring Donald, was cruel enough to say within himself that he didn't care.

The day was delightful. They couldn't have prayed for a better one for their outdoor affair. Donald drove her up in his Stutz. He had never seen her so full of happiness. She was overflowing with witticisms and took fresh delight in every little touch of nature they passed. As for him he could not have remembered any time when he was happier had he tried; and he didn't try.

They were out in the country now and leaving in their wake orchards and wheat fields and little homey farmhouses nestling beside huge maroon barns. They heard a lark singing and Dorothy began to quote:

"Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus gins arise . . . ."

"He's driving on high now," put in Donald. And then changing to seriousness he exclaimed brokenly, "Dorothy—" He couldn't go on.

But she apparently unconscious of his changed mood went on:

". . . His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies."

And then thoroughly recovered he finished it for her.  
. . . . He had stopped the car beside a tamarack swamp.

"There's beaucoup de poetry in that swamp," she said.

"You could see beauty in anything, you little beauty," he responded warmly. "You are more beautiful than Pygmalion's statue come to life."

He started to whistle the Polonaise from "Mignon" and she immediately exclaimed, "Then you admit that I am Titania?"

"Say rather Venus," he corrected.

"Or Daphne."

"But I would hate to think of you as part of the scenery," he said unconscious of her thrust. "And I make no claims to the gifts possessed by the Lord of Tenedos."

"You don't have to make any claims." She smiled up at him and started to chase a blue butterfly. "Help me catch Psyche," she called over her shoulder.

When they returned to the car he told her how glad he was that Henry was out of the way and that now he had her all to himself. She became alarmed and wondered if there was any significance in his words. He seemed to act strangely every time Henry's name was mentioned. And then she recalled how resolute he seemed the day she suggested that they fight a duel. She would be to blame if anything had happened. She wondered if— No he couldn't act light-hearted and free if he had done anything to Henry. Still she knew he would consider it an affair of honor. . . . The time dragged and they didn't seem to have anything to say on the way to the grounds.

At the bazaar when she got among her own friends and forgot the haunting phantom that had sprung up threatening to spoil the day for both of them, she became cheerful and gay again. She even went so far as to help some of the girls in the waffle booth. She knew most everyone there and so did Donald and soon they had him inside too, helping to make batter for the waffles.

"This is something I never did at home," he exclaimed.

And truly that was a treat for the proletarian: to see society's best waiting on them and making waffles for them. That *condescension* of society at least is charity.

The day went all too fast for Donald and Dorothy. In the evening they had dinner together in the big pavilion. After dinner there was to be dancing.

#### ANXIETY, THE SPOILER

Donald was talking to a little group of his friends in the garden where the refreshment booths were located. Dorothy outside with some of her friends, noticed several police officers enter the garden. Anxiety leaped to the front and she stood panic stricken. Then regardless of her friends, when she saw the officers approach Donald, she ran at once into the garden and listening from outside the circle of people, heard the sergeant address him.

"We have the evidence, Sir, and a witness to prove everything. You are the man we want. There is no mistake."

Now Donald was speaking. "Your evidence is circumstantial." It was said with the same intonation with which he would have said "I'll raise you," holding a royal flush. Any one of his friends would have known that he was playing with the officer. But with Dorothy it was no drama; it was real and it threatened to become tragedy. She rushed up to Donald through the crowd which surrounded him and halted panic stricken in front of him. The bystanders expected her to throw her arms around his neck but she didn't.

"Don, why did you do it? Did you *really* kill him? I didn't mean what I said. It was an unnecessary sacrifice. I loved *you* all the time.

Donald stood perplexed. He was trying amid the joy of her confession and the confusion created by the presence of the officers to make some sense out of the situation but it was beyond him.

"Do what? Kill whom? What do you mean? But you love me; that is enough. I don't care now if the heavens fall."



It was now her turn to be puzzled. "These officers. . . . They mean that you have killed Henry? Oh, I know it is true. Why did I ever say anything like that?"

Donald now began to see light. "My dear girl. Henry is my best friend. As far as I know he is just as much alive as he ever was. Certainly I would be the last one in the world to wish that he cease to live. These officers accuse me of being Denver Mike. Certainly I do not look like him. Do you think so?"

The officers were growing impatient now that the drama was over. "Come, Mr. Mike, we'll have to go," said the sergeant to Donald.

Miss Tremont now showed her real character. Instead of being overcome with chagrin at her mistake, she took in the whole situation and spoke to the officer:

"Sergeant, if you are going to arrest this man for the crimes of Denver Mike you are making a grave mistake. He is my fiancée and as such is not to be identified with any such notorious criminal."

"I'm sorry, Miss. Evidence is evidence and if we don't take him somebody else will take our jobs. Officer Ryan, tell Carney to bring the patrol around."

Donald pricked up his ears at this. "Carney?" he said. "Sergeant, let me talk to this Carney before I go to jail."

"Ryan, tell Carney to bring the patrol around and to come with it," commanded the sergeant.

Carney came and when he saw Donald in the custody of the officers he exclaimed: "Mr. Manchester! Been speeding again? Where's the culprit, Sergeant?"

"Culprit?" exclaimed the sergeant. "Here, of course."

Carney looked him over and then indulged in a fit of laughter. "Culprit me eye. That's Mr. Donald Clifford Manchester, son of John Manchester, the millionaire banker! Oh, my!"

The sergeant looked bewildered and then exclaimed: "If I had that guy—"

"What guy?" put in Manchester.

The fellow who put me on your track."

"What was he like?" asked both Manchester and Carney, for Carney had been acquisitioned after they got the "clue." The sergeant described him and Carney exclaimed to Manchester: "That's the guy you put me onto the other day." Then as the truth struck him he yelled, "Denver Mike. And I know where to find him, now. Come on, sergeant." And they all went off hot foot, and the crowd with them.

There was no one in the garden now but Dorothy and Don. He turned to her and said: "Did you really mean what you said a little while ago?"

She looked up with that same coquettish smile that he knew so well and said: "I once had a school teacher who held the theory that when a person is under the influence of great excitement he always tells the truth. I have come to believe in that theory myself."

WALTER C. WEST, A. B., '23.

# Naghten Debate

On the evening of March fifteenth was held the Naghten Debate, the subject for discussion being: "Resolved that the Principle of the Open Shop Should Receive the Support of the American People." The Debate was won by the Negative side and the Naghten Medal was won by Maurice G. Walsh, whose speech follows:



S the third speaker of the negative it is my province to analyze the three phases of the practical application of the open shop principle—that is, its effect upon, first, the employer, second, the employed, and third, the American people.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the open shop is contrary to the best interests of both union and non-union workers.

The union employe objects to the open shop movement because he sees in it a menace to the organization which has lifted him from the depths of an intolerable slavery. He sees his right to determine, at least to some extent, the conditions under which he shall labor, being taken from him. He knows that the open shop will place him in a position in which an employer will be free to discriminate against him in favor of the non-union man. He fears what this open shop movement really stands for.

No one can say his fears are unfounded, no one who has read the history of labor in the red letters in which it is written, or who has heard the statements of the leaders in the open shop movement.

The Bethlehem Steel Corporation, the National Fabricators and Erectors Association, the National State Manufacturers and the United States Steel Corporation, all are agreed that the open shop is to be a shop in which there will be no dealings with the unions, even though they embrace ninety-five per centum of the employes. This is an admission on the part of the leaders in this movement of the real object of the

open shop, to render ineffectual and eventually to destroy the union. Well may the union man fear them. They force him to the realization of the fact that the open shop is not an abstract principle applied by ideal men, but a real, concrete weapon in the hands of men who will use it without conscience. The union is his one means of self-defense. It is unjust to render it ineffectual by the open shop and leave him defenseless.

The benefits which the open shop will confer on the non-unionist are false and elusive phantoms. Employers' associations, ever zealous for the interests of the working man, extol the liberty and independence which the open shop will give the non-union man. He will have the liberty, they tell him, to work for whom he pleases, to accept or reject a proffered wage. What hollow mockery of freedom! The freedom to accept a high or low wage when only a low one is offered! Freedom to work for the price offered or starve. The open shop will not give liberty. It will be a return to the old slavery. Hunger is a cruel master and, suffering from his lashes, the non-union man has but one course to take, to submit to the dictates of his employer in the open shop. Do you want to give him this kind of liberty? Then give him the open shop.

And that boasted independence of the non-union man! Compare it with the independence of the unionist. The latter has an effective voice in determining the policy that shall govern him. He can use his judgment and reach a decision founded on his principles of right and justice, and by the union he can enforce that decision; while the non-union worker can but follow in the wake of the standards set by the union, or raise his voice in ineffectual protest, alone and unheard, in the din of our modern industry.

Neither liberty nor independence will the open shop give the non-unionist. Therefore, if, as the employers claim, he favors the open shop, it is not because of these principles. The unworthy motive of selfishness is the real compelling force. In the open shop he will be permitted to work with the union, as long as it survives, and derive the benefits which

organized labor secures for him, and yet he will not be required to support this organization which makes his very existence possible. Ladies and gentlemen, this is not just; it is selfish injustice.

The exploitation of labor in an open shop admittedly may temporarily benefit the employer; but his permanent interests will not be served.

Without the union wage contract the employer would be continually harassed by fluctuations in the open labor market. Wages form the largest part of the cost of production, and without mutual agreements as to wages, the stability of our industries will be undermined by the constantly changing prices. This undermining is threatened from another source. Against the red specter that has arisen from the heart of Russia, and even now can be seen menacing the whole of central Europe, the American Federation of Labor presents a solid bulwark. It will be under a misguided, short-sighted policy that capital shall direct a deadly blow in the form of the open shop against this Federation of American Unions, which is now ready to fight with it against the common enemy of both — Radicalism.

In the records of the United States Senate there is written the history of an open shop policy, in one of the largest clothing manufacturers in this country. It is a story of a continual strife between employer and employe. Fifteen years ago this open shop policy was abandoned and then by means of a so-called preferential shop this condition of strife was converted into one in which the most harmonious relations have existed between employer and employe. This is the form of the shop that we of the negative would advocate, if it were required of us to advocate any. It has all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of either the open or the closed shop, and it is a proven success. Before the Senate Committee, E. D. Howard of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, has described it. In this plan an employer is required, when he needs additional workers to apply first—to the union for them, and if the union cannot furnish the required help he is



then at liberty to secure it in the open market. This secures for the union, protection against any damaging discrimination by the employer and fifteen years of experience has shown that it also protects the employer against the abuses of the union. It has been found to be infinitely better than the open shop. These facts are more than sufficient to cast a reasonable doubt upon the advisability of the open shop policy from the viewpoint of the average American employer.

More important than the interests of either employer or employe and untinctured with the prejudice and apprehensions of either, is the incompatibility of the open shop with the ideals of the great mass of the American people.

The working man has always been an American ideal. We look out not to aristocracy, nor the nobility or the military for distinction. In the brain and brawn of the working man who has tussled with nature and has wrested from her depths some of her treasures, there is something that appeals to us as Americans. Our courts were the first to grant the laborer the right to organization and collective bargaining. An English judge says that England has learned much from American courts in regard to labor. The Civil War was fought for the workingman, be he black or white. Witness also the Workmen's Compensation Act of many of the states. Do they not, in accordance with our traditional policy, favor the workingman as much as possible? Why should we now change our ideals?

All this is not a matter of mere sentiment. It has a solid economic and social basis. The prosperity of a nation demands the distribution of its wealth among the greatest possible number of its citizens. It has been shown that the open shop will take from the workers their only means of preserving their financial interests, their unions. The wealth of the nation will gradually pass from the great mass of the working people into the hands of a few employers. Then will poverty with all its attendant evils encompass America. It is true that we will always have poverty with us, but it is to our interests to keep it as limited as possible. Chicago and other cities will



always have their Maxwell streets, streets trodden by a people in whose listless, sunken eyes can be read the despair of dire poverty. Do not, by taking a stand against labor in this its crisis, widen the limits of Maxwell Street until they include all the parts of our city where laborers dwell.

Ladies and gentlemen, some plan is necessary to improve the relations between employer and employee, but that plan is not embodied in the open shop movement. Whatever possibilities for good may be pointed out by the exponents of the open shop, do not forget its tremendous possibilities for evil. Do not encourage a movement dedicated to the destruction of organized labor: remember the open shop of the past which drained the very life blood of the worker and made him old in his youth: support the organizations that have changed that condition, that have led the way from the open shop—to progress.

MAURICE G. WALSH.



# Loyola University Magazine



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## What Are YOU Going to Do This Summer ?

AS the school year draws to a close, every student is looking forward to lucrative employment during the vacation—the more lucrative the better, but few of them realize that it is possible to get more than money out of a summer position. The vacation could be very profitably spent in a minor capacity in whatever business or profession the student intends to make his lifework. Here he would learn useful details which would help him afterwards, and in short, acquire a perspective of the profession or business which would be of invaluable assistance to him.

For instance a young man who is studying or intends to study law, would learn much by working a few months in a lawyer's office, no matter how trifling his duties were. Of

course the salary wouldn't compare with that which he'd get as a steam-fitter's assistant, but of two law students of equal ability, there is little doubt but that the one who passes his summer in a law office will have a great advantage, when he begins to practice, over one whose only object in seeking summer employment is to pad his pocketbook as much as possible.

The issue lies between money and experience. It is to be hoped that this summer a great many will choose experience.

J. J. T.

# Alumni

## LOYOLA ALUMNI ELECT NEW OFFICERS

Loyola Alumni held their annual election of officers in the College Club rooms at 1076 W. Roosevelt Road, Thursday evening, April 14th. M. Malachy Foley was elected president to succeed Augustine J. Bowe. The past year has been the most successful in the history of the Alumni Association.

The new president is an active member of Damen Council, K. of C., Order of the Alhambra, La Salle Assembly 4th Degree, Honorary member of Governing Board, Chicago Chapter, Director Catholic News Bureau, Phi Alpha Delta Law Fraternity.

The following officers were elected for the years 1921-22:

Moderator—Rev. William T. Kane, S. J.

President—M. Malachy Foley.

Vice-President—J. W. Davis.

Hon. Vice-Presidents—Law Dept., Emmet Trainor; Medical Dept., Dr. Thomas Walsh; Art and Science, James R. Bremner.

Recording Secretary—John Murphy.

Corresponding Secretary—John B. Sackley.

Treasurer—Joseph Bigane.

Historian—Leo McGivena.

Executive Committee—Dr. Henry Schmitz, Dr. C. H. Connor, Dr. Wochinski, Dr. C. C. McLean, Dr. L. D. Moorehead, R. A. Cavanagh, Daniel Laughlin, Payton Tuohy, Wilbur Crowley, Sherwin Murphy, James Shortall, Chas. E. Byrne, Joseph H. Finn, A. J. Bowe, L. J. Walsh, John K. Moore, Dr. John Killeen, Frank E. Sammons, Dr. E. Schniedwind, Wm. Flaherty.

Among the topics discussed at the meeting was the formation of a Loyola Alumni Business Service proposed by Mr. Walter Quigley, an account of which appears below.

\* \* \*

#### THE LOYOLA UNIVERSITY BUSINESS SERVICE

Practically everyone realizes the value of education. Gradually this realization has spread to the business world. Even yet it is not universal but it is extensive. However, this recognition of education must be taken in a qualified sense, in that qualified sense in which it is understood in modern business. Large firms want educated men for their executive positions, but often, very often they are unwilling to bear the expense of training. Many of our graduates, after they have received their diploma, imagine that they have a decided advantage over others who were less fortunate. Yes, they have, but it is an advantage that is not immediately recognized. They are of no practical value to a firm until they have learned those things that are needed for a particular occupation, at which time and not before, will their education be of real, practical benefit.

The chief value of education lies in two things, culture and mental training. The two are closely allied, but not synonymous. Culture in this context is used in the more restricted sense of "the improvement of refinement of the mind, morals and taste and the general informative enlightenment that an educated man is said to possess." Mental training refers to that power which enables a man to use his mind more advantageously, which instills in him the ability to think for himself, to sift out facts from errors and to analyze problems that confront him. Undoubtedly, and it is manifest throughout life, the narrowness of individuals is traceable to the circumscribed environment in which they were reared or the extreme specialization that was necessary in their occupations later in life.

Nothing is so obnoxious as a person who knows nothing else than his own business and is always talking about it.

"Talking shop" is a fault of many, but in criticizing persons of this type one is often inclined to be uncharitably harsh and does not take into consideration the fact that this person did not have opportunities commensurate with his own and deserves a great deal of credit for what he has actually achieved on his limited development. That, however, is not our problem. Our problem is to devise a means for bringing the man who has had the opportunity of education, even though limited, in contact with an opportunity where he can exercise his talents and preferences to their best ends. In other words, our difficulty, also, is to prevent college students from thinking that because they have received a degree, their success in life is assured. They have gone through their training period. The real battle is ahead, and if they stop fighting it will not be a kind hand of one of their professors warning them, but the merciless reproof of the world, which knows no favorites. Our world is a struggle, and for our livelihood it is necessary to accept things as they are, and animated by ethical Christian principles, to eke out our material reward.

Opportunity is the key-stone of our arch, and it is this we seek to provide. Success will depend on how the individual embrace it, how constant his devotion is, and how he vindicates the confidence reposed in him. A salesman, who approaches the buyer of a large corporation, in the first step of his interview, presents his credentials. If the buyer has heard of his firm, he can at once proceed with his solicitation; if he has not, usually explanation is necessary so as to clarify any skepticism that might exist. This service, it is the opinion of many who have studied it, will secure for the applicant a better "entree" than if he attempted it alone. It is to reduce the time necessary for "missionary work" in his selection of a position. It is to bring the employer who wants employees of a certain type in contact with them, thereby producing an advantage to both classes.

In order to effect this plan was this service founded. An outline was drawn up, presented at a regular meeting of the



Alumni and accepted. A committee was provided to supervise this work, a Secretary and Faculty representative appointed to carry out the practical details and in order to complete it the co-operation of all who have the welfare of the graduates, undergraduates and those who at any time attended Loyola University at heart is solicited.

The pith of this outline is, as follows. It will be the duty of the Secretary to collect a list of Alumni of the city and to file them according to occupation, firm, and position. Mr. Moore in a recent investigation with the aid of Father Shanley discovered that there are approximately 10,000 Alumni in the city, basing his estimate only on the number of students attending the University in the last twenty years. Many of these occupy very responsible positions and, when this plan will be presented to them, will aid in its realization. To the Alumni there will be sent a list descriptive of this service and its ends and aims. Then there will be a letter sent to all the important manufacturers and business firms telling them of its inauguration. They will be told that this service will keep a registration of applicants for any position and will be asked to transmit to this service, when the opportunities arise, the knowledge of positions open. To all these who have ever attended the University, this service will be open. The position they desire will be filed, and as soon as the opening is discovered they will be put in touch with it. There will be no charge for services either to the employer or to the applicant. The style of this system is based on that of firms who operate for profit, and is feasible and simple.

The need of this service is apparent. Particularly in these unsettled times of readjustment, many are engaged in work they do not care for and seek a change. Still others are out of work entirely. Many concerns, unostentatiously are using this period to build up their forces with better and higher-type men, and in this is the opportunity. By centralizing agencies of this kind opportunities are gathered together, a market is found for them and contact made between the "buyer and the seller." If such a service becomes well enough

known, and it is the aim of the committee to make it so, employers will turn to it more than to an ordinary service because it represents something definite, something which can almost guarantee the character of its applicants. In the long run, applicants of this type, imbued with the teachings of faithfulness, obedience, originality, honesty and industry cannot fail to triumph over the ordinary person whose notions of what is right and what is wrong are not often clearly defined.

In conclusion the writer wishes to impress one thing. This service is started and is going ahead regardless of what opposition and obstacles it meets. However, every person who reads this can help. No physical labor, no donations, no service of any kind are asked, save this. Each one can help by sending in his or her name or address, business address, both phone numbers, occupation, position, and other data which will help the Secretary complete his records. If this is done it will expedite matters considerably and will enable the service to be under full headway by June, when business conditions ought to be better. The service should be functioning by the middle of the summer, and in complete operation by fall. However, this much may be added; if anyone knows of any positions open please transmit this information as soon as acquired, and if anyone desire to use the services of this bureau he is urged to do so by communicating to the following address. The Secretary, Loyola University Business Service, 1076 Roosevelt Road, Chicago.

WALTER T. QUIGLEY, A. B. '17.

\* \* \*

#### FORMER LOYOLA STUDENT WINS FOREIGN POST

Donal M. Flynn is the first student of the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service to enter the diplomatic service. Flynn has accepted an appointment as secretary of the American legation at Bucharest, Roumania. He is a

graduate of Loyola University, Chicago, and entered the foreign service school here in September, 1919. Prior to coming to Washington he was a newspaper man in Chicago and served for two years with the Red Cross in France.

\* \* \*

A few weeks ago a new Chicago bank, the Devon Trust and Savings Bank, was opened for business at Devon Avenue and Clark Street. Among the directors of the new institution is our corresponding secretary, Mr. John B. Sackley..

\* \* \*

The following announcement found its way to the sanctum during the last month:

*Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Wade announce the birth of their Twin Daughters, Marion Kathryn and Charlotte Christine, born the fifth day of April, nineteen hundred and twenty-one.*

Congratulations Walter.

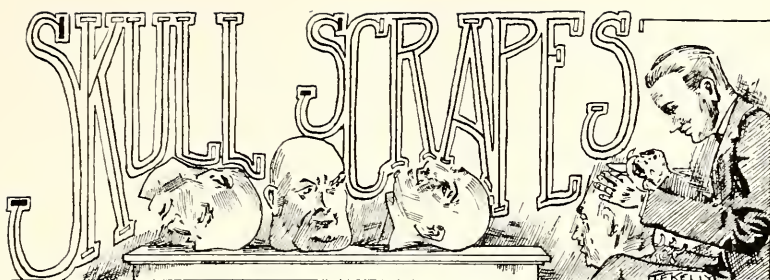
\* \* \*

The following from the Gonzaga Bulletin of Spokane, Wash., will be of interest to many of the old boys, especially those of the class of '09:

James Emmett Royce, LL. B., '17, is leaving the prosecuting attorney's office to enter the field of general practice. During the past two years Mr. Royce has been a member of Gonzaga's Law faculty, teaching criminal law to the first year men. In the future he will be connected with the offices of Ferris & Ferris, one of Spokane's most prominent legal firms.

Mr. Royce has made an enviable record while connected with the prosecutor's office and his departure from the court house will be a distinct loss to the country and state. His resignation is generally attributed to the low salary accorded by the state to its deputy prosecutors.

Many Gonzagans at first feared that the change would mean the loss of this popular teacher from our law faculty. But Professor Royce has definitely announced that he does not in the least contemplate leaving Gonzaga.



The Skulls are scraped  
 Ye "Eds" are through  
 The jokes are rare  
 The laughs are few.

\* \* \*

Some students study subjects—others study credits.

\* \* \*

Now that the M. D.'s are giving out schooners, would you  
 call them dry docks.

\* \* \*

#### MAIDEN FANCIES

"In the spring a young man's fancy  
 Lightly turns to thoughts of love."  
 Nature's subtle necromancy  
 Causes the effect above.

But I've often wondered sadly  
 If the object of his love  
 Has the same ecstatic feeling  
 While he acts the turtle dove.

Does she think how much she loves him,  
 As he strokes her marcelled hair?  
 Does she wish (Ah, melancholy!)  
 That he soon will "take the air"?

May no doubts of my inventing  
Ever quench the Light that gleams  
In his eyes, as he caresses  
Her, his girl of golden dreams!

Yet I fear the minds of maidens  
Are not quite like those of men,  
And their fancies of the springtime  
Turn to something else again.

I'd revise the famous saying,  
And apply it to the girls  
In this form, which better pictures  
What's beneath their lovely curls:

"In the spring a maiden's fancy  
Lightly turns to thoughts of clothes,  
And the world is well forgotten  
While she shops for cob-web hose."

When he says: "I love you, dearest!"  
Babbles of her eyes so blue,  
She thinks: "Orange silk just suits me;  
Nothing else at all will do!"

Youth in springtime, when your loved one  
Heaves a sigh against your vest,  
Do not sigh: "How much she loves me!"  
She's not different from the rest.

And if you should chance to offer:  
"Penny for your thoughts, my dear?"  
Ten to one your dear would answer:  
"Pink is all the rage this year!"

J. J. T.

“O, WHERE, O WHERE IS MY LITTLE GLASS GONE?”

“Where are the boys this autumn’s day?” the teacher said to me.

“There’s only *thirty* in the class, there should be sixty-three.”

“Alas! Alas!” I said to him; my eyes were filled with tears;

“They’re out to see a football game, canst hear their merry cheers.”

And teacher looked at me and said: “Gosh darn the silly dears.”

“Where are they now, that winter’s here?” the teacher said to me.

“There’s only *fifteen* in the class, there should be sixty-three.”

“Teacher, Teacher!” said I to him; my words came low and quick;

“They’re ’cross the way a playing pool, canst hear the pool balls click?”

“And teacher looked at me and said, “They shoot a wicked stick.”

“Where are the boys this warm spring day?” the teacher said to me.

“There’s only *seven* in the class, there should be sixty-three.”

I looked at him and whispered low: “I really hate to tell, They’re out to see the White Sox play, canst hear the students yell.”

And teacher looked at me and said, “That makes me sore as—blazes.”

“Where are the boys this summer’s day?” the teacher said to me.

“I s’pose they’re out araising Cain, that class of sixty-three.”

“O no, O no!” I said to him; my heart was hard as stone;

“They’re *all* of them at summer school, canst hear the blighters groan.”

“A horse apiece,” the teacher said and munched his ice cream cone.

EDWARD P. KING, Pre-Medic.



# University Chronicle

## Baseball

A large number of candidates turned out for baseball, of which the following were chosen to compose the squad: Kempa, Walsh, Dee, M. McNally, Simunich, T. McNally, O'Hern, Zvetina, Russell, Lauerma and Burke. Burke was elected captain.

In the first game of the season, on May 4th, Loyola U. defeated Chicago Tech on the losers' grounds by a score of 17 to 8. Only three of the losers' runs were earned. Berny Dee pitched a brilliant game, striking out eleven men. After the first four innings, during which we were a little unsettled, one star after another shone out. Maurice O'Hern reached first seven times out of seven times at bat, getting a triple, two doubles, a single, two bases on balls, and once getting on through an error. Simunich made a wonderful one-hand catch of a smash which was ticketed for a double at least. In the fourth Lou Lauerma tripled with the bases full, tying the score, and also knocked two doubles. Kempa made three hits, one a double, and Tom McNally added a triple to the team's list of extra-base knocks. Martin McNally did some smart base running in addition to getting two hits. Corny Burke, who was elected captain just before the game, got three singles, and Russell, and Zvetina, who caught a fine game, each got one.

Score by innings:													R	H	E
Loyola U. ....	1	0	0	4	7	0	0	0	5	—17	21	2			
Chicago Tech.....	0	2	2	2	0	2	0	0	0	—8	12	3			

Batteries—Loyola U., Dee and Zvetina; Chicago Tech, Waterman, Fallon and Rogers.

—o—

As we go to press, we learn that "It Happens on Sunday Mornings," the one-act play by Cornelius P. Burke, which appeared in our March issue, is to be produced in June by St. Mary's College of San Antonio, Texas.

## FRESHMAN MEDICS

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### In Memoriam

Jesse Roe Bouton was only a short time in our midst, but in that short time he made a friend of everyone, students and faculty alike. The news of his death was a sad surprise to all.

Jesse was born at Sparland, Illinois, February 17, 1897, graduated Vermont, Illinois, High School, and attended St. Louis University Medical School. In April, 1917, he enlisted in the United States Navy and it was while in the service of his country that the disease which caused his death, was incurred. Because of his illness Jesse was discharged in August, 1918. In February, 1920, he entered Northwestern University, and in July, 1920, he married Miss Clementine O'Connell. In October Jesse came to Loyola as a Freshman medic, Class of '24, and we had the privilege of counting him one of the best friends of the Freshman class.

To Mrs. Clementine Bouton, his widow, Mr. Jesse Roe Bouton, Sr., and Mrs. Marie Bouton, parents; Mr. Hugh E. Bouton and Miss Mildred E. Bouton, Loyola University extends its deep sympathy in their hour of grief.

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READ THIS ALOUD WITH RESONANCE, NOT EXAMINING TOO  
CLOSELY THE MEANING

Sometime last month a shabbily dressed man wandered to the second floor and met a freshman clothed in a white gown, and mistaking him for a doctor, he said to the freshie: "You see, sir, I'm gettin' to be a purty old feller and I has much trouble o' nights to fall asleep because of a terrific headache and a sort o' emptiness and dryness in the pit of my stomach. Can you tell me what'll help me?"

"Well now, let me see. A headache may be caused by an estranged condition of other organs and for a correct diagnosis much depends upon the loquacity of the pain, its frequency and its acuteness. Now your condition may be due to the high frequency with which you imbibe the fluids of Bacchus, which interfere with the work of Morpheus—by the way, do you speak Latin?"

"No, sir, that I doesn't, 'nary a bit."

"No? You do not understand Latin? Now these fluids which I mentioned are produced by bacteria which give off certain zyniogenotis euzynus which act on the tissues producing poisons which exert an exhilaratory effect which causes tempus frigit et deus sanctus; the muse Bacchus producing a condition of corpora quadrigemina et articulatio radio-carpeae which is closely associated with certain fluids which pass from the left side where the liver is, to the right side where the spleen is, it so happening that the lungs which we call ren in Latin, communicate with the brain by means of the venae cavae inferioris, thus spreading and meeting in its course, the said liquor ophthalmicus which fills the ventrides of the fissura cerebri. These poisonous fluids are gifted with a certain malignity which is caused by the acidity engendered in the congenital concavity of the diaphragm. Is that clear, so far?"

"Yes, yes, perfectly," replied the old man.

"Now it is a great and moot question among doctors whether this disease may be cured. Some say 'no', some say

'yes', but I and other great scientists say both 'yes' and 'no', finding that the incongruities of their opinions depends on the perambulations of Sol, and also on the genus homo found in Luna. As I said before these poisons may spread through the trigonum humbale to the annulus inguinalis cerebri producing what is known as hypoacidity of the stomach which is precisely the cause of your headaches. Now you go to the dispensary on the first floor and they will give you something that will relieve you."

"My what a clever un you are. How well you explain it all. Thankee kindly," exclaimed the old man as he went down the stairs.

\* \* \*

Miss Gregory wanted to use garden hose as a stomach pump for Vloedman, but Vloed said he thought it wouldn't be long enough and that he had much difficulty in swallowing small things anyway.

\* \* \*

Berger has come to the conclusion that "There is really an excess of everything in the body, except brains."

\* \* \*

Our fair coeds have become very skillful in making neat insertions with their little scalpels.

\* \* \*

A successful doctor is one who sticks to physic all his life, for right or wrong, he gets paid just the same.

\* \* \*

#### DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

A corpse has never been known to complain of the doctor that killed him.



# What Is Air Pressure?

**T**HE air is composed of molecules. They constantly bombard you from all sides. A thousand taps by a thousand knuckles will close a barn door. The taps as a whole constitute a push. So the constant bombardment of the air molecules constitutes a push. At sea-level the air molecules push against every square inch of you with a total pressure of nearly fifteen pounds.

Pressure, then, is merely a matter of bombarding molecules.

When you boil water you make its molecules fly off. The water molecules collide with the air molecules. It takes a higher temperature to boil water at sea-level than on Pike's Peak. Why? Because there are more bombarding molecules at sea-level—more pressure.

Take away all the air pressure and you have a perfect vacuum. A perfect vacuum has never been created. In the best vacuum obtainable there are still over two billion molecules of air per cubic centimeter, or about as many as there are people on the whole earth.

Heat a substance in a vacuum and you may discover properties not revealed under ordinary pressure. A new field for scientific exploration is opened.

Into this field the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have penetrated. Thus one of the chemists in the Research Laboratories studied the disintegration of heated metals in highly exhausted bulbs. What happened to the glowing filament of a lamp, for example? The glass blackened. But why? He discovered that the metal distilled in the vacuum depositing on the glass.

This was research in pure science—research in what may be called the chemistry and physics of high vacua. It was undertaken to answer a question. It ended in the discovery of a method of filling lamp bulbs with an inert gas under pressure so that the filament would not evaporate so readily. Thus the efficient gas-filled lamp of today grew out of a purely scientific inquiry.

So, unforeseen, practical benefits often result when research is broadly applied.

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## SOPHOMORE MEDICS

Dr. Volini in Physical Diagnosis—"Describe the sound on percussing the liver."

Student—"It is flat, of short duration and wild."

Dr. Volini—"What do you mean by 'wild'?"

Student—"Why by that I mean that it is high-pitched."

\* \* \*

Pat. McNulty proved recently that the inhabitants of South Chicago are not so slow. Believe me his demonstration was surely a success for everyone in the school saw it. Watch your step, Pat!

\* \* \*

On the 20th of April, the Sophomore Class elected officers for the ensuing year. The following gentlemen will guide the destiny of the Class of 1923 in the Junior year:

President—Louis Vitovec.

Vice-President—George Gundry.

Secretary—Lorenzo Balasquide.

Treasurer—Wilfred Malone.

Class Editor—Patrick McNulty.

Business Manager of the Year Book—John Warren.

Class Representative—James Russell.

\* \* \*

*"By Their Words You Shall Know Them."*

"She's an old peach."—L. Balasquide.

"Gimme a 'cig' Doyle."—J. Russell.

"She's a 'bar-cat'."—G. Gundry.

"I can sit in more cars and get less rides, etc."—Joe Ryan.

"I will lecture on autopsy."—Cailles.

"er—er—er and so on."—Guesswho.

"Come on fellows, it's 3:00 o'clock, let's go."—Will Malone.



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Tom Coyne rises to remark that he was erroneously reported in the last issue as being afflicted with "immetis." Tom says that he is always on the giving end, and that Mullens, the popular young Copenhagen addict of the Junior Class, is generally on the other end.

\* \* \*

Bill Malone, the regular conductor of this column is suffering from lethargic paralysis of the right hand. He has been so afflicted since the December issue, though he will be over the ailment with the termination of the school year.

\* \* \*

Junior addressing a "Soph" emerging from the dispensary: "Are you having dispensary?"

Sophomore (chest inflated)—"Why of course?"

Junior—"In what subject?"

Sophomore (chest receding)—"Physical diagnosis."

\* \* \*

#### "THE PEACOCK STRUT"

It was inevitable. Splendid organization of committees and a superlative degree of assiduity and enthusiasm by the individual members of these committees fore-ordained, as it were, the success of the "Peacock Strut" held on the evening of April 8th, at the Great Northern Hotel.

This event was heralded several weeks in advance, and the unique methods employed by the Publicity Committee in so doing, were such as to make professional press agents seem amateurish. The first inklings of the affair were clothed in such an air of mystery that the writer, driven by a feminine degree of curiosity, had recourse to infallible "Ouija," only to find that even this medium was not wise. It was only when full announcement of the annual "prom" of the Medical Department appeared in the society notes of the daily papers that our curiosity was appeased.

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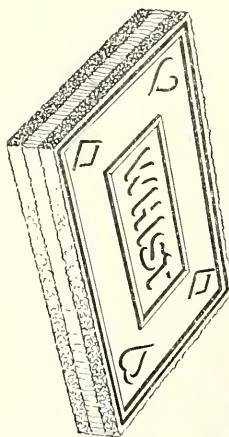
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As a result of the splendid preliminary preparation, the attendance at the ball was practically one hundred per cent. The hall was appropriately decorated for the occasion; artistic streamers, and knobby paper hats, furnished by the Committee on Arrangements, further enhancing the beauty of the setting. Studded by many specimens of Ziegfeldian pulchritude, a scene of this sort made one grateful that he was not suffering from amblyopia. Roger's Orchestra, those five scintillating scions of syncopation, furnished the music. Suffice it to say (apology to Prof. Strong), that these gentlemen played, raved, moaned and groaned all the music that made Irving Berlin rich and Sophie Tucker famous. And to further insure the happiness of the terpsichoreans, the above mentioned committee furnished delicious though kickless punch, and Porto Rican Perfectos. Hence, wherefore and why not was this occasion a glorious success?

However, too much praise cannot be given the Students' Activity Committee composed of Miller, Meyers, Cummings and Wilkins. It was largely through their efforts that the affair was made possible and that the outcome was so happy. Also to Dr. and Mrs. Thesle Job, on the Reception Committee are due a vote of thanks. Their vigilance in seeing that everyone was acquainted produced a spirit of good-fellowship which played no small part in making the evening most enjoyable to all.

\* \* \*

#### GLEANINGS FROM THE "STRUT"

Bob Cummings, the social lion from Delavan, escorted a little sylph in gray. A member of the faculty observed that, "she was a stunner, but a bit youngish." However you cannot condemn Bob for this. In fact we think Cumming's used great discretion in his choice. But as far as that goes, the fellow admitted this himself—at least his actions indicated this as he did not allow the young lady to divert her attention from him the entire evening.

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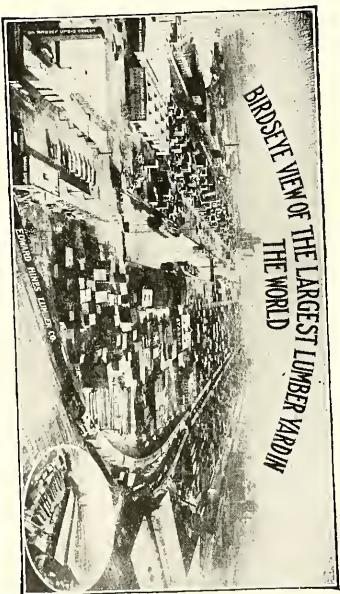
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Don Jose Cailles kinda dazzled the boys when he appeared, dressed according to Hoyle—regulation tuxedo, hard-boiled shirt, etc., etc. Believe us, the pride of Luzon deported himself a la Gold-Coast.

\* \* \*

Joe Ryan created quite a stir with his dancing. Very few can trip the light fantastic toe like our Joe. By the way, we may mention confidentially that this “medico-Frisco” is about to offer to the public a new dance creation to be known as the Pathologic Toddle. It is said to consist of a sort of epileptiform seizure in the upper torso, the shoulders moving rythmically in an antero-posterior manner, combined with a palsy-like action of the lower extremeties, terminating in a rather atopic gait. Go to it Joe, we’re with you!

\* \* \*

Pat. McNulty was very much in evidence with a spritely little damsel from South Chicago. Bob Cummings has volunteered some information regarding said young lady. It may be a breach of confidence to divulge this, but we may mention in passing that we have already begun to lay in a supply of rice (and also old shoes).

\* \* \*

The following faculty members were present: Drs. Masoglia, Dawson, Job, Matthews, Bergloff, O’Connors, and Sutphen.

\* \* \*

Hitchcock of the Freshman Class is to be congratulated. We understand he was successful against a large field of Sophies. Nice going, “Hitchie.” We always thought that it was something besides books that attracted you to the library.

\* \* \*

George Gundry believes that imported goods are always the best. His young lady journeyed in from Valpo to attend the “prom.”

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## SCHOOL OF SOCIOLOGY

The second semester of the School of Sociology closes the early part of June, and thus ends the most successful year of the School. The registration increased substantially this year but in spite of the large enrollment, the "small town school spirit" remains the same. Many requests have come in already for summer courses but as yet the schedule is not arranged.

A bit of School loyalty was shown when the estate of Miss Elizabeth O'Dea was settled for she bequeathed to Father Siedenburg the sum of \$100.00, which he immediately turned into the Scholarship Fund of the Alumnae. The receipts from the Frederick Paulding lecture amounted to \$984.00, making a net profit from the afternoon's entertainment of over \$700.00 which also was placed at the disposal of the Scholarship Fund.

The Alumnae is also planning another big time in a big way. The annual spring luncheon will be held in the large new dining hall of the Hamilton Club on Saturday, May 28. The Program Committee refuses to divulge the nature of the entertainment for that day, but from the whispered conferences, one deduces that it is to be especially good. Arrangements have already been made for two hundred guests, but more can be accommodated if necessary.

The special speakers at the School this past month have been: Mr. Wm. J. Bogan of Lane Technical High School; Mr. A. J. Todd, the Labor Manager of B. Kuppenheimer Co., formerly Professor of Sociology at the University of Minnesota; and Miss Valeria McDermott of the Chicago League for the Hard of Hearing. Father Paul Blakely, S. J., will speak in the near future on the "Smith-Towner Bill."

Father Pernin's reputation as a lecturer on O. Henry and Kilmer has spread to St. Louis, and during the spring vacation week, he gave these lectures to groups in that city.

April 24th to 29th was vacation week at the School and no lectures were given. However, the students taking the social service course utilize this vacation period by visiting

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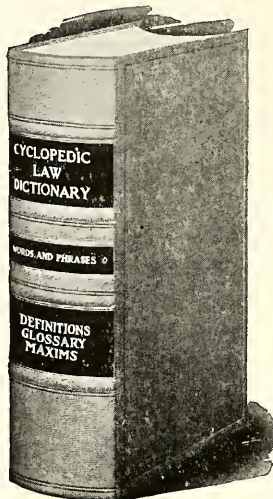
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the institutions engaged in social work in or near Chicago. Social Service Registration Bureau, The Jewish Charities, Cook County Hospital, Psychopathic Hospital, Oak Forest, the County Jail, St. Mary's Training School, The House of Correction, and Hull House, were the institutions visited.

#### SIDELIGHTS

The name of Mrs. Bruno Mazur has been added to the Alumnae list since Miss Harriet Przybylski has forsaken the ranks of the social workers and is henceforth known as Mrs. Mazur.

Miss Mary Killean has accepted a position in Minneapolis, Minnesota. She will do juvenile work for the Central Bureau of Catholic Charities, of which Father Driscoll is the director. Miss Killean is the second Loyola student who is working for Father Driscoll, since Miss Louise Schmauss has been with him for over a year.

The School was grieved to hear of the death of one of its former students, Mrs. Josephine G. Ford, the past month. Mrs. Ford took the social service course for one year, leaving to accept a position with the American Red Cross. The sympathy of the School is extended to those friends and relatives who mourn her death.

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VOL. XVIII

JULY, 1921

Number 5

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## The Americanization of the Immigrant



AM the immigrant.

Since the dawn of creation my restless feet  
have beaten new paths across the earth.  
My uneasy bark has tossed on all the seas.  
My wanderlust was born of the craving for  
more liberty and a better wage for the  
sweat of my face.

I looked toward the United States with eager eyes kindled by  
the fire of ambition and heart quickened with new-born  
hope.

I approached the gates with great expectation.

I entered in with fine hope.

I have shouldered my burden as the American man-of-all  
work.

I contribute eighty-five per cent of all the labor in the  
slaughtering and meat packing industries.  
I do seven-tenths of the bituminous coal mining.  
I do seven-eighths of all the work in the woolen mills.  
I contribute nine-tenths of all the labor in the cotton mills.  
I make nineteen-twentieths of all the clothing.  
I manufacture more than half the shoes.  
I build four-fifths of all the furniture.  
I make half of the collars, cuffs and shirts.  
I turn out four-fifths of all the leather.  
I make half the gloves.  
I refine nearly nineteen-twentieths of the sugar.  
I make half of the tobacco and cigars.  
And yet I am the great American Problem.  
When I pour out my blood on your altar of labor, and lay  
down my life as a sacrifice to your God of Toil, men  
make no more comment than at the fall of a sparrow.  
My children shall be your children, and your land shall be my  
land because my sweat and my blood will cement the  
foundation of the America of Tomorrow.  
If I can be fused into the body politic, the melting pot will  
have stood the supreme test."

Is our melting pot standing the supreme test or will we be forced to acknowledge before the world that we have failed in the most important task given to any people for execution? That there is a serious problem we must admit, and we must further realize that the successful solution of it depends upon the courage and brotherliness with which we meet it. We are a nation of immigrants. With the exception of the small number of Indians, no one of us in the United States is far removed from the immigrant who braved the storms of the seas to cast in his fortunes with those of this strange land. At the present time there are in this country 13,000,000 foreign born persons and 35,000,000 persons whose parents were foreign born. This means that one out of every seven people we meet in our daily work is foreign born, and one out of



every three is but one generation removed. When we realize that this population migrated from every corner of the globe and possesses the passions, instincts and impulses common to every nation, we can easily understand why our population is far from homogenous.

The migratory instinct is not a new one. Throughout hundreds of generations humanity has been moving here and there in search of the promised land of better opportunity, nearly always migrating under necessity and hardships, and often at the risk of life itself. Sometimes it was the hand of the oppressor that gave impetus to the tide; sometimes it was a question of staying and starving or going to pass through untold hardships with only the possibility of reaching better conditions. But whatever the motive, many millions of people have traveled over land and sea in search of happiness and freedom and more livable conditions. The result has been discovery, great productions, distribution of knowledge and progress of civilization. Immigration has been God's plan for distribution in the past; shall we Americans change the order of things? We suffered less than the other allies to safeguard democracy; shall we now become undemocratic and defeat the hope for which they fought by shutting our door against those who bore the brunt of the burden?

True, America must not be the dumping spot for the refuse of the world, but in preventing this there is the danger of our going to the other extreme and depriving ourselves of many good, "America First" citizens.

Who are the undesirable citizens? The skilled laborer will say, "there is plenty of work here for the unskilled, but no field for the skilled, keep him out." The unskilled laborer will cry, "keep out the unskilled laborer, our field is already crowded." To this the employer will answer, "it is imperative for production that we have more unskilled labor." However, the restriction of immigration for any reason except physical, mental or moral defect, would be contrary to our traditions and would defeat our most noble purpose, that of rescuing the oppressed and of giving new hope to the defeated. Every



movement for restriction has been based on prejudice. In 1835 the "Know Nothings," realizing and fearing the strength of the Catholic immigrant tried to legislate against his entering the land. While this new movement was religious, it was primarily economic. It was incited by the labor agitator who wants no competition in the labor market. We must remember that the immigrant is a consumer as well as a producer and as a producer he is economically essential. The day has passed when the Irishman and the Swede of the "old immigration" can be depended upon to do our unskilled work. These have advanced above that and we are glad they have; but their place must be filled by the Italian, the Slav and the Pole, whom we hope will follow the path of progress of his predecessors.

So valuable are they to production that if the whole number of Italians who built the tunnel under the Hudson should return to Europe with all their savings, we could economically afford to let them go, for the benefit of their toil remains. Without the unskilled laborer the mighty productions of which we Americans boast, could have not been accomplished.

While he is essential to us, we treat him as if it were a privilege for us to allow him to remain. We under-pay him, we shun him as if he would contaminate us—and he suffers it all, for it is a means to his end. It is the terrible price he pays. He pays it, for beyond, he sees a real American home for his family, free education for his children, and American citizenship for himself. Or, he may have a vision of improved conditions in his home land. While his return to that land is not to be encouraged by us, we have no right to hold him here against his will. If we do not extend to him a brotherly hand we cannot expect him to be contented to remain with us. If he goes, he leaves behind him, work well done for little compensation; and he takes with him the American spirit of enterprise and democracy, and thus helps to spread our spirit over the world. We must try to retain him; we must make him want to stay; he is well worth it, for none but the most ambitious come to us. The man who is willing to undergo the hardships which we make it necessary for him to undergo, the

discomforts of the steerage, the horrors of Ellis Island, the contempt with which he is met in his every-day life here—is a man who will be a desirable citizen of the United States and it is our duty and privilege to assist him.

We are not suffering from undue expansion but from a refusal of Americans to face their duty.

Guided into proper channels, surrounded by proper influences, this alien horde may be transfused into good American citizens and be a great economic and social asset to the nation. He may be made a part of our body politic, devoted to American traditions and filled with our best aspirations. Indeed he may have been American at heart long before he set sail from European shores: the spirit of America may have been in his heart long before he knew what and where America was.

On the other hand if he is left to form himself into colonies which are in—but not of America,—where he will come in contact with only the worst element of our people, never learning our language, never adopting our customs, never feeling our ideals and never catching our spirit, he may easily and often does become a source of danger to our political well-being and a menace to the life of the nation.

This is the condition which actually faces us and our duty should be clear. There is no science for assimilation, but on account of the expanse and undevelopment of her territory, the elasticity of her institutions and the still formative state of national life, America affords an excellent laboratory for the work of Americanization—and happy is the historian who may relate the working out of the process.

What is Americanization? "It is the bringing to bear in the life of every stranger who enters our country, the sum total of American ideals, in his home, his shop, his neighborhood, in our legislature and our courts. It is taking the best in the stranger and transfusing and transforming it by our best, and calling it America." The American is the keeper of these ideals and he must be the giver. His reception of the immigrant and the contact he makes with him, in large measure determines the immigrant's understanding of America

and his acceptance or refusal of its ideals. The question is not what can we do for him but what can we help him to do for himself and us. We must help him to make America what he thought it was, for the land we all love is the land where our dreams may come true and our highest aspirations be realized.

But before we begin to Americanize the alien we must Americanize our own citizens who sit complacently by, enjoying the spoils of an unfair wage which makes it necessary for the employee and his family to live in an unsanitary house, eat unnourishing food, seek recreation in cheap places and on account of their enforced condition assume a bitterly un-American attitude. The American woman who takes into her kitchen, a foreign girl, imposes upon her ignorance of what should be demanded of her, monopolizes her labor and her strength, but contributes nothing toward formulating in her an American ideal or preparing her to preside over an American home, not only does nothing towards the Americanization of this particular immigrant—but is herself lacking in the true American spirit of fair play and justice.

Americanization should start at Ellis Island. We have never given adequate protection to our potential citizens. If possible, through an international agreement, a stringent examination should be made at the port of departure, by officers from the country to which the passenger is sailing. This examination should not be based upon the literacy or an other unfair test; but should prevent all who would not make desirable citizens, on account of physical, moral or mental defect, from starting or from being sent back after they had so nearly reached the land of their desires, at an expense to themselves and others.

An examination should be held at Ellis Island, after which the alien, instead of falling into the hands of thieves, crooks and exploiters should be welcomed by a Federal Committee who would direct him to friends or a position; it could act as a Federal Employment Bureau, gauging the distribution of labor and deprive the exploiting agent of his prey. Perhaps

the time is here when the employer will aid Americanization by his fair treatment of the alien, but if it is not, he must be compelled to do so. Too often the alien is exploited by bankers of his own nationality, whom in his innocence he trusts. He needs also, protection from the ward politician who sees in him an easy vote. Foolish is the immigrant who sells his vote—but detestable is the American who buys it. Often this first contact with the un-American element of our population crushes the hopes in the heart of the newcomer. An immigrant lands in America and takes whatever work he can get for the sake of building an American fortune for his family. No one tells him that he must have a license to enter certain occupations. He does not know that in Louisiana he cannot get a contract for public printing; in Michigan he cannot get a barber's license; in six states he is excluded from gaining a livelihood by hunting and fishing; in Tennessee he may not be a market hunter and in Wyoming he may not be a guide. In Virginia he may not get a junk dealer's license; in Georgia a peddler's license; in New York he cannot exchange his foreign money, and in Pennsylvania he is prohibited from owning or having in his possession any kind of a dog. In some states the alien may not hold land, in some he may acquire it only by inheritance, and in others non-resident heirs are excluded.

In the Working Man's Compensation Act the immigrant is discriminated against. In Connecticut he receives only one-half of what a citizen would receive; Kansas names \$750.00 as his maximum while a citizen may receive from \$1200 to \$3600.

And when he is brought into our courts of justice, unable to make himself understood, without honest assistance from an interpreter, ignorant of his right to secure an attorney, he is often tried and convicted and leaves the court a condemned man—not knowing what law he has broken. His respect for our courts of justice naturally suffers. To prevent this? We must put into the hands of every man born in this country or entering it, the tool by which he may know America's past,

the laws by which Americans must pattern their actions, and the present conditions which he is forced to meet. We have suddenly been made to face the fact that we have in this country five millions of people who can neither read nor write English. A million and a half of this number are native born. This disaster was brought home to us, when organizing our army we learned that out of the first two millions called to colors, two hundred thousand could neither read nor write the language of the country for which they were willing to die in the name of democracy,—the real meaning of which they had never known.

Were they the less patriotic? We need only consult the casualty lists to realize that many were not far removed from the immigrant who came to America to escape the very conditions which they were now going back to defeat. The spirit of Kosciusko, LaFayette and DeKalb still lives.

A soldier cannot obey a command he cannot understand, so it was necessary to organize English classes in the Camps, where many a young man who lived in the United States all his life, for the first time knew of the necessity of knowing English or had the opportunity to learn it. Such a condition we must never let occur again.

The first essential to a united nation is a common language. An innate desire for companionship has induced people of a common tongue to settle together and as a result we have in our big cities today, Little Italy, Little Poland and Little Bohemia, which are as foreign to America as Chicago is to the Amana Colony.

The ignorance of the English language has prevented the foreign working man from opening the door to American progress. He is unable to show this knowledge and must remain a stationary cog in our industrial machine. He is unable to understand the danger of his position in that wheel and no statistics are able to relate the number of human beings known only by number or nick name who are "missing in action" in our industrial world. He is not only a "Hunkey" or a "Dago"; he is a human being, mourned by his family for



whom he proved his great love, even unto the supreme sacrifice. We need not read the history of a war to find real heroes; we have them without number in our every walk of life. They are in the background of our industrial and economic world. We must permit them to become a part of our social and civic world, which many of them are well equipped to do. They are not ignorant because they do not know our language; many of them can speak four and five languages. Let us teach him one more.

The night school was the first solution but we cannot pride ourselves on its success. The small number of available schools and teachers is by no means sufficient for the large number of applicants. Competent as the teacher may be, it is a difficult task to teach this large number when the words she uses are merely a conglomeration of sounds. Deep as their interest may be it is a discouraging task. Most of the pupils being unskilled laborers are physically exhausted and try as they will their minds will not respond. It has been known that men ambitious enough to come out of their homes which invite rest, have fallen asleep over the work they could not master. If any progress is to be made thru the night schools more schools must be opened, more efficient teachers interested and more individual work done. Chicago which leads the country in this work, admits that her work is but a drop in the bucket and the results not altogether satisfactory.

Henry Ford, the embodiment of all an American employer should be, early conceived the idea of teaching English in his Plant. This "crank notion" was laughed at but not discouraged. In May, 1914, classes were organized, the first of their kind in the United States. Every non-English speaking employee (and there are many) has, from that time on, been compelled to attend classes two hours a day, twice a week, on the plant's time. The teachers are volunteers from among the workmen. The pupils are more apt to feel free to try and to make mistakes before one of their own number than before a person of whom they stand in awe. English is used as much as possible in directing the work and in conversations in the



plant with the result that many learn to speak it in six weeks. The cost of these classes was more than paid for by the decrease in the labor turn-over. Through the company's combined educational work and profit-sharing plan Ford has a model factory. The accidents of the plant decreased 54 per cent after the employees were able to read notices and understand instructions. From 1914 to 1916 the savings bank deposits of the employees increased over four million of dollars, life insurance policies over two million and homes purchased on contract are valued at \$18,000,000.00.

Among the Chicago companies to follow Ford in this step toward Americanization are—Wilson & Company, and Hart, Schaffner & Marx. Ford has no trouble with unrest among his men because he has made them contented. The non-English speaking and the discontented are an easy prey for the I. W. W. suggestions. Underpaid, unjustly treated, tired in body and mind, and disappointed in the social and economic condition of his family, the sympathetic words of the troublemaker will ring true to him. Not only must conditions in the factory be satisfactory, these satisfactory conditions must go farther. When a man goes from a well built, well equipped factory to find his loved ones in an unsanitary hovel—for which he is paying all he can afford—who can blame him for feeling that America has not come up to her promise or to his expectations. Mr. Ford experiencing the sorrows, and the hopes of an immigrant, knew how to meet them, met them boldly and wisely and has set an example which all American employers might well follow.

With compulsory education and adequate schools, the teaching of English to the children is not a problem; but English is not enough. The child is filled with the love of liberty and justice, inherited from his parents. This may be a detriment instead of an asset, unless properly directed. It is unfortunate that the number of Catholic schools is not sufficient to accommodate the children of the Catholic immigrant. The majority of our new immigration are essentially Catholic, and if we Catholics do not help them materially some one else

will, and where he secures material aid there will he go for spiritual aid. The Catholics of America must make an heroic effort to save this multitude. It will be a mighty asset to the Catholic Church to save this multitude. It will be a mighty asset to the Catholic Church if we wake up and realize the task that is upon us. If we lose him it is more our fault than his. We must provide for these millions, not only churches and priests but we must meet him socially and make him feel that God wants him in America as well as in Europe. A kind word and a brotherly hand clasp may save many a soul.

For the foreign speaking it is necessary to have a foreign speaking priest, but much good may be derived and is derived in our own city by the coöperation of English speaking, progressive, unselfish priests who see in the tenement dweller a brother and a soul to save for Christ. The foreigner has much reverence for the priesthood and in cases where a priest has made the people know he is with them instead of a superior person dictating to them, the results have been most encouraging. In one Club in particular, which has come to my attention, are half a hundred young men, as thoroughly good American citizens and devoted Catholics as can be found any place,—because a self-denying Jesuit priest proved his interest in them at the age when, if he had not stepped in and taken them by the hand, they would not be the self-respecting young men they are today.

The Church has done much but its work is not finished. It is the laity who must be made to feel their duty. Roberts in "The New Immigration" says—"Never in the history of the world has a religious organization faced an obligation such as that confronting the Roman Catholic Church of the United States. To shepherd these millions of souls speaking thirty different tongues, to secure an adequate number of priests, these are the problems that no ecclesiastical body before in the history of the Christian Faith has been called upon to solve. The Catholic Church has done and is still doing a great work for the foreign speaking people of America; if its beneficent

influence were removed, the millions of the new immigration would be far more lawless."

The most difficult task is to get our people interested. What better work could be inaugurated in connection with our young people's sodalities than teaching night-classes, organized in our Catholic schools? Yet it is impossible to secure enough teachers to instruct our Catholic children who attend the public schools, for half an hour on Sunday morning. The new immigrant is essentially Catholic, but after two or three generations will not be, if we do not compete with the non-Catholic churches, who are offering every inducement to the children to attend their churches and centers.

Much American propaganda could be spread through the non-English press. Because he cannot read our language he will read his own. Let him read through it of the American constitution, laws, opportunities and ideals. Let him be encouraged through it to climb to the heights to which his dreams would have him climb, make him know America and because he knows her, love her. Because these papers are a tender tie to his home land they can impress him as nothing else can. Of course this implies the Americanization of the editor first. He must catch the spirit before he can impart it. He need never discontinue editing the paper in the foreign language, for while we must have one common language, the foreign languages should be retained for educational purposes and a man is no less a faithful citizen because he has not forgotten the language he learned from his mother's lips.

The immigrant coming from rural districts in Europe is dumped out in the big cities of America where, owing to his financial condition, he is surrounded by vice and learns nothing of the better conditions which exist here. He does not know that out in the open, on the prairie there is work for which he is fitted. Before he came to this land of opportunity he herded his sheep on the hill-side or toiled among the flowers in the field. We send him to the mines and into the factory and by his very nature he cannot become a part of them. If the thousands of Italians could be induced to go out and settle

down on the thousands of acres of our land which are crying out to be settled, both they and we would be better off. But they learn from their American neighbors that no gentlemen would be a farmer; they remain in the city, and remain poor; and only too often become vicious.

In New Jersey settlements of Italians were planted and truck-gardening made most profitable. The second generation is staying on these little farms and making money. Most of the farm owners started out with a pick and shovel and their children are the proud heirs of the result. The Italian is contented in a condition like that, and he never will be in our industrial world.

Perhaps the most disappointing and deplorable conditions under which the alien is forced to live in America are in our mining and lumbering camps. Not used to the work, after a long hard day he drags himself to a disgraceful hovel to recuperate for another day. There the daily existence is work, eat, sleep. The housing conditions in these camps are beyond description. The only diversion is gambling and drink. Deprived of the refining influence of woman and the soothing touch of a child, surrounded by the base, these industries are not the proper schools for the new American citizen. Difficult as it may be for the man with finer senses to endure this life he does it that he may have his family with him later.

The establishment of company houses where families might settle, of reading rooms and moving picture shows, would change this from a place to be shunned to a place where any man might take his family and earn for them an honest living. It is a disgrace to the nation that such places should exist, which in "The Immigrant" Haskins describes.

The foreign woman presents a grave problem. While her husband is learning in the shop and her child in the school, true to her European tradition she remains in the home. They become Americanized, and picturesque as she is and untiring as she is in her labor for them, her hold upon them slackens. By our half-hearted methods we disrupt society by breaking down the family, which is nowhere revered as among our

foreign people. If we would Americanize our foreign women we must make them feel that they are a part of our national family. We must go to their firesides—even tho' it be a little rusty stove—show them how to bathe the baby, how it is less expensive to cook fifty cents worth of steak in five minutes than a ten cent stew in two hours; and how to make an American dress for Angeline.

Realizing that our society is as strong as its weakest family, in 1915, California passed the Home Act which provided that visits be made to the homes of the school children, illness reported, relief given, and women's clubs formed. The cooperation with which their efforts met was most encouraging.

At one of the Catholic Centers in Chicago, a club was organized during the war for the Italian women of the neighborhood for the purpose of sewing for their soldier sons. At first the women were reluctant to come out of their privacy but the work appealed to them. Later, round-tables were held and discussions taken up concerning Child Welfare, cooking and topics of the day. This work must be supervised by trained workers who have a social viewpoint, and sympathy for those with whom they are working. If properly directed a club of this kind can be a great factor in the Americanization of the foreign woman.

I believe that the one greatest institution for the progress of this most essential work is the Catholic Social Center. A Center is not a building with four walls and a ceiling and a floor. It is a meeting place for the people of the neighborhood, for physical, social and intellectual recreation under proper supervision. The Italian youngsters are the embodiment of enthusiasm. They pray more reverently, sing songs more heartily, play cards more recklessly, swear more outrageously, appreciate more thoroughly, and hate more fiercely than the native children. They simply must have an outlet for their passions.

If the parent does not assimilate as readily as he, he is apt to look upon him as old-fashioned and his home not capable of affording him a pleasant evening. He wanders to the street,



there joins his companions, one suggests an escapade which is bound to lead to excitement and they are off. A policeman who is suspicious of such a gang, watches them and for the slightest infringement arrests them; they are brought into court and more than one innocent boy, on a tour for a good time, finds himself in the Parental Home for three months, only to come out, hardened against his little society and hating our laws and courts of justice.

The gang spirit is only an expression of that longing for association. It can be satisfied by an innocent dance or club meeting in a Center as well as a meeting in the alley or pool-room.

To the person who is fortunate enough to be able to follow the progress, step by step, of the dirty, ragged, rude little boy, till the handsome, noble, upright young man takes his place in the pulpit, in the professional or business man's chair, or on the field of sacrifice for justice, Settlement Work is inspiring indeed. Such a picture is not a fancy; it is a reality.

When, as is often the case, in two small uninviting rooms, an average of 150 people are handled daily, where through the experience of others, young men realize that they too should go to church and ask for instructions that they may make their First Holy Communion; where a club of boys will voluntarily organize themselves into a Sodality; where boys from six to twenty-six years of age will come every evening to sit and play cards or visit, or to sing and dance, instead of going out to join the gang on the street;—does that justify a Center?

Through its efforts the young people within its jurisdiction have become so Americanized that they are as far removed from Italy as any of us. These young people are now settling down as the potential foundations for real American families.

The trouble is—such Centers are too few, and the realization of their need too vague. Then too, we find the reluctance of our people to become interested and co-operate with those who are in the work. Whether they fear becoming contaminated in this close contact with as noble and upright young



folks as we have in our city, whether they are too selfish to give up a few hours a week of their time, which would not only be spent profitably but enjoyably, or whether they do not know that there is work which they can do, I do not know—but this last, I would like to think is the reason why so few Catholic young people enter Catholic Settlement work.

Well equipped Centers could be used every hour of the day, from the coming of the kindergartners in the morning till the doors are closed after the last adult class—vocational or classic, or the well supervised dance or party of the young men and women.

If we had at our disposal a sufficient number of well equipped centers, and efficient leaders, the Americanization of our immigrant would not be a problem but a possibility.

First of all it is absolutely necessary that foolish class lines be broken down if the spirit which should be America's is not to suffer. Never did the West Side and the Lake Shore Drive come so close together as in the camps and on the battle-field, and never were we so near knowing the meaning of the word "democracy." Each saw for the first time in his life that they were as fundamentally brothers in spirit as in ambition, and the friendships which started there have not been broken down since they came, because one sits in a President's chair and the other works in overalls in a factory. If it is not so, the War will not have been a success. During times of peace Military Training would be an equalizer.

The criterion of Democracy is the standard of living of the common people. Where the standard of living is high, democracy flourishes. Where the masses live on a low plane, the spirit of democracy does not exist, no matter how great the tabular wealth of the nation. The standard of living in the United States is its great pride, and we must not permit it to be lowered, for if once lost it cannot be easily regained. It is our duty to humanity to protect it, that it may serve as a model and goal for the striving democracies in other lands,

and that we may be in a position to help those democracies to climb somewhere near to the plane of their ideals. We have allowed our foreign population to live at a lower standard than many of them were used to at home. We must help them to rise. This is not so discouraging a task, for, conditions in quarters today are no worse, or as deplorable as living conditions forced upon the Irish and Germans in New York in the early Sixties. The Italian does not live in the Slums because he wants to, but because out of sheer necessity he is forced to be there. One of the blackest spots on the history of our large cities today, are the houses in which we allow our little citizens to be born and reared. Being naturally social beings and craving for companionship a foreign element will settle in groups. On account of poor wages which the wage earners of the family are in a position to demand, this is bound to be a congested neighborhood of unsanitary houses. In a two or three unhomely rooms there will be a family of perhaps six or eight. If the rent is raised or the bread earner is sick or out of work, a boarder or two may be taken in. The essential privacy of the home is destroyed and much immorality can be traced directly to such conditions. Perhaps the mother and the older children must work too, the smaller children are left to play on the streets, for they have no yards, associate with undesirable companions and—how many a Juvenile case can be traced directly to this sad state of affairs. The two or three roomed house may be a sweatshop; children who should have recreation or rest, spend their evenings sewing buttons on a card or pulling bastings. Disease is brought in and out of such a home. The mother nervous and irritable after her day's work and looking forward to several hours more before retiring—the father cross, because he could not get a raise—a sick child crying—a crowded room littered with work to be done is not an inviting place to spend an evening. So the young girl and boy go out to spend it in a cheap dance hall or on the street, the only place that is open to them for the few cents they possess. Can't we Americans see our duty? Better housing, more wages, child-labor laws and Centers.

While we are priding ourselves upon our gifts to the foreigner we must not forget that he too has many gifts to bestow upon us. The important place he holds in our industrial life we let overshadow his spiritual contributions to our nation. All who understand him recognize his ideals for democracy, his deep sense of justice and his reverence for the names of our distinguished statesmen, past and present, who embody to him, ideal Americanism. He brings with him a yearning for liberty that we in this land of freedom are not apt to appreciate. He brings with him a great desire for learning, an aspiration for high positions, which aspiration is an incentive to work.

Among our artists today, the greatest we have, point to the land beyond the Atlantic as their birth-place. Livitski, Heifetz, Seidel, are products of disallusioned Russia. They are an example of the possibilities of the oppressed. These boys, born of the common people of Russia, are not only the masters of their instrument, but each speaks seven languages and possesses an extensive knowledge of both arts and science. They were a few out of the millions whose potential art was given a chance to manifest itself. John McCormack, the pride of us all, whether it is his "Mother o' Mine" or his Aria from "Handel," we appreciate,—is included among those whom it was necessary to Americanize.

The Italian is by nature a lover of art. Before they can walk, the children lying upon the floors or in the arms of their mothers drink in the beauty of the art of Raphael or DeVinci in their Cathedrals and Chapels. It becomes a part of them—to be reproduced or appreciated. It is not an unusual thing to see an Italian child cherishing a picture given to it in Sunday School, because of the colors or the beautiful face of Mary, or it maybe the lamb or the white lily in the background. It represents art and he loves it for its own sake. One of his greatest contributions to our state, is his great respect for family life and the refusal to follow our lax marriage laws and birth control campaigns.

The duty, however, is not with the American alone. As the man who comes to our shores has a right to be received, and receive the benefits of our nation, he has a corresponding duty to give America the best he has to offer. He must bind himself by our laws, take the advantages for education, enter our social and civic life and not segregate himself into colonies. He must pattern himself after the draft we make, whether it be for his or our advantage.

To sum it all up, we must teach the immigrant the language of the nation which will enable him to protect himself from exploitation, segregation and a risk of losing his inherited American spirit. The more the new American is treated with humanity and equality, the more he will love America and wish to become a citizen and make a home here for his family. The more we protect him from social neglect, unsanitary houses, and poor wages, the less will we have to fear for the destruction of our standard of living. The more we come to know his real worth, and co-operate with him in his effort to make good, the less will we look upon him as one of the great horde forcing themselves upon us. The more we make ourselves real Americans, enforcing good laws, providing just labor conditions, paying just compensation, progressing always with tireless enthusiasm, being conscious of building a nobler nation; the more certainly will we be a nation founded and nourished on liberty and the more surely will we endure.

The hour has come when America must prove herself equal to the gigantic task or acknowledge before the world that she has been a failure. Can she take these millions of people of different races, creeds, habits and aspirations and merge them into one mighty nation? If she can do this, she will have produced the greatest of all nations, which shall reign supreme for it possesses all the essentials of a great nation.

The result will not be an Italian-American or an Irish-American; they will be true Americans, a new people—the fusion of the best of the land of their birth added to the noblest we had to give them. Their attitude will be progress and Christian charity, their Country will be America and their Flag will be the Stars and Stripes. The new America will be worthy of our wildest dreams, and it will be of greater service to God and to the World.

M. F. WELSH, *Sociology*.

# The Red Rose



SIR JOHN SUCKLING stroked wistfully the petals of the rose that was the trophy of his last amour. It was like his own gorgeous youth, this flower; his youth, with its scarlet passions and its scarlet dreams. . . . And like her who had given it: as beautiful and as cruel.

He had never loved any other woman so ardently. She had made his exile sweet: had made his memory traitor to fair Middlesex, and to the gay court of Charles. He loved her helplessly; yea, and he knew now, hopelessly. She had broken his heart with this red, red rose.

He got down from his horse and strode across the wet court to his quarters. Never in his life had he known the dry, intense pain that was in his heart just then: it twisted his handsome lips like a frozen groan. He was afraid. His country first, and then his riches, had been lost, and he had laughed. But a beautiful woman had sneered at him, and thrown him a rose in scorn: and he was crushed.

He was just turning into the great carved doorway when he heard his name shouted, and loud footsteps falling behind him on the court. He turned around. His attendant, Richard, ran up, panting.

"Betty has fallen, sir. They say her leg is broken."

Sir John ran across the court. The groom that had mounted the horse to take her to the stables was lying on the ground, stunned; and near him was the crippled animal.

"Is the leg broken?" Sir John asked quietly. A man standing over the horse nodded. Sir John drew his rapier and plunged it into the animal's brain. There was a tear in his eye. He felt crushed. He threw the weapon away, and turned back to cross the court.

A woman was at the gate, and as he approached her, he saw that her eyes were glistening with tears. He stopped.



She was a young woman, and very comely. Sir John was always at the service of a pretty woman.

"You think me cruel, mistress? I am sorry to have caused those precious tears."

She looked down. She was as demure as a nun.

"It is a kind cruelty, milord. I should not show tears."

He liked her. She seemed a child. Why was it that she made his pain sharper? Not now, the frivolous intentions of old, the light fancies, were stirred. He turned sick at the memory of them. The tender smile left his face; the kindness in his eyes turned to bitterness.

"A kind cruelty!" he repeated. "Yes, indeed. We men always mean kindness, in our blundering way. With women, cruelty is a genius."

He took the rose from his belt.

"See, a woman killed me with this flower. A rose!" he laughed bitterly, almost hysterically. "Why didn't she use a poignard? Tell me, why didn't she? I used to love the rose."

The girl was startled. Her eyes filled with fear, and he saw it.

"Afraid, my pretty mistress? O, no, I am not mad. I hate these red roses, that's all. Take it, here! Some time, when you have a lover, you may need it."

He flung her the flower, and, bowing low, crossed the court and entered his chambers. His mind, his heart, his whole being ached with a dull, heavy pain. Throwing off his rich riding-cloak, he fell to pacing back and forth across the room.

A cold fear was beginning to creep clammily over him. What would he do? Country, money, friends, all were gone. He could not bear desolation: his nature required love, sympathy, ardor.

O, what would he do? He struck his temples with his hot palms. He struck his breast. His eyes were wild and restless.

If she had only loved him! She could have saved him by the charity of her sweet smile, and her tender eyes. He cursed her. England! old England! a rush of tenderness came over him, and then the empty ebb of forlornness.

It could not last. He turned aside to a little pearl casket and drew forth a small phial. He was a deal more composed now. He thought of nothing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Richard knocked again at his master's door. There was no answer. He waited a moment or so. He wasn't in haste to wait upon Sir John: he was dreaming fondly of the young damsel whom Fate had thrown so kindly into his arms, that afternoon. He stood there in a trance. She was so beautiful! so clever!

Sir John must be sleeping. He opened the door and entered. His master was lying across a satin couch, with one hand holding his strong, white throat. He seemed to be asleep. Richard stepped across and shook him lightly. The arm fell limply from his breast. The young servant paled a little and shook Sir John again: this time more insistently. There was no movement on the handsome white face. Frightened, Richard leaned over and put his ear to his master's heart. When he stood up his face was as pale as ashes. And a rose—a red rose—that had fallen from his cloak was lying on the dead, still heart.

WM. DOUGLAS POWERS.

# Edgar Allen Poe



HE work often betrays the man. If a man be of an adventurous sort, his writings advertise the fact; if romantic, his writings are likewise; if humorous himself, his writings would be humorous. This rule, though not absolute, seems to hold very well in the case of Edgar Allen Poe.

The above statement may be taken to mean that the works of Poe are of a degenerate nature, for it is an opinion among many who have, at best, a passing knowledge of Poe's life and a slight acquaintance with his works, that Poe was of that type, degenerate. Dissipation and immorality are annexed to Poe's name in the mind of everyone who has heard of this great American poet and short story writer. But this, to a great extent is a false notion that people have gathered from the poverty of his life and the circumstances surrounding his death. A more intimate acquaintance with the man and his work, however, prove the contrary.

It is true that Poe had a desire for intoxicants. But a desire, alone, should not condemn a man. On the contrary, the man, with such a desire, when he has fought against and overcome such a tendency; when he has mastered himself, deserves far more credit and praise than the man who never had the appetite at all. And this, too, is true of Poe. It is certain that Poe was not, as has often been stated, an abandoned or habitual drunkard. And it is further certain that, for many years, Poe struggled manfully against this tendency and, on the whole, succeeded in spite of occasional relapses. In the midst of all kinds of difficulties, discouragements, anxiety, poverty and physical weakness, he succeeded in doing an amount of work, and of highly intellectual work, that would have been impossible for a man as weak as he has usually been represented.

Further, from the outset of his life, Poe was met with adversity of every kind. His father died when he was but two years old and his mother died the same year. So, throughout his life, he was without the fond care of a father and the guidance of a loving mother. These are almost insurmountable difficulties in the lives of many men.

But it is not the purpose of this short paper to present a biography of Poe, to vindicate his character or correct the false impression which many have of Poe's moral code. His application and endeavor prove the contrary conclusively. It is in his works, the result of that application and endeavor, that we are interested.

But his works do reflect himself. As he was unique in life, so, also, is he unique in his writings. He is unique in his hatred of the commonplace and of convention, in his love for mere music in verse, in his power to express motion and his inability to express character.

In his poem, *Tamerlane*, we have a style that is singular, a theme, strangely elusive and an expression, smooth and sonorous, pleasing and musical and often times passionate and intense. The subject of the poem, not very clear at first reading, is the evil triumph of ambition over love, illustrated in the career of the Mogul emperor, *Tamerlane*, who was born a shepherd, left his mountain home, and his early love, for the conquest of the eastern world and returned to find his love had died of neglect.

Yet more than worthy of the love  
My spirit struggled with and strove  
When on the mountain peak alone  
Ambition lent it a new tone  
I had no being—but in thee,  
The world, and all it did contain  
In the earth—the air—the sea.  
Its joys—its little lot of pain  
That was new pleasure—the ideal  
Dim, vanities of dreams by night

And dimmer nothings which were real—  
(Shadows—and a more shadowy light!)  
Parted upon their misty wings,  
And, so, confusedly, became  
Thine image and—a name—a name!  
Two separate beings—yet most intimate things.

There is a characteristic suggestiveness, beauty and perhaps vagueness of expression in this paragraph which is predominant in all Poe's verse. He is endeavoring, yes, and does express the thoughts and emotions which continually harassed the mind of Tamerlane before he finally went forth for conquest.

Vagueness and evasiveness in writings, as a general rule, are a sign of lack of power to commit thoughts to words. But not so with Poe. His selection and allocation of words chosen to surround the theme with that mystical atmosphere, not accidental to his writings, shows that this vagueness was also produced purposely. It is not that kind of vagueness which antagonizes and incenses, but a pleasing spell which wraps you in its folds and lends an inexplicable atmosphere to his poems. It is the style and manner of presentation necessary for his strange themes.

His choice of words, and his use of alliteration, assonance and feminine rhymes in his weird tales in poetic form, serve to add mystery and tragedy to them and bring them into the realms of the metaphysical. They can only be appreciated at their best, by reading half aloud and expressing his frequent rounded and sonorous vowel sounds that add so much to the gloom and sorrow of the poems.

They are indeed but a reproduction of the tragedy that ever haunted his mind and, as it were, permeated his whole being. A few lines of the "Raven" will bring out his excellent choice of words.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before.

So that now to still the beating of my heart I stood repeating,  
'Tis some visitor, entreating entrance at my chamber door.  
Some late visitor, entreating entrance at my chamber door.

This it is and nothing more.

The first line gives that mystic air, by the repetition of the "s" sound. The feminine rhymes as, before, more and door, have a heavy and sonorous sound, and the passion he brings throughout the poem, by short breaks and rapid transitions cause a chill that enthralls and intensifies the effect.

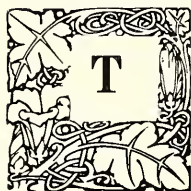
The poem "Al Aaraaf" is even more mystical and bewitching. It shows the influence to a slight degree of Shelley, as Tamerlane does, a touch of Byron.

In all, Poe's poems are more intensely poetic, being supremely imaginative and more successful in producing their desired effect. Truly, indeed, Lowell was justified in writing Poe: "Your early poems display a maturity which astonished me and I recollect no individual (and I believe I have read all the poetry that ever was written) whose early poems are anything like as good."

VINCENT J. SHERIDAN.



# Radio-Activity and Radio-Active Elements



THE discoveries of radio-activity and radio-active elements opened a new field in chemistry, physics and medicine and started a world-wide investigation by the world's greatest chemists and physicists which resulted in the isolation of some thirty radio-active elements.

In 1879 Sir W. Crookes discovered the cathode rays. By taking a glass tube and exhausting the air as completely as he could, he brought down the pressure of the air contained in the tube to about one-millionth of an atmosphere. In this way he procured practically a vacuum. Then by passing an electric current through the tube he discovered that the current passed from the negative pole or cathode in a straight line giving off a shower of extremely minute particles. These minute particles Crookes called "the cathode stream," but to-day they are known as electrons.

In 1893 Roentgen discovered the X-rays. As the properties of X-rays show evident connection with the fluorescence of the glass of the X-ray tube, experimenters began studying other phosphorescent bodies for the same type of radiation. In 1896 Henri Becquerel accidentally discovered the Becquerel rays while studying the fluorescence of uranium. He assumed that the fluorescence of uranium was activated by exposing the metal to the rays of the sun. He enclosed photographic plates in paper impermeable to light rays and placed on these the uranium oxide. After exposure to direct sunlight he would develop the plates and always obtained an exact picture of the size and shape of the uranium. In other words the fluorescence of the uranium had penetrated the protecting paper. One day it began to rain and Becquerel could not

repeat the experiment. He placed the photographic plate, enclosed in paper impermeable to light, and covered with uranium oxide in a cup-board. The next day before carrying on the experiments, the thought came to him to develop the plate. To his surprise he found the same reaction on the plate. He repeated the experiment and discovered that the fluorescence was an inherent property of uranium. The fluorescence was considered to be rays; and substances possessing such properties were called radio-active. The discovery of these rays led to numerous other developments. For instance in 1898 Schmidt found that thorium and also its compounds were radio-active. In 1900 Debierne discovered the radio activity of actinium. Although these discoveries were the foundation upon which this new branch of chemistry was built, the most important discovery of all was that of the Curies, who in 1898 obtained radium from pitch blende. This newly isolated substance was found to be two million times more active than uranium. In 1907 mesothorium was discovered by Hahn.

Of the thirty radio-active elements known to-day, three are gaseous; namely radium emanation, thorium emanation and actinium emanation. The others are solid bodies. From a chemical viewpoint the most important are those having the greatest atomic weight. These are: radium, 226.5; thorium, 232; and uranium, 239.

Uranium and thorium are the names given to the two groups into which these radio-elements are divided. The radio-active substances are found in the free state in small quantities in the mineral deposits in which they and uranium are contained. Pitch blende and carnotite are the mineral deposits wherein radium is found and thorium is found in monazite. Of these radium is the only element that has been obtained in a pure state.

Radio-active elements, in the course of time, undergo a change. The elements of one group through decay and disintegration give off radio-active energy and are changed from one into the other. This eventually results in the formation

of elements of a lower and lower electropositive character and a lower and lower atomic weight.

Rutherford called these rays which make up radio-active energy alpha, beta and gamma rays. In the course of a thousand years radium is formed from uranium because the latter element discharges alpha rays. This continuous giving off of alpha particles results in the formation of radium emanation from radium and as this process continues radium—A, B, C, D, E, and F, are finally formed.

By figuring the amount of alpha particles given off from a piece of radium and taking the atomic weight of these particles and subtracting them from the radium we find that this precious element radium finally turns to lead. Thus an atom of radium of an atomic weight of 226.5 loses in the process of decay five helium atoms, each of an atomic weight. Thus the remaining atom has an atomic weight of 206.5 which is lead. By carrying out this same experiment with thorium we find that it is finally converted into bismuth.

Thorium, the first member of the second group of radio-active elements, belongs to a group of alkaline earths similar to barium. In one thousand millions of years its radio-activity decreases one-half by the continuous giving off of alpha rays. It is found in Brazil, in monazite. When thorium decays it forms mesothorium. The half value period of mesothorium I is 5.5 years that of mesothorium II is 6.2 hours. By this we see that mesothorium I will equal mesothorium II a few days after its production.

Mesothorium I on account of its chemical similarity to radium, is obtained by a process of fractional distillation. From one thousand kilograms of monazite from 2 to 2.5 centigrams of mesothorium are extracted, while from 1,000 kg. pitch blende about 2 cg. radium bromide are obtained. Radium is contained in mesothorium and cannot be separated from it. The percentage of combined radium is 25. The presence of this radium decreases the time of decay of radio-activity so that the value of the radio-activity does not decrease one-half of what it was at the time of production of

the mesothorium for about 16-18 years. If after a long enough time the mesothorium should decrease to a negligible amount the 25 per cent of radium would remain as the half value period of decay of radium is about 1,800 years.

Radio-activity is found not only in these elements which have been classified as radio-active elements but also everywhere in a certain minute degree. Freshly fallen rain is radio-active, the air in caves, pure carbonic acid coming from volcanoes, the water from certain springs and the mud from certain mineral springs are all radio-active to a certain extent. If one hangs a strongly electrified wire in the air for a certain length of time it acquires a strong ray emitting power which may be rubbed off onto a piece of leather moistened with ammonia. The presence of these seems to be caused by small particles of radium in the earth. However as yet we are not sure whether or not all substances are radio-active. Tinfoil, silver, lead, glass, copper, platinum and aluminum all have been proven to be slightly radio-active but this may be due to minute traces of these strong radio-active elements as impurities or the essential property of all matter to emit rays.

This important question must be left for decision to the future. Of this one can be sure, however, if all matter possesses the power to emit rays it does so in an exceedingly minute degree. Radio-activity as we consider it seems to be the property of the heavy atoms of matter. And if in the pursuit of this study new heavy atoms are discovered, the possession of radio-activity, we are sure, will be found to be one of their essential properties.

HERBERT E. SCHMITZ,

Pre-Medic.

## Wanted: An Historian



AMERICA is not ashamed of its love for O. Henry; it is not reluctant to honor the inspired canvasses of John Sargent; it does not suppress its worship of every single note that sings beneath the bow of Kreisler. It is not a blot upon American culture to admire the wit and satire of Chesterton nor do we read "Vanity Fair" in secret. But it is a sad exposition of American scholarship to find long rows of people eagerly waiting to purchase a book which is advertised as an Outline of History by H. G. Wells. And day by day the prestige of this "historian" grows and American lore is at ebb tide.

Mr. Wells and his book are the burning subjects of the world's gossip. His publishers have deftly placed the word "History" upon his two volumes and librarians have listed them as such in their catalogs: and even the Literary Digest, not content with the insignificant title of "history" adds, "Here is more than history, here is a philosophy of life." Now if there is anything that Mr. Wells is not, it is a philosopher. He crudely believes that when his premises contain "probably," "maybe," "perhaps" the logical, positive conclusion is: "therefore this is." In regard to history he blindly intermingles truth with falsehood and "probably the one fact of which he is sure is that he is nearly sure that truth cannot be obtained at all, and he is not altogether sure even of this one dubious fact." Such are the child-like accomplishments of this philosopher — historian who, in reality is less than a mediocre novelist.

"The Outline of History" is a chronicle of the entire world, from the time when the earth was first jarred together, down to the World War, with a peep at the future included. Strange to say, Mr. Wells has left God out of his considerations and has blindly followed the ancient principles



of Huxley. He has altered history to accommodate his uncertain creed and writes most elegantly and positively about things of which he cannot be certain. The able critic of "America" correctly epitomized Mr. Wells when he said: "As an historian Mr. Wells is a wretched failure."

Mr. Wells begins by telling us about the 500,000 years "during which man was evolving from the brute." About 40,000 years ago the first real man appeared in Europe. The age-old tale of Pithecanthropus is cleverly told and proof is carefully avoided. Now this Pithecanthropus, with his coarse hair, his apish teeth and mouth, and vague appearance of a human being is the founder of human life! Who knows? Maybe he was your great-great-grandfather. Following the tread-worn path of many historians Mr. Wells neglects to tell us that the only proof for the tale of Pithecanthropus is a thigh-bone, two molar teeth, and a skull-cap discovered in different localities of Java. Up to the present, scientists have been unable to agree upon these relics and no one knows the facts — except Mr. Wells. Although noted scientists have ridiculed Pithecanthropus for many years Mr. Wells constructs his philosophy of life upon these bones found in Java. With pictures, diagrams and maps he visualizes for us the "accepted theories of evolution and the origin of man." It is a strange light upon English civilization to find a man who thinks it possible to picture the beginning of the world without mentioning the Creator of the world. Still more extraordinary is it to see a man writing the history of the world who does not know the Christian creed.

Not only has this "historian" proved his ignorance of history, but he has also irretrievably acknowledged that he knows nothing of Christianity. And yet, as though endowed with the combined wisdom of Saint Thomas Aquinas, Saint Jerome and Saint Augustine he inks his pages with a philosophy that will engulf many people within its streams. Like a doctor of the Church he teaches The Great Lesson, and yet his chapter on The Beginnings of Christianity is a mockery of the true creed. With characteristic suavity he



dodges direct statements and at times accepts the Scriptures, at times rejects them; the exigency of his purpose is his sole guide.

Buddhism and its king Asoka are given great prominence by Mr. Wells. "Amid the tens of thousands of names of monarchs that crowd the columns of histories, their majesties, and graciousnesses, and sovereignty and royal highnesses, and the like, the name of Asoka shines, and shines almost alone, a star." In speaking of the Reformation Mr. Wells says that a determining factor in the Papacy's defeat for a united Christendom was the system of electing the Pope, by which young and energetic men were prohibited from this important office! He believes that the Reformation was "a cleansing of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth from theological and ceremonial accretions."

The chapter on Napoleon is, perhaps the most discussed phase of this history. With true English prejudice he writes: "If Napoleon had any profundity of vision, any power of creative imagination, had he been accessible to any disinterested ambition, he might have done work for mankind that would have made him the very sun of history." And later on he adds: "There lacked nothing to this great occasion but a noble imagination. And failing that, Napoleon could do no more than strut upon the crest of this great mountain of opportunity like a cockerel on a dunghill. The figure he makes in history is one of almost incredible self-conceit, of vanity, greed, and cunning, of callous contempt and disregard of all who trusted him, and of a grandiose aping of Caesar, Alexander, and Charlemagne which would be purely comic if it were not caked over with human blood." Such is the biased portrait of a man whose genius a hundred years have not erased.

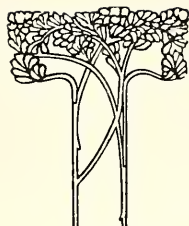
Mr. Wells also pays his respects to President Wilson and tells us—and it is, perhaps the only true and logical statement in the book, that "Mr. Wilson did not draw fully upon the moral and intellectual resources of the States; he made the whole issue too personal, and he surrounded himself

with merely personal adherents. And a still graver error was to come to the Peace Conference himself. . . . It is so easy to be wise after the event, and to perceive that he should not have come over."

The future is drawn as the Golden Age, and the book ends with this sentimental, dreamy picture: "Gathered together at last under the leadership of man, the student-teacher of the universe, unified, disciplined, armed with the secret powers of the atom and with knowledge as yet beyond dreaming, Life, forever dying to be born afresh, forever young and eager, will presently stand upon this earth as upon a footstool, and stretch out its realm amid the stars."

And this is Mr. Wells' fairy tale which is guaranteed to please the most childish fancy. The romance of Scott, the pathos of Dickens, the satire of Thackeray, the versatile tales of Chambers are all to be found within these two volumes for the ridiculously low sum of \$10.50. But where is the mastery of Lingard, Hume and Gibbon? In due respect to Mr. Wells we must say that as an historian he is a fair novelist.

GEORGE R. PIGOTT.



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## Literary Tastes



NOT so long ago I was dubbed a knight in the fraternity of "The Round Table." The order, in its early days restricted knighthood to writers on "The Chicago Tribune" staff. Within the last year, however, the attitude of exclusiveness was broken down and now writers on most of the leading Chicago papers, professional men as well as business men and university students enjoy the full fledged privileges, which, in the beginning, only the chosen few of the tribe of Patterson and McCormick called their own.

We have no King Arthur to lead us nor have we a commandery to gather in, yet we are well organized and we meet

frequently. A strong tie binds us together. Every knight has a twofold appetite, one for food and the other for chatter. The appetite for food is always satiated, but in spite of the abundance of chatter that every knight so ably commands, it has been the experience of the lucky knights who have unlimited time at their disposal to see almost every one of the crowd break away unwillingly and to hear his talk-blistered tongue express with sincere regret that he "must get back to the job" or he has "scarcely time to make the next class."

"Jawing and chawing" is essential to knighthood. Incidentally, my reader, if you happen to have an untiring jaw and at least one lung to 'breeze' a conversation, I would suggest that you become a knight. All that you have to do is to lunch at Mandel's Grill or as we call it, "The Sixty-Five Cent Lunch Club," with one of the knights that knows you,—be introduced by him and you will be one of us.

We, sixty-five centers think we are a critical lot, especially of things literary in character. You would think so, too, if you heard us talk. As we sip a cup of Webb's personally endorsed, we discuss the shows in town, the best sellers, the articles which one or the other wrote for the morning paper and what not. Often we talk about nothing. Our thoughts on such occasions, if you choose to call them thoughts, undoubtedly are creatures of the larynx regions; however, be it ever so infrequent, there are times we have something to say and we say it and then we invariably disagree.

How many times did it not happen that some of the elite at the table where the fair Ada serves as waitress, recommended books to us that they had enjoyed? Most assuredly we read them. They who suggested them earn every bit of a hundred a month for making such comments in the literary sections of our papers. We read them, we judge them, and behold, our criticisms range from "perfectly delightful" down to "remarkably dull."

Are we to conclude from this that "what suits us suits us" and that there is no such standard as one of taste? Hardly. The "Lunch Club" holds; not to mention the fact that many

who know something about literature agree with them; that there is a standard of taste in literature and in all the fine arts.

The line and color depicted in the paintings and etchings on exhibition at the Art Institute are many of the knights' pleasure givers on a Saturday afternoon. If the sounds, the melody, the harmony that the musicians command do not delight them, then why is it that there is a perpetual request for reporters badges and that they are very much in evidence at almost every concert, recital and symphony in town? Every knight's admiration clings steadfastly to truth of plot and of characters in fiction, still they find something pleasurable in the poet's wild figment of imagination, even though it is incomformable to reality. All round tablers to the man recognize that whatever inspires lofty thought or rouses noble emotions is beautiful. One of them, on the Herald-Examiner, discussed this subject of beauty very freely one day and he set about at the time, by way of synthesis, to enumerate all the qualities that could come under the classification of the beautiful in art. To this day he has not arrived at anything near a complete list. Profitting by his experience I shall not attempt to list beautiful qualities. It is better not to start on what will be only half finished. If you wish to find out how much you do not know, my reader, take a little hint. Try to make such a classification as our Herald-Examiner friend attempted. Be assured if you have an ounce of false pride you will lose weight.

If a complete list of beautiful qualities were made out, undoubtedly everybody would agree on its correctness. Yet while agreeing on the qualities considered by themselves when books are read that contain them, tastes—the intellectual faculties that appreciate them—will ever disagree.

The fault, if fault it may be called, that accounts for this variation lies with ourselves. It is wiser it seems, to call it good fortune because the reason is, there are no two of us alike in qualities of heart and mind and soul. This is truly great fortune. What a horribly uninteresting world this would

be if all thoughts ran in the same channel and emotions of everybody were affected in an identical way. We would be just as delighted, then, as we would be in our fellowmen, if they had the same height, build, features and in fact all bodily qualities.

You are not agreeing with me when you say a beautiful horse is a beautiful horse and it is only a warped judgment that does not appreciate its beauty. Quite true but a perfectly unbiased critic does not exist nor are the professional critics who belong to "The Knights of the Round Table" unbiased. Consider them. Their associations and environments differ. Their education and theories of life vary widely. Throughout their entire lives they have assimilated knowledge that has lead each of them to a point of view that is separate and distinct from anyone of their fellowmen. Hence it is that the same book, which many of us may read, pleases one and bores the other.

If we were to strip that which we read, write or discuss in literature from everything that has flattened or sharpened our literary tastes, we would make literature so hard, cold and impersonal that it would be inhuman. A standard of taste is ideally perfect. Practically it can serve no more than the purpose of a reference. To be guided by a standard of taste in literature is reasonable. To lock step with it is as outlandish as standardizing the thoughts and emotions of the human race.

JOSEPH A. GAUER, A. B., 22.



# Alumni

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## FRANK W. HAYES

On behalf of the Faculty and Students of Loyola University the LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE extends deepest sympathy to the bereft parents and family of Frank W. Hayes who died suddenly, May 7th.

Frank Hayes was a member of the Class of 1920 and received his Bachelor of Arts Degree only a year ago. His honesty and fine personality are still fresh memories among those who remain at his Alma Mater. To know him was to love him. His every acquaintance was his friend. Always kind and generous he ever greeted one with a smile and a pleasant word.

At the call of his country he interrupted his college course after his Sophomore year and received his lieutenancy at the Officers Training Camp at Fort Sheridan. He was then appointed military instructor in charge of the Medical Department of Ohio State University. A leader in college activities, a member of the Glee Club and the Dramatic Club, Prefect of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, Frank Hayes will always be remembered as a true Catholic gentleman.

M. G. W.

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Below we give a letter written by Captain Gallery, which appeared first in the *Ravenswood Citizen* and later in part in the *Herald-Examiner*:

Chicago, Ill., May 10, 1921.

To the Editor

The *Ravenswood Citizen*:

Frank Hayes is dead and Ravenswood is sad and all who knew him are broken hearted and lonely.

There was, and there is, only one Frank Hayes—and I doubt if there ever will be another like Frank.

God took Frank—though we needed him here—but God knows best and God's will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

Frank lost his life through a mistake. The truth of the matter is, and Frank's dying statement proves it: he mistook an officer in plain clothes for a holdup man and ran—and when Frank Hayes ran—very few men could catch him. The officer seeing Frank running mistook him for a suspicious character of some kind and fired a shot to stop him. Unfortunately, it hit poor Frank and the officer is broken hearted over the occurrence, and the officer stated to me that he never uttered a word against Frank Hayes' character and that he would give his life to bring Frank's back—and Frank Hayes, true to his Christian teaching, was the first man to tell the truth and to forgive the policeman who fired the fatal shot that ended the purest life I have ever known.

What could be more manly or nobler than Frank forgiving the man who took him for a holdup man, but then that was Frank Hayes, pleading for others with his dying breath.

I have lived a long time in Ravenswood and I have seen all boys of Frank's age grow from babyhood to manhood—and my own boys grew up with him.

I have seen them play and pray together. I have seen them battle in streets and vacant lots in their games of football, basketball and tennis, and I have never seen, or known, a fairer or squarer player or fighter than Frank Hayes, and I have never known a cleaner boy.

A fine athlete and a defender of the "kids" when attacked by "roughs" in the vacant lots around Ravenswood. He was a noble soul and as the father of one of his oldest comrades and pal—Tom Gallery—now in California—I wish I could say something or do something to mitigate the suffering of his parents, sisters, relatives and friends because never did parents, sisters and friends suffer a greater loss—or lose a cleaner or more manly boy than Frank Hayes, and that is why there is sorrow and sadness in Ravenswood.

M. J. GALLERY, Captain of Police.

## SOLDIER WHO DIED IN FRANCE BURIED HERE

The body of Fred A. Dockendorf, son of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Dockendorf, 8032 South Sangamon Street, has been brought home from France. He was first sergeant of Company K, 58th infantry, 4th division, and was killed in action at the Vesle in August, 1918. The funeral was from the home of his widow, 658 West 18th street. She was formerly Miss Irene Murray. The couple were married five days before Sergt. Dockendorf entered the army. There was a requiem high mass at the Sacred Heart Church, 19th and Peoria streets. Burial was at St. Boniface Cemetery.

Fred Dockendorf was at St. Ignatius in 1908-09 and 1900-10.

\* \* \*

Rev. Emmet Joseph O'Neill was ordained priest in the Cathedral of St. Helena Sunday, June 5th, and said his first solemn Mass in St. David's Church, Chicago, June 12 last.

\* \* \*

Rev. Daniel Francis Cunningham was ordained at Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, May 21st, and sang his first solemn Mass at the Church of the Nativity, Chicago, the following day.

\* \* \*

Among the Jesuit scholastic to be ordained in St. Louis June 27th are: William M. McGee, Martin J. Phee, James A. Meskell, Nicholas A. Liston, James J. O'Reagan, Patrick J. Mulhern. All of St. Ignatius.

# University Chronicle

## Commencement Exercises

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 15,  
LOYOLA CAMPUS

Selections .....*Band*  
Procession .....*March*

### COMMENCEMENT PROCESSION

Candidates for Certificates  
Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Science  
Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy  
Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts  
Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Law  
Candidates for the Degree of Master of Science  
Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts  
Candidates for the Degree of Doctor of Medicine  
Candidates for the Degree of Doctor of Laws  
Faculty of Arts, Science, Law and Medicine  
The President of the University and the Commencement  
Speaker

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Music .....*Selection*

### ANNOUNCEMENTS OF PRIZES AND HONORS IN THE COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCE

*Senior Prize*  
Aloysius B. Cawley

*Junior Prize*  
Joseph A. Gauer

*Sophomore Prize*  
Edmund Fortman

*Freshman Prize*  
Marsile Hughes

*Naghten Debate Prize*  
Maurice G. Walsh

*Inter-Collegiate Honors*  
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Edmund Fortman

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PRESENTED BY GEORGE P. SHANLEY, S. J.

### MASTER OF SCIENCE

William Hanrahan, B. S.

Joseph Edwin Whitlow, B. S.

### MASTER OF ARTS

William John Page  
Walter Shea

Sr. M. St. Theresa Vogt, B. V. M.

# CONFERRING OF HONORARY DEGRESS BY THE PRESIDENT

## DOCTOR OF LAWS

REVEREND THOMAS VINCENT SHANNON

Presented by Frederic Siedenburgh, S. J.

CHARLES LOUIS MIX, M. D.

Presented by Dean Louis D. Moorhead, A. M., M. S., M. D.

HENRY SCHMITZ, M. D.

Presented by Regent Patrick J. Mahan, S. J.

WILLIAM EDWARD MORGAN, M. D.

Presented by Professor Edward L. Moorhead, A. M., M. D., LL. D.

## DEGREES CONFERRED DURING THE YEAR

The following students completed four years of medical studies at the close of the Winter Quarter, and were granted the degree of Doctor of Medicine, March 26, 1921, upon the completion of the fifth or interne year:

Charles W. Balcerkiewicz  
Frank R. Derengowski  
John Francis Dybalski  
John J. Dziura  
H. William Elghammer  
Joseph P. Graves  
Frederick Michael Groner  
John George Haramaras  
Floyd Templeton Hawkins  
Samuel Kaufman

Thomas David Laney  
Gerald Stone McShane  
Tressa Rose Moran  
Carmen Pintozzi  
Murray Elbert Rolens  
Nathan Rosen  
Noble Russell Snell  
Rusten Soroosh  
John Theodore Vitkus  
Mildred Doubeck Ward

---

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES—THESLE T. JOB.

### AIDES

Ellen Bergstrom  
John H. Anderson  
Thomas A. Coyne  
James L. Boyle  
Lincoln B. Griswold  
Waldo J. Houghton  
Joseph L. Mullens  
**Sebastinano Ingraio**  
Yutaka Oyama

Harold B. Sullivan  
Joseph M. Crotty  
Joseph A. Foley  
Joseph A. Gauer  
Raymond F. Kelly  
Thomas J. McNally  
Edward A. Miller  
Richard F. Shay  
Alfred Wolfarth

## SENIOR MEDICS

"LAST TIME WE TODDLED; THIS TIME WE GOBBLED"

The second annual banquet of the Loyola Medical School, which was held on the evening of May 24th at the City Club, eclipsed all previous affairs of the department. Considering that the event was only a few weeks subsequent to the Medics successful "Peacock's Strut," the outcome was really beyond the greatest anticipation—although it was just another testimony of the pep, vigor and spizzerinktum of the future "docs."

At the appointed hour, a procession to the banquet hall was begun with the "Frosh" in the vanguard, followed in order by the Sophomore Junior and Senior Classes, then the interne—or fifth year men,—the faculty bringing up the rear. Upon arrival at the scene of festivity all were agreeably surprised at the beautiful decorations in the University colors as prepared by W. O. Wilkins and his corps of assistants. Each class was seated at separate tables and colored caps were supplied to insure their identity. When all were seated the pretty little waitresses by dint of much assiduity and conscientious devotion to duty set about the almost hopeless task of satisfying the "cravings of the inner man." Interspersed between courses were vocal and instrumental numbers by "home talent." Messrs. Philiap and Poborsky entertained with violin selections, which were received with much acclaim. For vocal honors, J. L. Mullins and J. V. Russel vied. However, we believe Jim Russell deserves the palm, for considering the quality, pitch, resonance, and volume (see Slades, Phy. Diag.) were about equal, but Jim sang with gestures, and you know that histrionic ability is an art. R. J. Welsh's monologue on the "pill peddlers" and A. A. Plant's impersonation of the Negro preacher, were humorous and original.

Regarding these dinner selections it has been reported that the arrangement was made by Prof. A. C. Ivy, Chairman of the Banquet Committee. If this is true we are willing to wager one million pesos (ask Balasquide; he knows) against

last summer's straw hat, that the gentleman introduced them as an experiment in the effect of music on the stimulation of the flow of gastric juices. Several eminent physiologists in the Sophomore class have been consulted on this matter and have advised that Dr. Ivy be informed that the experiment was a success.

After all, who were so inclined, were supplied with luxurious Delevan Perfectos (and the ladies with bon bons), the second part of the program was begun. Dr. Edw. L. Moorhead, as toastmaster, introduced the speakers in a masterful and at the same time humorous manner.

Relative to the arrangement of the program it may be said that it was both unique and novel, and merits a reproduction herewith:

"The Good Ship Loyola Puts In For a Second Annual Evening Of Fun And Facts."

"This Year Our Vision Is To Be Tested."

"Suspect".....	J. W. Dennis
"Expect".....	Dr. C. L. Mix
"Respect".....	A. G. Miller
Just "Specs".....	Dr. G. D. J. Griffin
"Monospect".....	R. E. Cummings
"Retrospect".....	Dean L. D. Moorhead
"Prospect".....	Regent P. J. Mahan, S. J.
"Circumspect".....	President J. B. Furay, S. J.

Dr. C. L. Mix handled his topic very commendably. His views on what is expected from the outgoing Seniors were clearly defined, and if the recommendations on fame, fortune and family are followed, the success of the graduate and ipso facto the success of Loyola University will be assured. The toast "Just Specks," as responded to by Dr. G. D. J. Griffin, concerned the position of the woman in the medical profession. With glowing terms he referred to the wonderful record of our own Dr. Bertha Van Hoosen, and the applause which greeted this encomium, showed the esteem in which faculty and students held this genial professor. The remain-

ing speakers on the program handled their subject matter adequately and interestingly and their efforts were well received. To A. G. Miller go the honors of the evening, as his eloquent address was really a masterpiece. The flowery composition of his speech, and the forceful manner in which it was delivered made a great impression on his audience.

In conclusion it would be very fitting to say a few words about Dr. Thesle Job. This little human dynamo supervised all the preparations for the banquet and his excellent judgment in organizing the committees and systematizing the many details of such an affair accounts for the fact that the entire evening's program ran off as smoothly as a well-oiled machine. We are proud of Dr. Job's response in such matters. Our only regret is that his spirit is not contagious, for in such a case it would then be possible for at least one faculty member in each department of the University to become infected. If this were only possible, it would then be an easy matter to arrange four or five general university social affairs each year.

J. M. WARREN.

### SOPHOMORE MEDICS

Don Lorenzo Balesquide expects to return to his home in Porto Rico for the summer. Bally says that there are a lot of dogs down there, and expects to do some physiological research on them. Thata boy, Bally, we know you are a wonderful surgeon—on dogs.

\* \* \*

Jose Cailles recently brought a new Locomobile. Joe is now the most popular member of the Sophomore class. Make some of them pay for your gas, Joe, and your car will not be an omnibus.

\* \* \*

Anthony Diaz Calderia intends to matriculate at Chicago University for the Summer quarter—again proving that our Tony is a glutton for work.



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"Blondy" Doyle has become addicted to golf. Go slow, Jim, for you know you are going to study nervous diseases next year. If you become too ardent a golf fan, you may not only be a student in nervous diseases but also a patient. Think it over, Doyle!

Malone and Cummings, the Gamelli twins, intend to demonstrate that they are as unseparable as the Siamese pair, by entering the Willard Hospital together after the closing of the school year. Bill and Bob will undergo minor operations. Here's luck to the twins!

\* \* \*

The Chemistry Department has secured the valued and much sought for services of J. V. (Blood) Russell, for the Summer Quarter. If we do not hear of at least six new discoveries in chemistry, before the Fall, we will be sadly disappointed in our Jim.

\* \* \*

Louis Leonard Vitovec, the newly elected Junior president, expects to summer in the wilds of Cicero. It is reported that he is quite a pal of the American ambassador to Cicero.

\* \* \*

George Gundy will spend his vacation on the farm near Flint, Michigan. When he returns we expect him to be a full-fledged, sod-busting, apple-knocking son of the soil.

\* \* \*

The inquiring reporter has been unable to ascertain the Summer whereabouts of Joe Ryan. However, it is believed that he will display his Adonis-like form as a life-guard at one of the South Side beaches.

\* \* \*

Pat McNulty will spend very busy days (and also nights) in the environs of South Chicago.

\* \* \*

As to the editor, he intends to succumb to the golf habit with Blondy Doyle.

J. M. WARREN.

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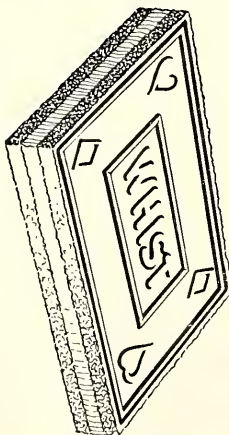
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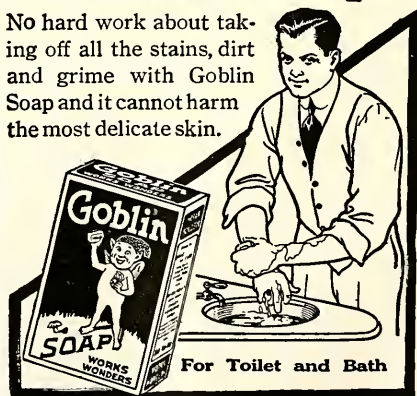
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## JUNIOR MEDICS

### ONE DOZEN REMARKABLE REMARKS

Griswold—Knowing the gazinkus the gazelia follows in logical sequence.

Ramsay—Well—you'll admit that the most difficult cerebration is that of visualization.

Oyama—It is so distressing. I put in too much time in Physiology.

Ingrao—Oh, my hat! Yes indeed I reiterate the "Jiggins" is a worthy subject for extensive dermatological research.

Anderson—O. B. is the most fascinating subject, but as I said, when I was in Michigan. . . .

Meyers—Gentlemen—I am for order and decorum, but I'm hasty when I'm vexed.

Sullivan—Ah! where does he get that stuff. I'll never rush into any burning building to save a parrot.

O'Malley—Osler made a grave error in naming it "Soldiers' Heart." It is far more prevalent among students during "exam" week.

Hufford—See! I obtained the characteristic reaction.

Mullen—I cannot see why you give Dr. Lilly the opportunity to call "Tempus Frigit." As Dr. Murphy has well said, the art of diagnosis is relatively easy if the history is concise—and—the patient is a bed case at the T. B. Hospital.

Bergstrom—These gastric ulcers are the limit! Raspberries.

## SCHOOL OF SOCIOLOGY

The summer session of the School of Sociology will open June 27th and classes are to be conducted at St. Xavier College, St. Mary's High School and Visitation High School. In this way many Sisters can take advantage of the courses offered and a large attendance at classes is already assured. The School considers itself fortunate in having Francis P.

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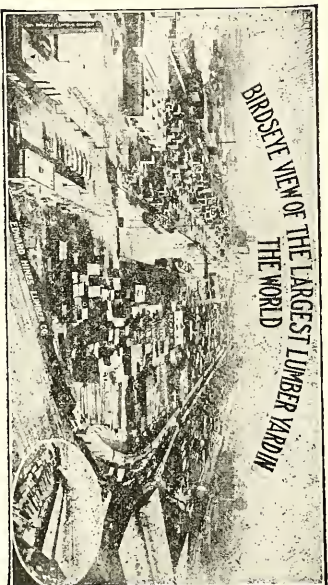
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Donnelly, S. J., of Boston College, Boston, Mass., George Mahowald, S. J., Thomas A. Egan, S. J., Thomas A. Kelly, S. J., and Urban Killacky, S. J., on its summer faculty. In addition to the courses given by the Jesuits there will be a course in practical social service given by Miss Agnes Van Driel, A. B.

\* \* \*

The School of Sociology in March, 1921, was admitted to membership in the Association of Training Schools for Professional Social Work. This is a national recognition of the standard of the social service training course offered in this department of the University.

\* \* \*

Certificates of Social Economy were conferred by this department on Anne J. Bigus and Bernadine E. Murray, A. B., for satisfactorily completing the two year social service training work. Both girls have been employed by the Central Charity Bureau and will do social work among the Catholic poor of the city. Miss Mary C. Donahue, one of our first year students has taken a summer position at Arden Shore which is a summer camp conducted by the United Charities of Chicago.

\* \* \*

Since our last chronicle Father Siedenburgh has given lectures in most of the eastern seminaries. These lectures were under the direction of the National Catholic Welfare Council which is making an especial effort to inspire with social ideals the clergy of the future now studying in the seminaries. Dr. John A. Ryan of the Catholic University has also given a number of similar lectures. Father Siedenburgh will spend the month of July giving the clergy retreats in San Francisco.

\* \* \*

Miss Lucile M. Windette who was a student in the social service department four years ago is now representative for the Community Chautauqua of New Haven, Connecticut, and



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\* \* \*

The students of the school took advantage of the Alumni-Alumnae get-together on Loyola Campus and all declare that they had a rousing good time and ask if there are to be other such parties next term. Many of the former students of the School of Sociology will be re-united at the National Conference of Social Work which will be held in Milwaukee this month, since letters have come in from all parts of the country making inquiry concerning some of the Catholic events which will be held while the Conference is in session. Father Siedenburg is a member of the Executive Committee of the Conference but will not be present this year since he will be giving a retreat in Cincinnati at that time. Father Siedenburg's article, "Training for Social Work" which he read before the Wisconsin State Conference of Social Work sometime ago has been reprinted in the June number of the *Catholic World* has attracted much attention and several requests to have it put pamphlet form have been received.

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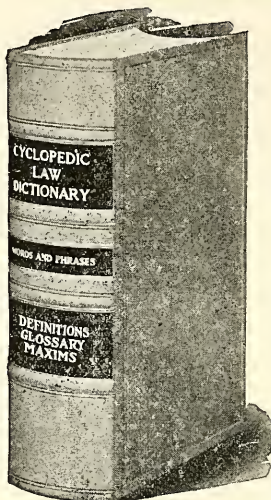
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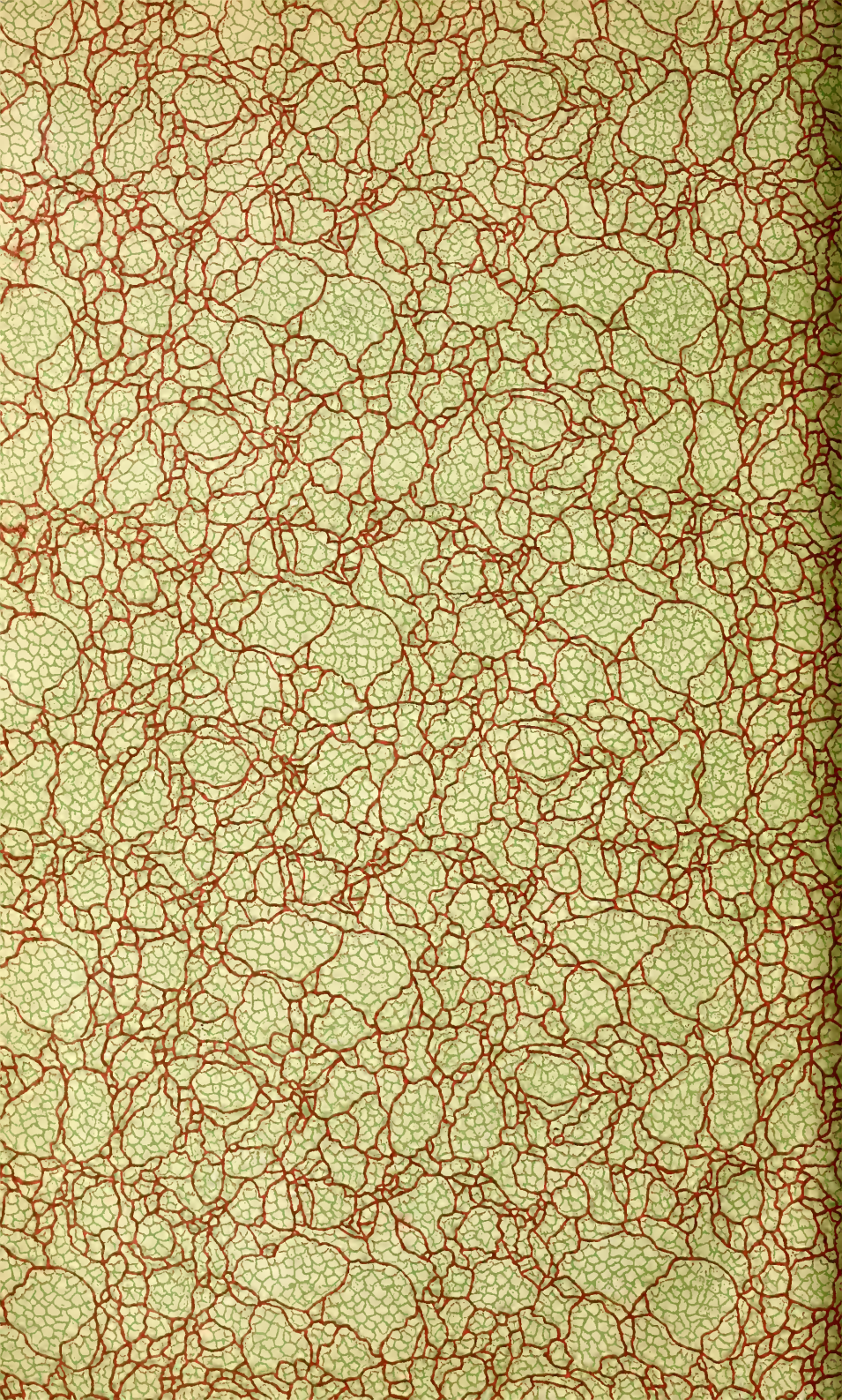
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